Liberty

NOV. 4, 1944

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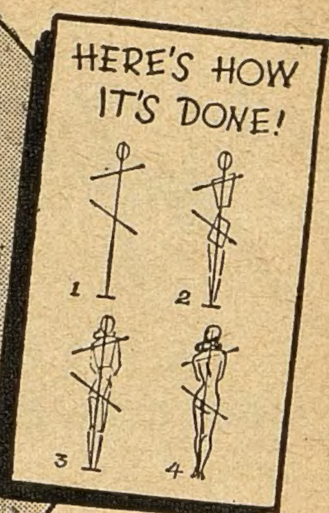

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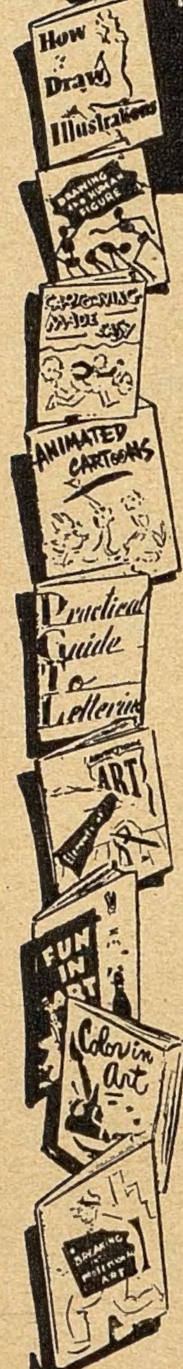

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Following this, is a *complete chapter* on "ANIMATED CARTOONS", with illustrated descriptions showing how they are drawn in motion picture studios. This contains, among other things, many sample "animation" sequences.

Then for more pleasure, the *complete section* on "FUN IN ART" is presented. It points out how to "have fun with a pencil" and draw various artistic creations and games. In addition there is a special section devoted to "COLOR IN ART", which explains the use, possibilities and importance of color. This includes a COLOR TREE of the famous MUNSELL COLOR SYSTEM, showing exact color values and gradations and *ILLUSTRATED IN FULL COLOR!*

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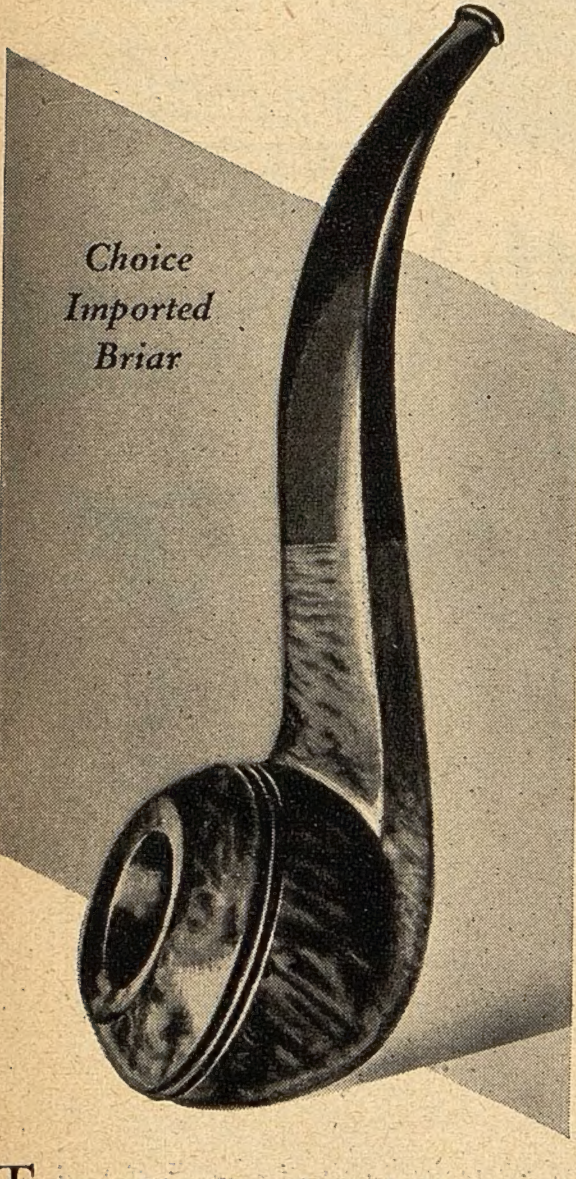

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Cover: Halloween: When a Sentry Needs a Friend!
Painted by Vernon Grant

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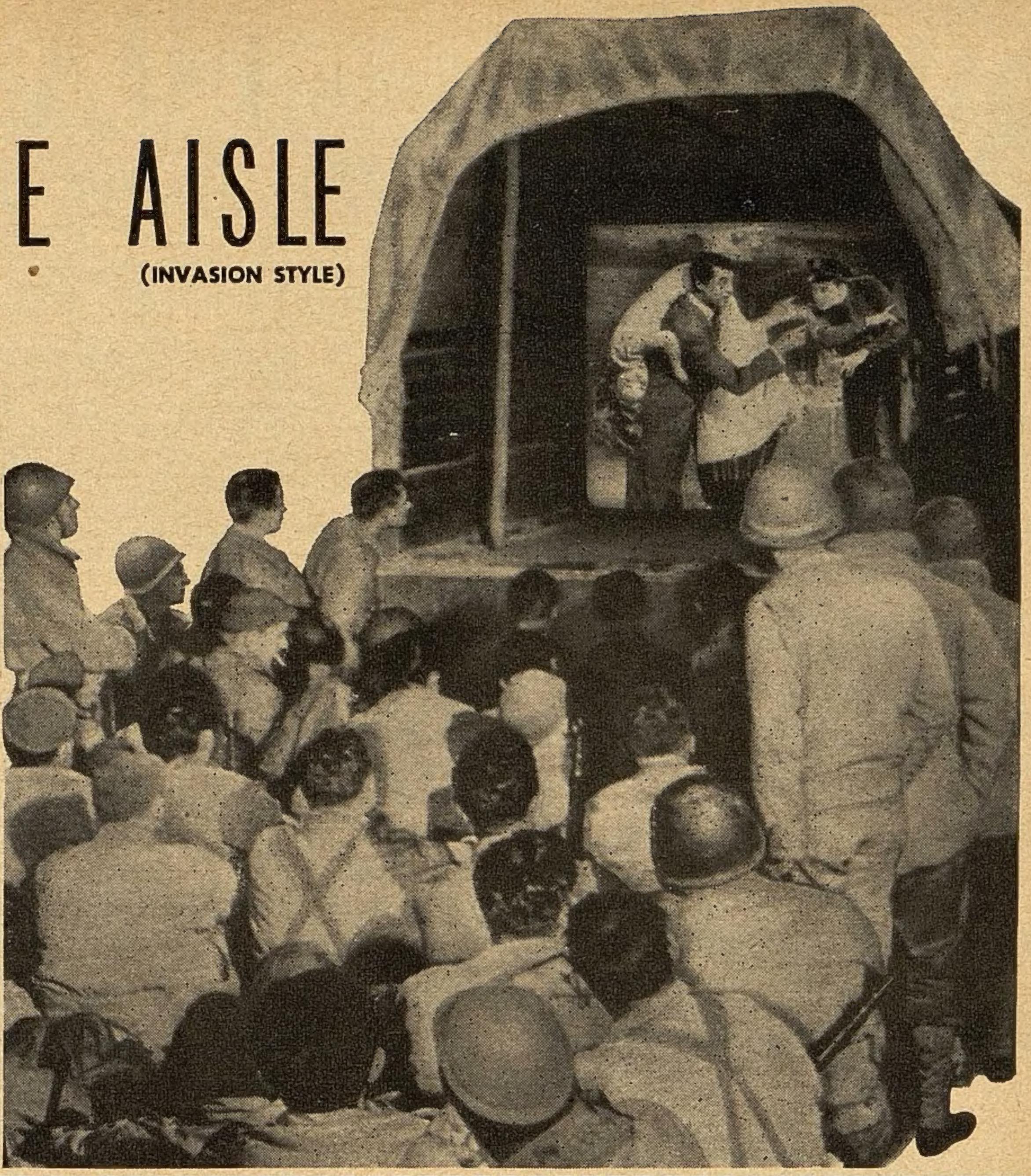
LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

TWO ON THE AISLE

(INVASION STYLE)



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**The New York Times*

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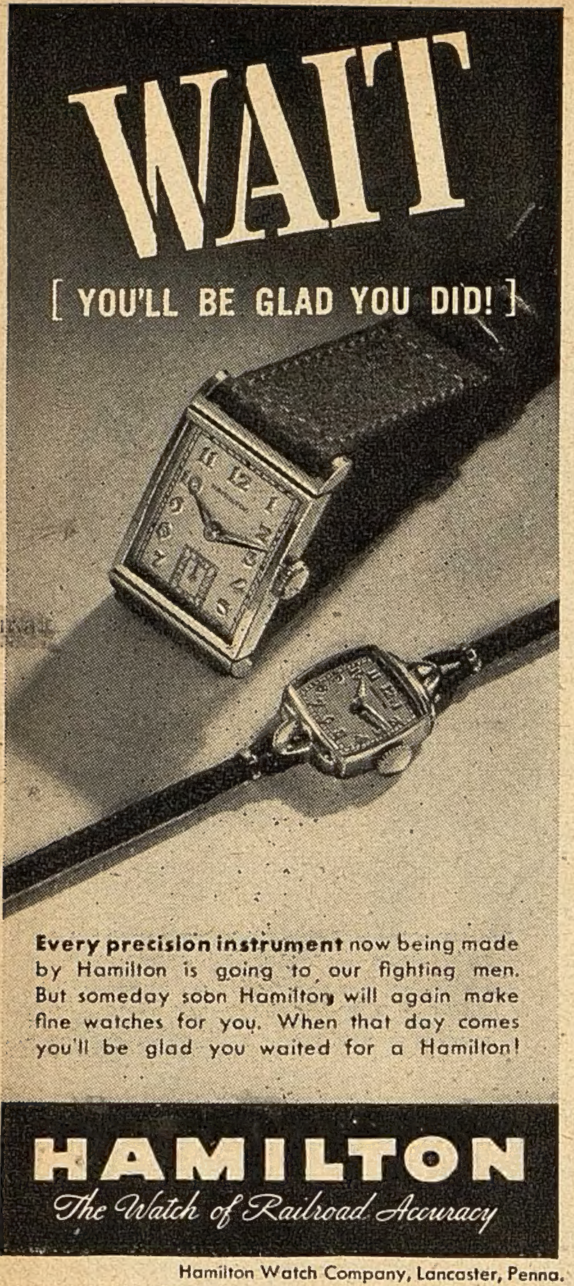

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AS ELECTION DAY NEARS!

Raleigh, N. C.—It is almost impossible to comprehend the reason why one should wish to replace a wise and experienced Chief Executive with an inexperienced and as yet unproved man at this stage of the war. Every true American cannot fail to realize that the most important battles of the war are yet to be fought.

Mr. Roosevelt wisely guided America through one depression and succeeded in arming America for the inevitable war, against the combined strength of all the reactionary forces in America. Although I am not a believer in the indispensable man, he is the one American capable of making a lasting peace.—*Pvt. James F. Kneece, Jr.*

Shreveport, La.—I note you are giving comments from readers on their views of the coming Presidential election. Here is mine:

I am favoring Governor Dewey for the next President, with the hope that he will get us out of war as soon as we have won the present fight, and ensure peace for at least four years. Also that our factories now making war material will return to the former manufacture of necessary articles for domestic use.

If the present government is re-elected, we may expect another four years of war or foreign occupation and a continuation of living on rationed supplies.—*B. M. Marshall.*

CASTLE RINGS THE BELL!

Indianapolis, Ind.—There was something about Career Casualty, by Marian Castle (September 2), that left me with an ache in the throat and a desire to do something about this appalling problem of our young. I wonder if you have any idea how much more effective it was to present the problem in story form rather than as an article or mere exhortation? Would that there were more such stories and more such writers!—*Helen C. Boyd.*

STONER GETS SMACKED!

Southwest Pacific—In regard to Lew Stoner's letter (Vox Pop, August 5), I wish to express my opinion of him and his ideas. Mr. Stoner wants to know why you continue to publish the gripes and grouches of us poor little mama's boys. He said we poor dopes wail at anything demanding a little guts. Well, Stoner, you don't know what the hell you are talking about! If fighting in a war is as easy as you say, then why don't you come over here with us?

That letter you wrote, Stoner, concerns almost every enlisted man in the Army, including myself. *Because all soldiers gripe.* But I wouldn't expect any ignorant nitwit like you to understand. Griping is healthy and normal. It makes things a little easier. If you were in the Army you wouldn't talk like that about the boys who are over here, dying to save your worthless hide. Thank God you are the only screwball individual I've read about so far.—*A. Grieco.*

"NEED A MAN?"
U.S. ARMY
F C

STONER REPLIES

Oakland, Calif.—May I say a few words in defense of myself?

As to my not having been in service—Uncle Sam wouldn't have me in the last war. A crippled right arm, together with deafness sustained in an industrial accident, stopped that. But I have plenty of relatives in service, and also most of my friends are old-timers of the Army or Navy. Also I believe—along with Mr. Kirk Fuller (September 16 Vox Pop), and the other people who objected to my first letter—that because we live in a free nation, all of us have a right to have "our say." I also think that chronic bellyachers are not very nice people. However, I repeat that only one American in 500 is such a weak sister—and that none of them deserves any space in Liberty.—*Lew Stoner.*

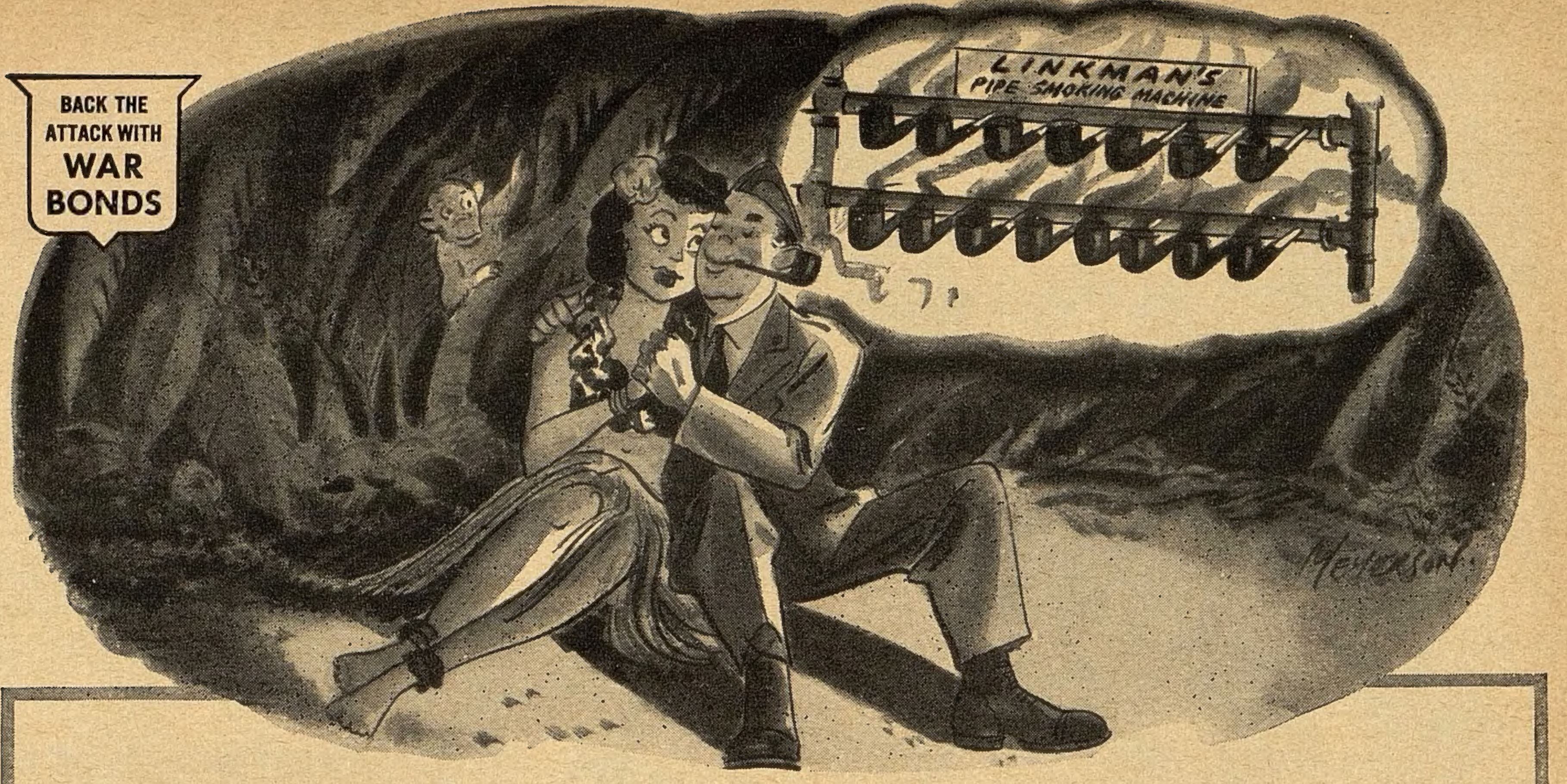
LET THE RECORD SPEAK

Evanston, Ill.—As a woman connected with aviation from pre-Pearl Harbor days until November, 1943, I wish to thank you for your editorial on the Wasps (September 23). When the need arose for immediate training of fliers, there were no barriers against women instructors to train them for the Army and the Navy. Many women and girls were instructors in the days when privately owned fields trained pilots for the government.

It is this record of young American women which should not be overlooked by Congress today. If these women were capable and available for training fliers for the Army and the Navy, certainly they should be given military status today.—*Grace Johnson.*

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

West Chester, Pa.—What narrow lives some people must lead, when the kind of paper a crossword puzzle is printed on is such an important thing to them! There are so many more important things to occupy their thoughts and to write about! —*Bertha Supplee.*


BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS
LINKMAN'S PIPE SMOKING MACHINE
MEYERSON

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DR. GRABOW

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THE **Hollycourt** PIPE (WITH PATENTED GROOVE) HAS GONE TO WAR

Private Pringle Visits the Indian Museum

"Think I'll have a look around the Indian Building," says Private Pringle as the Harvey waitress removes the dishes and brings his second cup of coffee. And so begins an experience he will remember as the high spot of his brief stopover at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Never before has Private Pringle seen such an interesting exhibit of truly *American* arts and crafts . . . baskets of almost every weave and of every form and use . . . pottery that never knew the potter's wheel . . . native blankets of marvelous design and coloring . . . an endless variety of things related to the life, customs and ceremonials of the Southwest Indians. And, luckily, he finds a Navajo silversmith hammering fascinating silver bracelets at his primitive forge.

The Harvey Southwestern collections, he has been told, are the most complete and authentic of their kind in the world. And . . . the attendant explains . . . these collections are as complete as ever because the museum items are rarely sold.

Of course, some of the usual handicraft articles are missing. But should you visit the Indian Building at Albuquerque, New Mexico, you will find most of the items you want. If you are unable to find some particular article, remember . . . it has gone into fighting weapons to back up Private Pringle.

Remember, too, that in Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels and dining cars we're serving tens of thousands of uniformed men and women *every day* . . . in addition to our greatly increased civilian patronage. Private Pringle comes first these days. We know you agree, since you are accepting the situation with so much patience and good humor.

* * *

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NEXT WEEK

HEAVEN BELOW

By E. H. Clayton

Liberty's Book Condensation

Thirty years of sharing the everyday lives of the Chinese people in peace and war, went into the writing of these lively reminiscences. Chinese students, housewives, business men, dreamers, patriots, and bandits rub elbows in Mr. Clayton's colorful parade.

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH GOVERNMENT WAR PLANTS?

By Betty Milton Gaskill

Jesse Jones, a man who ought to know, discusses the problem presented by Uncle Sam's vast industrial holdings and what to do about them.

POKRYSHKIN—ACE OF ACES

By Ralph Parker

The top scorer in the air war against the Nazis—with 59 planes to his credit—is a man worth knowing! Here's a description of the Soviet hero and his methods.

BLUEPRINT FOR BATTLE

By Morris Markey

When our Army and Navy go into a battle, they're acting out thousands of pages of script. Here's how the men behind the scenes write the plot.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE

By Elizabeth Wilson

King Vidor had an idea nineteen years ago. Today it's an epic movie, and so timely that the OWI plans to use it to undo a lot of Nazi dirty work.

FISH ARE IMPORTANT PEOPLE

By Jack Paterson

The doings of that queer fish, the sturgeon, are just part of the excitement that goes on in Canada to get fish to us fast and fresh.

WHISTLE ACROSS THE VALLEY

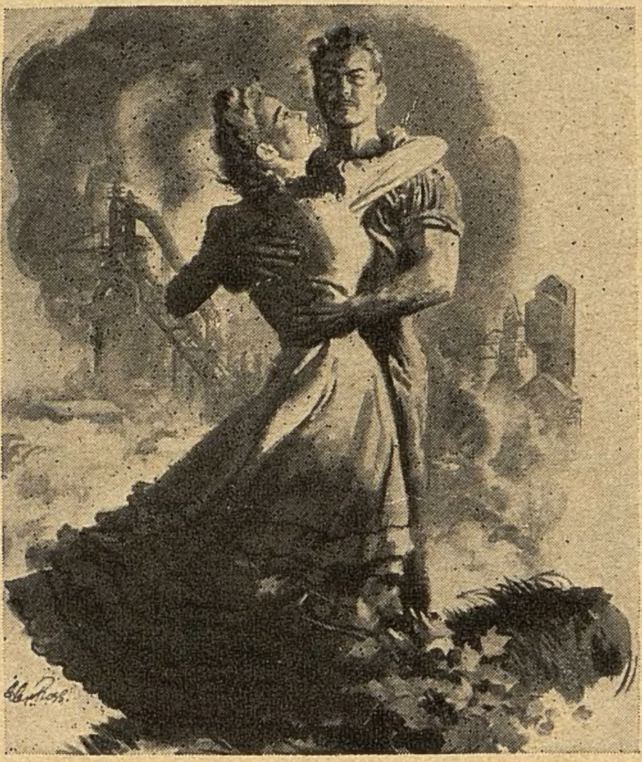
By Neill C. Wilson

A desert mining camp inhabited by two grizzled prospectors can be upset plenty when a determined woman plunks herself down to stay—particularly when she's buried three husbands already!

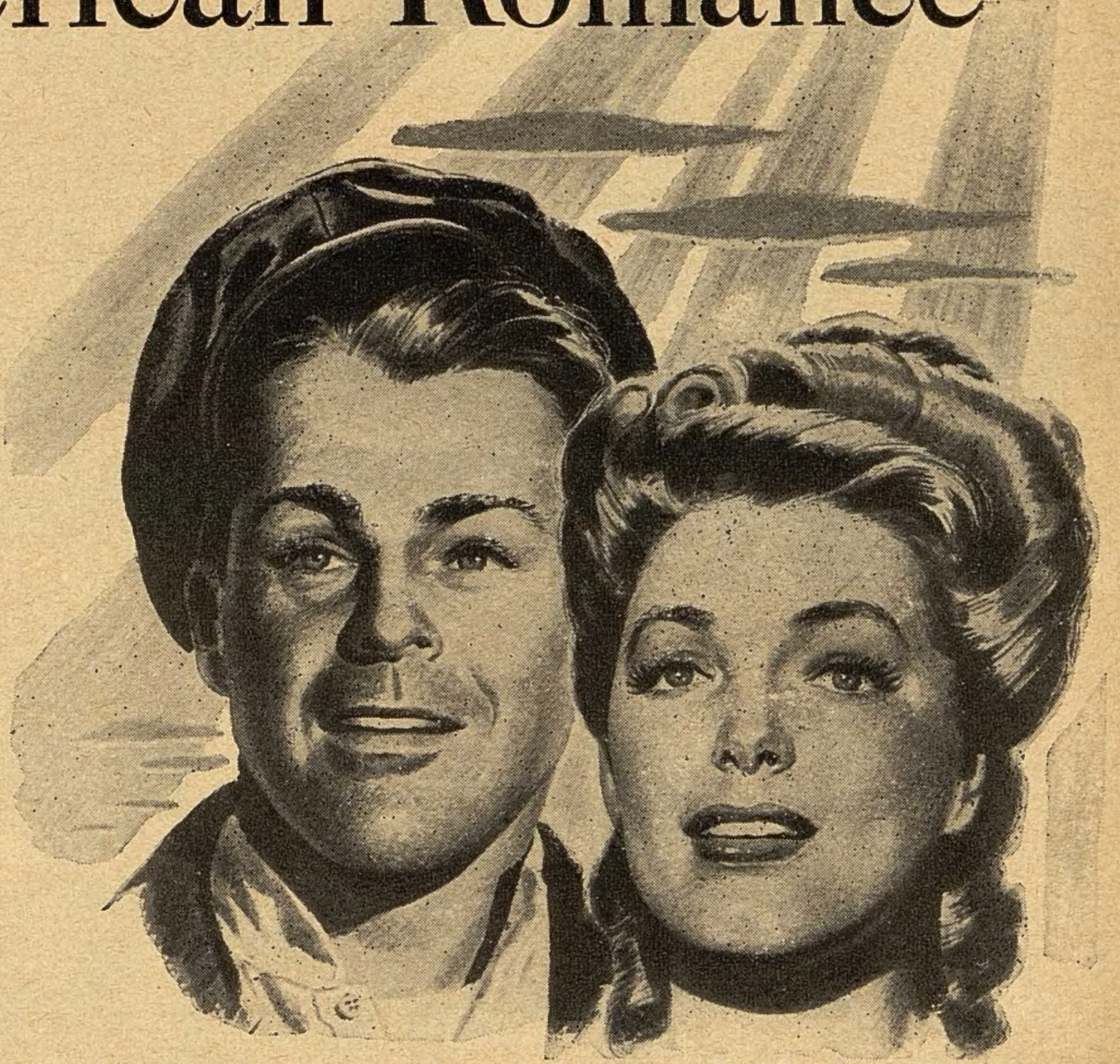
FAMED AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS LOOK AT **M-G-M's**

An American Romance

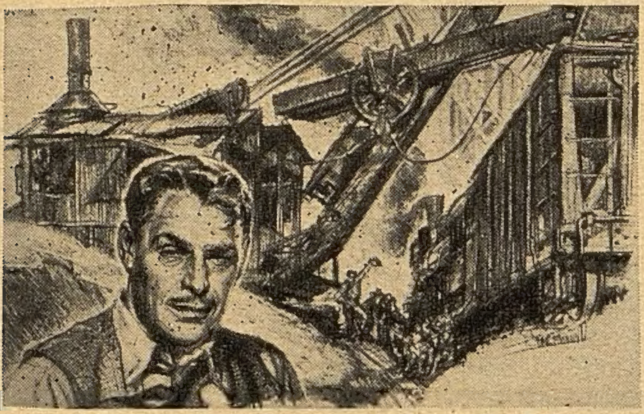
America's best-known illustrators were invited to see AN AMERICAN ROMANCE. On this page we have reproduced a few of their impressions of stirring moments in this great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. AN AMERICAN ROMANCE is truly America's love story!



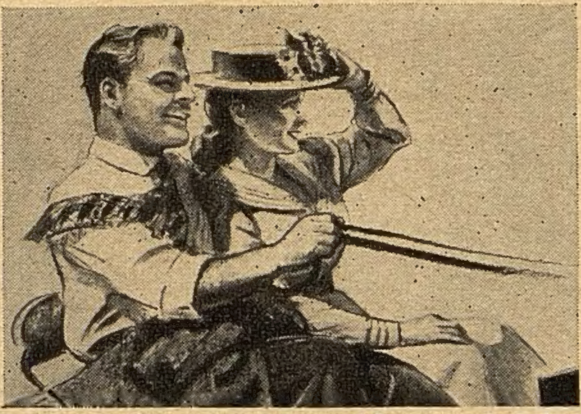
Artist **ALEX ROSS**, with brilliant touch, has caught the ecstasy of love, the fire of young dreams, the thrill of struggle, the call of adventure.



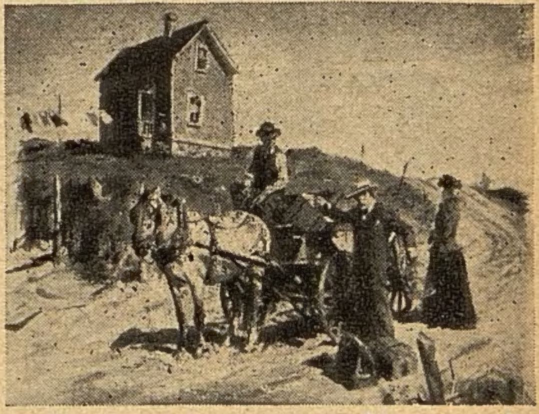
EARL CORDREY'S painting captures the glow of young love!



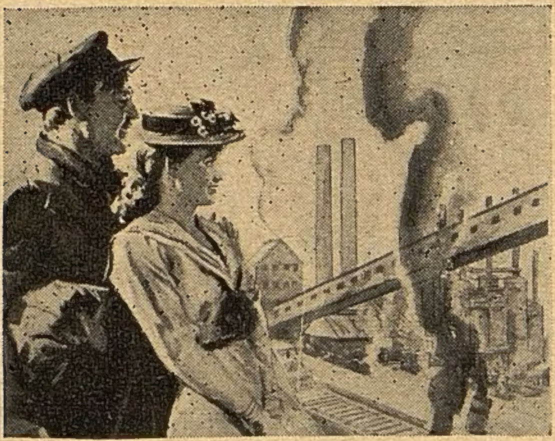
DEAN CORNWELL pictures the determined dreamer who sees untold opportunity in the shining horizon of a new land filled with great promise.



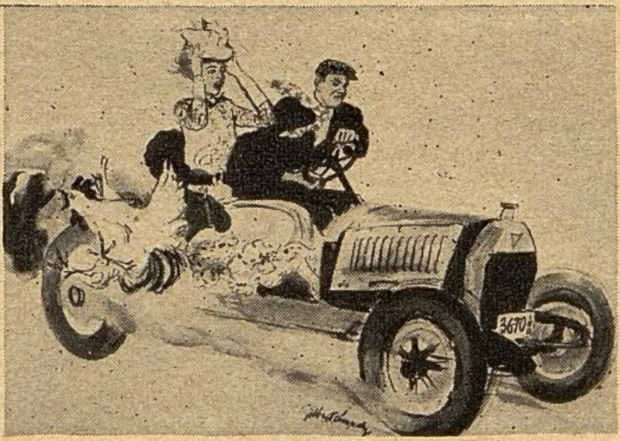
BRADSHAW CRANDELL, with an artist's insight, sees all the joyous romance of courtship in this gay jaunt in a surrey.



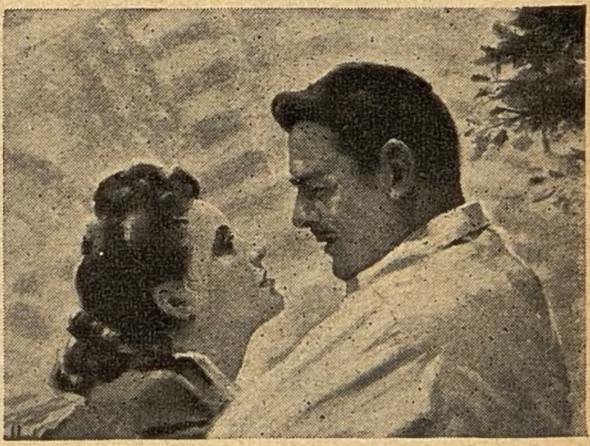
JOHN GANNAM captures on his canvas the heart-warming moment when the happy newlyweds arrive at their first home.



DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS portrays the supreme confidence of youth as Steve Dangos points out the world he will conquer!



Illustrator **GILBERT BUNDY** amusingly reveals the warm humor of the daring ride in the early auto that led to fame and fortune.



S. EDMUND OPPENHEIM in his beautiful painting, has caught the spirit of a young girl's abiding faith in the man she loves.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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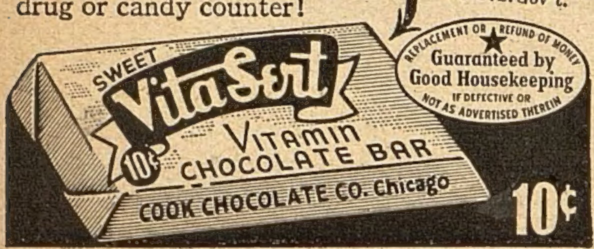
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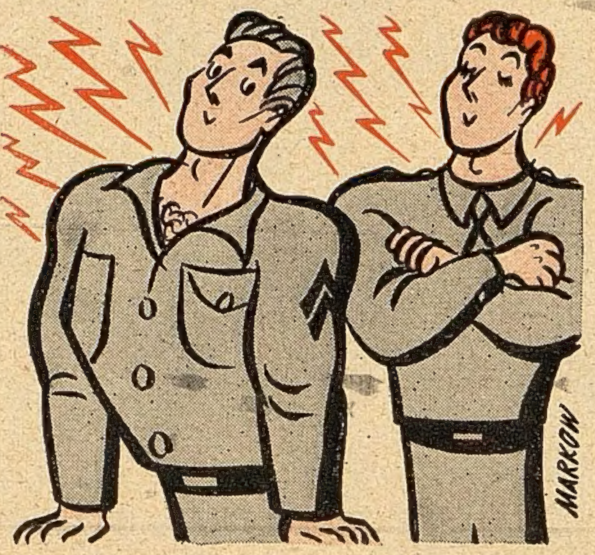
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

THIS week I'm presenting more information about the Army's plan for demobilizing part of its forces following the defeat of Germany.

As I reported last week, the War Department plan calls for issuance of adjusted service rating cards to all enlisted personnel after the shooting stops in Europe. Each soldier will be rated according to four factors: number of months in service since September 16, 1940; number of months overseas; decorations earned in combat; and credits for each dependent child under eighteen, up to a limit of three children.



Available

Surplus units, composed of men whose high scores give them priority, will be formed in Europe for return to the United States as soon as shipping can be spared. Men in the Pacific area with high priority ratings will be sent back as replacements become available and the military situation permits. Likewise men in inactive theaters.

All, upon reaching this country, revert to surplus pools of the Army Ground Forces, Service Forces, and Air Forces. To these pools also will come men from stations in the continental United States—though fewer of them will achieve priority ratings.

"From these surplus pools," the War Department states, "the reduction of various types of Army personnel will be made. The number to be returned to civilian life as no longer essential to over-all Army needs will be chosen from among those with the highest priority credit scores."

There's no promise that all with a score high enough to merit a priority rating will be demobilized. In fact, the War Department warns that needs of the war with Japan must be served first, and that "certain types of personnel" cannot be spared until after victory in the East.

Troops now in the United States, it emphasizes, will serve as the main reservoir of replacements for the overseas theaters.

Surplus G. I.s declared nonessential to the Army will be forwarded to the separation centers nearest their homes. Final processing there will include pay settlement, mustering-out pay, final physical examination, and a careful explanation by experts of all rights and privileges to which the veteran may be entitled, especially those created by the G. I. Bill of Rights. Transportation home is provided the discharged men.

At this writing five separation centers are in operation: Fort Dix, New Jersey; Fort McPherson, Georgia; Fort Sheridan, Illinois; Fort Sam Houston, Texas; and Presidio of Monterey, California—but a total of eighteen is being considered to make possible discharging men nearer their homes.

Officers will be released as the military situation permits. WAC priorities for discharge will be determined in the same way as other soldiers', except that married WACs whose husbands have been released will be discharged upon application.

For any readers who missed this department last week, I'd better repeat the Army's warning that V-E (victory in Europe) Day won't mean an immediate stampede to European ports of embarkation for the United States. On the contrary, we're warned that vast quantities of shipping will be used first for the transportation of huge armies and armaments to the Pacific. Meanwhile, it will take considerable time to work out the adjusted service ratings of millions of G. I.s, and determine which go into the theater's surplus quota.

For soldiers who achieve both a high priority and a nonessential rating, but who don't wish to leave the service, there's a word of comfort from the Army. If their records are satisfactory and if they can be usefully employed, such men will not be forced to accept discharge.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Here's a message from overseas to those blondes, brunettes, and redheads, Sarge. We mean the petulant patooties who've been writing letters protesting against American servicemen marrying foreign brides. Calm down, girls! We two strong, silent, magnetic, and gorgeous guys will be back in the States in a few months, fancy-free and receptive to proposals.

Cpl. Irresistible Ike,
Pvt. Heartthrob Harry,
Somewhere in England.

I'm glad you fellows conquered your native modesty long enough to write. The girls will be relieved to know you're available.

* * *

I was discharged from service with a 60 per cent disability rating, yielding me a pension of $60 a month. Am I entitled to an additional allowance for my wife and five children?

J. S., Boston, Mass.

No. The Veterans' Administration makes disability awards only on the basis of the veteran's disability. There is no extra allowance for dependents.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

ANNOUNCING the Great New *Futura* ACOUSTICON

CONVERSATION Hearing Aid

Three vacuum tube models at new low prices, born of exacting war experience in building conversation hearing equipment for use in battle

WHEN you can easily take part in home and business conversation, you are no longer hard of hearing. The great new Futura Acousticon, hearing aid based on U. S. Government Findings, was especially designed *to restore hearing of conversation.* To the hard of hearing person that is the one thing that really matters!

Acousticon, oldest electrical hearing aid manufacturer, was of course called on by the Government to build hearing equipment for the air and ground forces, for planes, tanks, jeeps, walkie-talkies. Entirely new and unprecedented standards of performance were required. This equipment had to deliver *sure and unmistakable understanding of conversation,* a vital battle essential. This vast and exacting war experience, on top of our 42 years in hearing aid research and craftsmanship, made possible the great new Futura Acousticon.

War called not only for the ultimate in performance. It also demanded quick deliveries in vast quantities. Our war work made possible mass production economies. You now get the benefits of these economies in the three models of the Futura Acousticon scientifically fitted to meet your individual need, at new low prices within everyone's reach.

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The Futura Acousticon is fitted to your individual need by a new scientific Speech-Hearing Test. This enables physicians, under the Acousticon Cooperative Medical Service Plan, to recommend and check hearing aid fittings.

If you will go into any Acousticon office (see telephone book for address), you can prove to yourself how much your hearing of conversation can now be restored.

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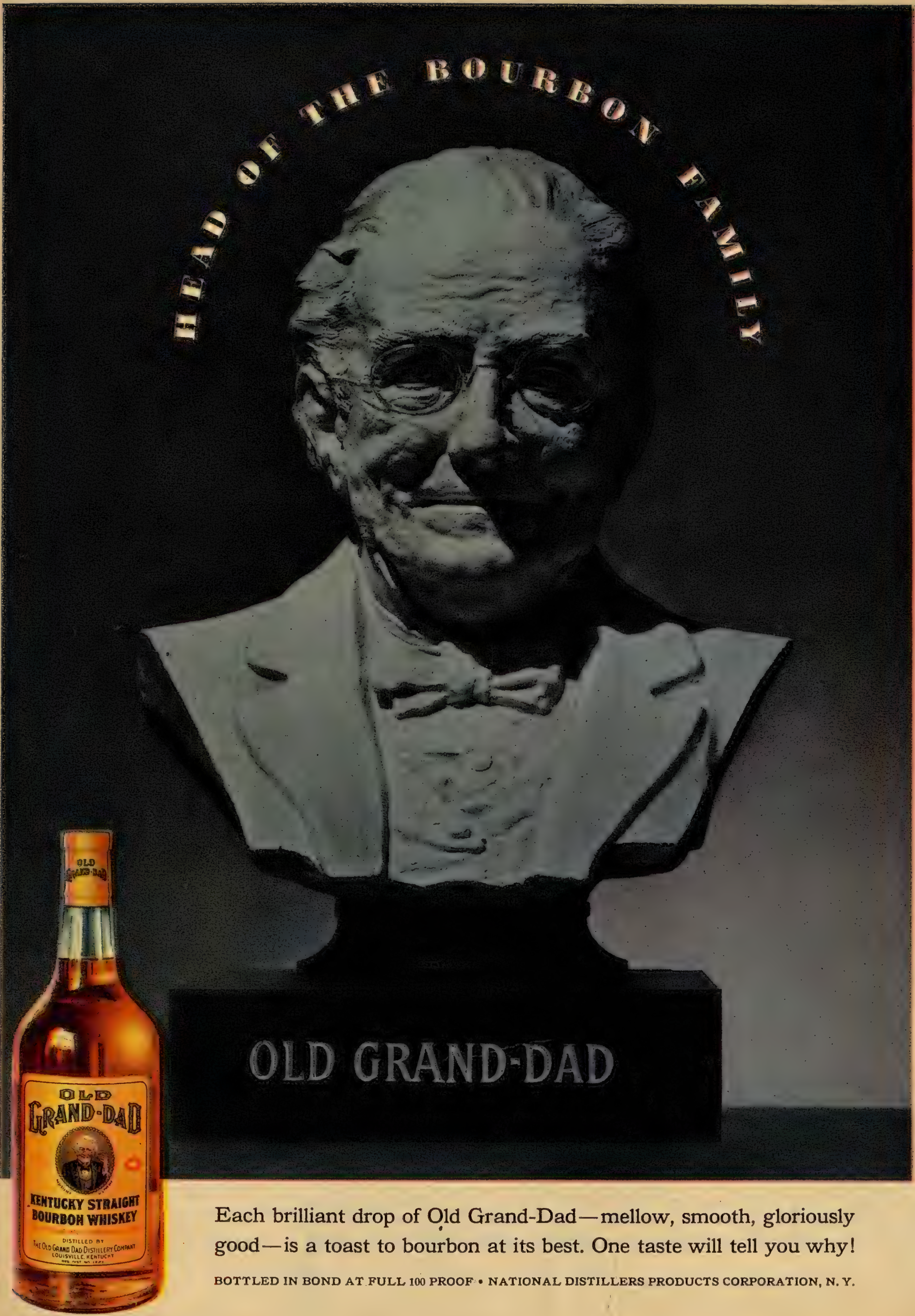
Conversation Hearing Aid Based on U. S. Government Findings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THE SKY'S HER LIMIT!

BY DR. ELIZABETH NEWKOM

The stratosphere is no place for a man to venture without precise knowledge of its effects. Here's a woman who spends her life finding the answers

"YOU'RE thirty-five thousand feet up and it's fifty-seven degrees below zero. Joe, how's your left hand?" He blinks, doesn't pay any attention.

"Joe," you repeat, "how's your left hand?"

The other two men look at him and wait. Finally he asks, "Talking to me?"

Standing at your left is a burly engineer. He grows a little nervous, and looks at you to see what comes next.

"Bill, turn Joe's emergency valve on," you say, watching the three men who stand huddled together in the center of the refrigerated tank. You are outside, safe and warm, but they shuffle around in the intense cold and rely on the life-giving oxygen that spurts through their masks. This is a high-altitude laboratory and during the crisis all eyes have turned to you, the medical supervisor.

Dr. Elizabeth Newkom

After Joe's emergency oxygen valve is turned on, his eyes look brighter, he knows what you are saying to him, and he can stand up without holding on to the wall. However, he's been groggy twice before, so you tell him he'd better go into the lock and descend. He wants to argue with you, but an order is an order, so he hurries to the lock, shuts the door, and starts back to earth.

Bill, the big engineer, heaves a sigh of relief and begins watching his gauges again. That was a close shave.

How did I get into this sort of thing? Well, one morning, as I strolled through the hospital where I was interning, the paging system barked my name. That was for an interview that put me on the payroll of the Sperry Gyroscope Company and started me on one of the most interesting careers a woman could have.

All over the country the Army and Navy have high-altitude chambers, used for training their fliers. Sitting on the ground, under careful surveillance, these young men experience all the hazards of the stratosphere. They are taught what to guard against, and how. The chambers are also used for research, enabling the matériel officers to test new and better equipment for the fliers.

The Sperry Gyroscope Company invents and manufactures many instruments that are used in aviation. For a long time engineers have realized that a machine which works perfectly in the middle of Brooklyn may work differently five miles up, when the flier is cold and frightened and lacks oxygen. He may turn the knobs the wrong way. Vital parts of the machine may freeze, or others may burn up in the thin air. So Sperry decided to test its equipment under actual flying conditions. This can be done more safely and less expensively in a high-altitude chamber than in a plane, so the laboratory was built.

Then they looked around for a medical supervisor. They knew they couldn't keep a 1A out of the Army and couldn't trust a 4F in high-altitude conditions, so they looked for a woman doctor, and found me. The training consisted of trips to near and far high-altitude chambers, including the one at the Mayo Clinic. During these I sat at 43,000 feet until I was blue-blooded enough to make the Social Register. Once they had me take my oxygen mask off at 35,000 feet and proved they were right when they said I could remain conscious for only a minute and a half.

They gave me "the bends," that dread pain of sand hogs and deep-sea divers. They gave me "the chokes," which is even worse. They sent me on innumerable trips into the stratosphere; took me up faster than the fastest plane can climb, and brought me down faster than any dive bomber has ever descended, to see if my ears could take it. Then, just to round it out, they did a few special and secret things which the government is still testing, and I was unconscious again, and again, and *again!*

You come away from all that with no fear. You know oxygen will revive you. You can look anybody else in the eye and tell him you've already done what you're asking him to do, a fact that gives him confidence; besides, half the time you'll do it with him. You can't go all the time with everybody or you'd have pilot fatigue.

The Army and Navy have the pick of America's healthy young manhood. You have the engineers who are often well beyond the age limit of aviators. They usually have chronic sinusitis, and some of them tend to be overweight. You must examine them and decide which ones could not stand the strain of the tests. You must make accurate charts of their hearing, take chest X-rays, and do special heart studies.

Now you are ready to step in and give the order, "Take her up!" As you ascend, your ears crackle. Your abdomen swells. But on your chest there is a little valve, fluted, and hung by khaki straps that cut into your neck. The valve clicks rhythmically each time you take a breath, and gives you a warm, comfortable feeling of assurance . . . *oxygen!* There is the chatter in and out as you talk back and forth through the microphones and earphones. At 18,000 feet one of your best technicians

(Continued on page 65)

R*eady*
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The VENUS *President* Fountain Pen is *new* . . . in style . . . in quality . . . in smooth and easy writing . . . *in value!*

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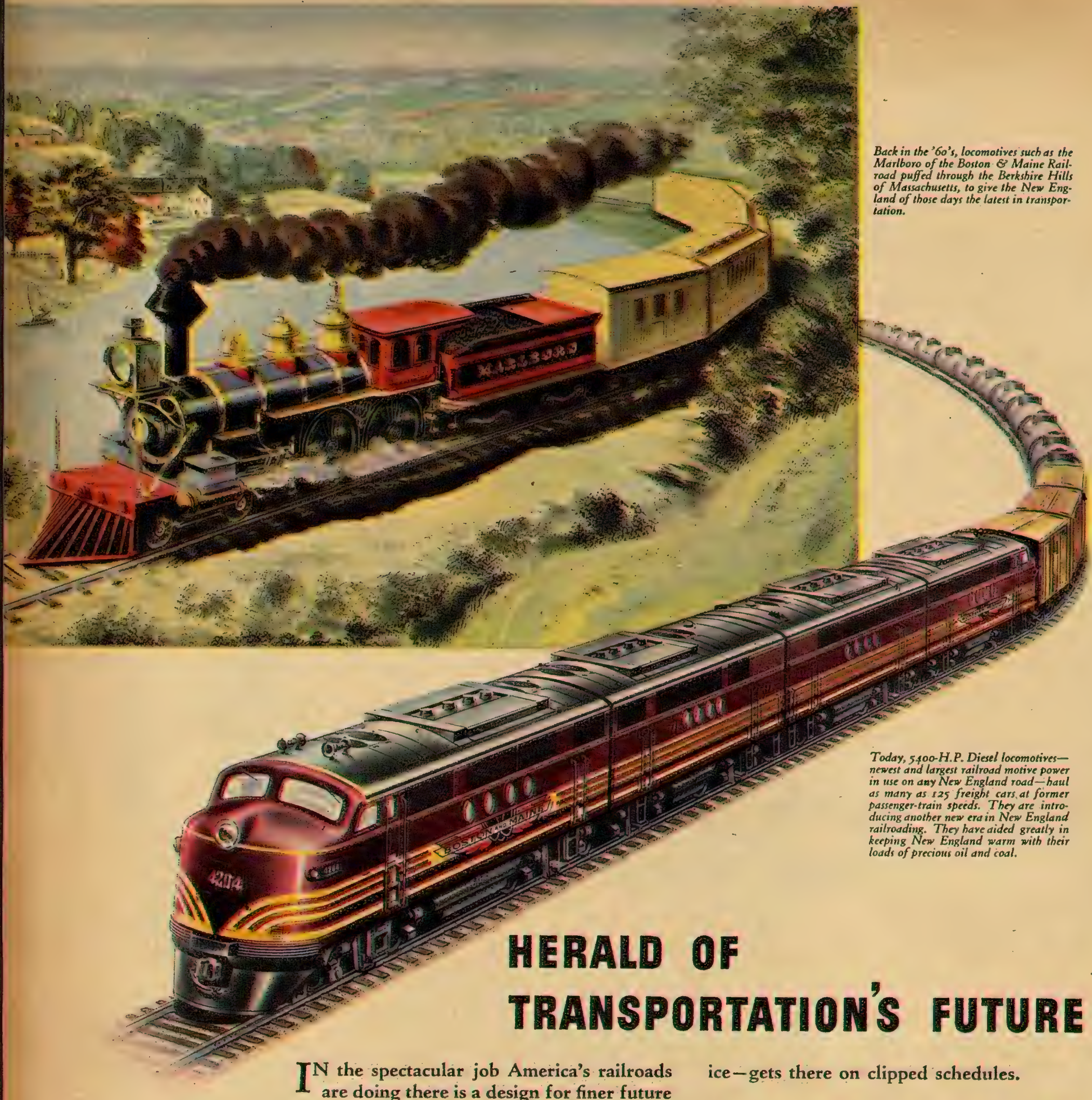

Back in the '60's, locomotives such as the Marlboro of the Boston & Maine Railroad puffed through the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, to give the New England of those days the latest in transportation.

Today, 5400-H.P. Diesel locomotives—newest and largest railroad motive power in use on any New England road—haul as many as 125 freight cars at former passenger-train speeds. They are introducing another new era in New England railroading. They have aided greatly in keeping New England warm with their loads of precious oil and coal.

HERALD OF TRANSPORTATION'S FUTURE

IN the spectacular job America's railroads are doing there is a design for finer future transportation.

It centers upon the performance of the General Motors locomotive.

Part of this performance lies in this locomotive's work. It is quick to get away—carries through its job with few or no stops for service—gets there on clipped schedules.

In run after run these locomotives are hauling heavy freight faster than passengers were carried a few years back.

These achievements are elements in railroad progress. They are forerunners of a great new era of transportation efficiency in the days which lie ahead.

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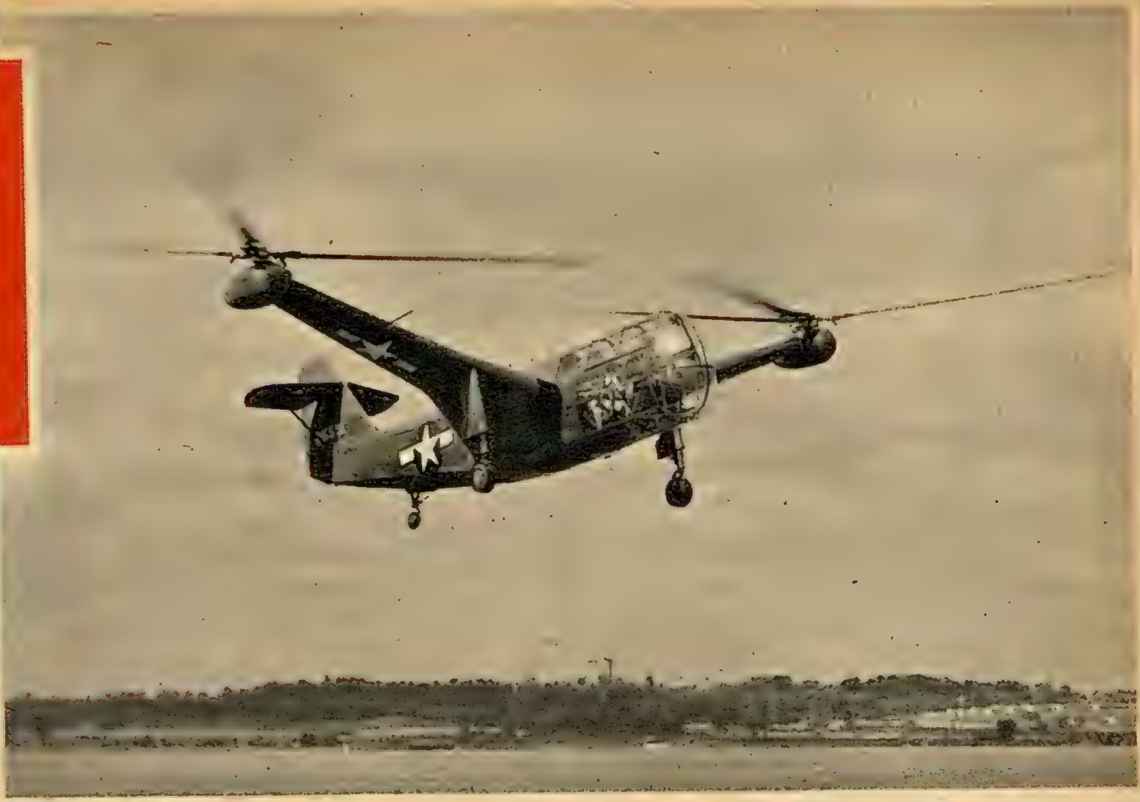
ENGINES . . . 15 to 250 H.P. . . . . . DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit 23, Mich.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



Still in the experimental stage, this strange-looking Platt-LePage helicopter, known as the XR-1, is shown in flight above Wright Field, Ohio.

Twin-Rotor Helicopter

Two Pennsylvanians with good engineering backgrounds and plenty of ideas on helicopters have been working for years on a twin-rotor helicopter which they hope will prove to be the answer for this type of aircraft. The Army Air Forces was sufficiently interested to award an experimental contract to the men, W. Laurence LePage and Haviland H. Platt, who are president and vice-president, respectively, of Platt-LePage Aircraft Company of Eddystone, Pennsylvania. The Platt-LePage product is the XR-1.

The most distinctive feature of the XR-1 is its twin rotors. They are installed on the ends of two streamlined pylons, which give the impression of wings and which extend from each side of the fuselage just back of the cockpit. Each rotor is thirty feet six inches in diameter and rotates in opposite directions, which counteracts torque.

The XR-1 weighs about 4,800 pounds and its fuselage resembles a normal plane fuselage minus engine and propeller. The tail is conventional in design, in contrast to the Sikorsky helicopter, which has a small rotor on the tail to counteract torque. In the twin-rotor XR-1 no tail rotor is necessary. It is powered with a 450-horsepower Pratt & Whitney engine—the most powerful engine ever to be installed in a helicopter. The engine is in the middle of the fuselage and is fully enclosed.

Two cockpits in tandem occupy the forward part of the craft and have sliding canopies, as in fighter planes. Compartment bottoms are of transparent plastic, allowing clear vision approaching the vertical and adding to the craft's usefulness in observation.

The XR-1 is being tested at the Army Air Forces' laboratories at Wright Field near Dayton, Ohio.

Jet Propulsion

Only hints can be given these days about the future program for jet-propelled airplanes, but it is sufficient to say that General Motors is utilizing 600,000 square feet alone to turn out the jet-propulsion turbine which is the heart of the jet engine. Another large company is also engaged in the same work. Various new experimental jet planes are either undergoing tests or are being built.

Some engineers are waxing optimistic about the great possibilities of the jet-propelled airplane. As you know, it has no propeller and its engine is simplicity itself. Not only is there an economy of weight and fuel consumption, but the jet plane is susceptible to extremely high speeds and long-range operations. The chances are ten to one you'll hear a lot more about jet planes before the last shot in this war is fired. Some engineers believe jet propulsion will open an era in aviation as important as the development of the gasoline-combustion engine. It is a good bet that, after the war, jet planes on exhibition will draw the largest crowds; at least, they will rival the helicopter in general interest.

Glider Retrieving Device

In the early days of the war one of the principal objections to the use of gliders for an invasion was the expendable factor. Gliders are powerless, and therefore helpless, except when being towed or when gliding to the ground. And yet gliders cost a lot of money—about as much as a small airplane. A thousand gliders can carry a great deal of equipment and men, but what to do with the gliders after the initial mission has been accomplished?

The glider experts got to work, and before long they had solved the problem. The Army has revealed that a great many of the gliders which landed in France were subsequently "picked up" and returned to England. This was through the use of a device developed by All American Aviation, Incorporated, the famous mail pick-up system which operates a network of routes in the Allegheny Mountains but never carries passengers. All American was headed by the late Richard C. du Pont, famous soaring pilot who was called on by the Army to direct its glider program and who was killed in the tests on the west coast last year.

The first retrieving test was conducted in 1941 at the Army's Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, and was so successful that it was perfected for combat-area use. By this device a C-47 transport plane swoops over the area in which the empty glider is located and picks up the glider without missing a beat, and the glider is returned to home base for use again. The glider pilot is the only passenger needed. It is really quite an amazing development and could have important ramifications in cargo-carrying after the war.

The mere idea of a tow plane picking up a glider large enough to carry fifteen equipped troops is a challenging thought, for the tow plane is traveling more than 100 miles an hour. Yet the plan has worked fine in France.

Robot's Characteristics

Most Londoners and travelers who have experienced the robot or buzz bombs and who also have lived through airplane raids seem to be in agreement that the buzz bomb is more nerve-racking. One reason is because the robots come over day and night. In an air raid there is a specific period of danger, but when the "All clear" sounds, the skies are free from enemy planes.

The Germans have been using three types of robots, and each type makes a clattering noise heard miles away. When the noise stops, that means the robot is going to descend and it's time to take cover fast. One type clatters along at a given altitude, then the "engine" stops, and the bomb hits and explodes. Another type glides and is more treacherous because the "engine" doesn't stop—the buzz bomb glides right down to the ground and explodes with terrific force. Another type comes along at fairly high altitude, but when the "engine" stops, instead of falling direct, it tends to glide silently a considerable distance before hitting the ground.

The robots seem to be more destructive in some respects than the regular explosives dropped by bombers. Coming in often at an angle, they shatter glass and cause damage over a wide area. Perhaps only one or two buildings or houses will be seriously damaged or blown to bits, but houses and buildings over a wide area will feel the effect. The concussion is likely to be serious to persons some distance away from the explosion.

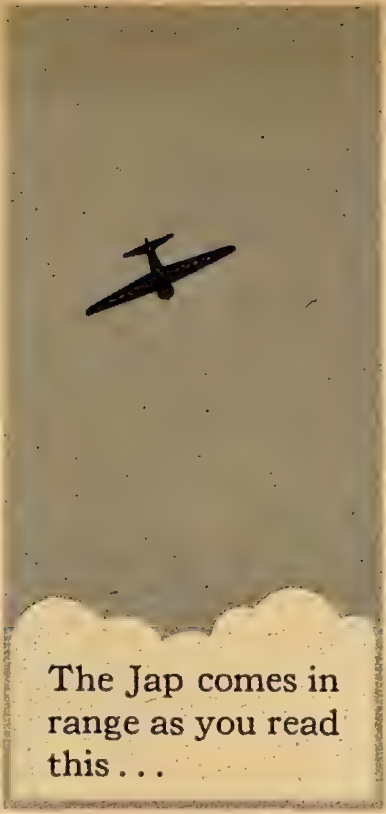
Americans returned from London say the robot bomb is an eerie sight as it flies noisily along. At night the robots are easily identified by the flash from the exhaust.

The suspense in wondering when the engine will quit is considerable.

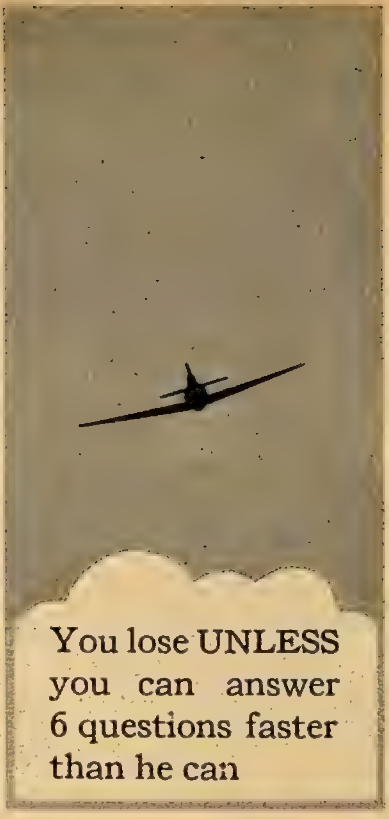
There is only one defense against the robot. That is to knock it out in the air before it passes the Channel. Once the robot passes the Channel, it's going to cause damage somewhere, for southern England is well populated. But the British have been quite successful in blowing up a large percentage of the bombs before they passed over England.

A Jap gives you 5 seconds to answer this —OR DIE

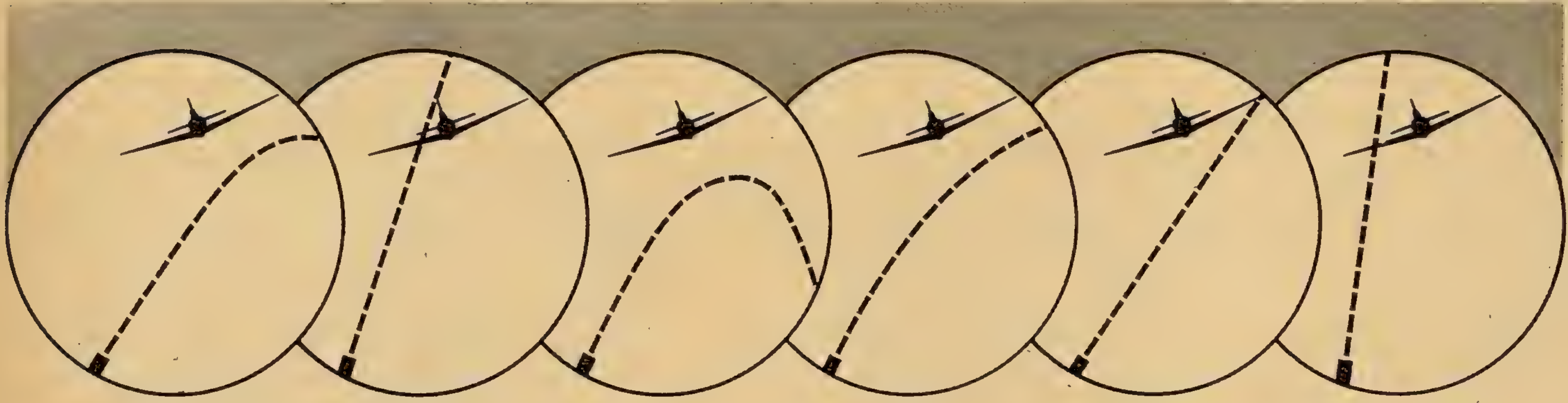
You are a plane gunner . . . Here comes a Zero



The Jap comes in range as you read this . . .



You lose UNLESS you can answer 6 questions faster than he can



How far away is he? What is my correct range?

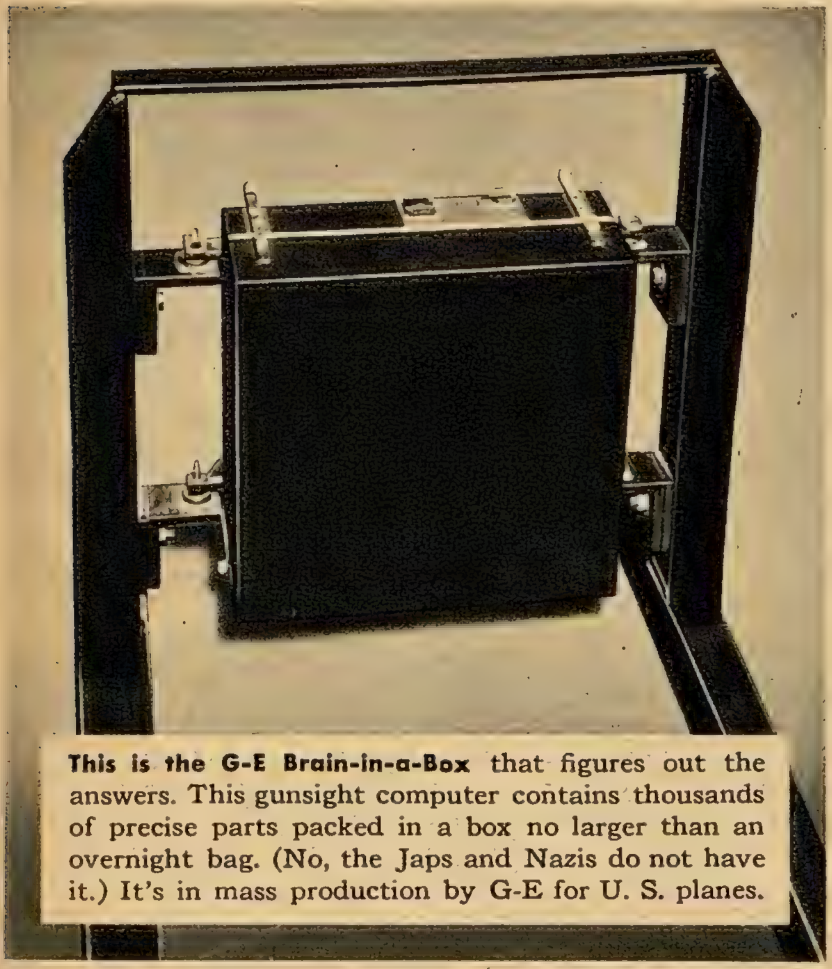
What will air temperature and altitude do to my shots?

How much will gravity pull down my shots?

How much will the wind blow my shots?

He's going 300 m.p.h. Where do I aim?

My gun turret is several yards away. What change in aim?



This is the G-E Brain-in-a-Box that figures out the answers. This gunsight computer contains thousands of precise parts packed in a box no larger than an overnight bag. (No, the Japs and Nazis do not have it.) It's in mass production by G-E for U. S. planes.

The G-E gun sight computer figures the right answers to life-and-death problems like these, and feeds them to the gun automatically and almost instantly. The gunner is free to concentrate on the important business of keeping the enemy in his sights. Electronic tubes help the computer with its automatic thinking. Tiny motors relay the mechanical brainwork to the guns.

Each B-29 with its five G-E remote control gun turrets has five of these computers. The P-61 "Black Widow" night fighter is also equipped.

About 70 engineers were employed on the computer alone. And G-E employees in seven cities had a part in this accomplishment.

That's one job. But you would need several sheets of paper to write down all the confidential war jobs tossed into General Electric's pool of engineering minds to solve. Sometime we hope to tell you the rest *General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.*

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PHOTO FROM CO-ORDINATOR FOR INTER-AMERICAN AFFAIRS

Uruguayan delegates listen with interest but some skepticism to Nelson Rockefeller at convention of Inter-American Development commission.

LATIN AMERICANS DON'T LIKE US

BY RAY JOSEPHS

We kid ourselves when we think anti-U. S. feeling below the border is confined to Argentina. An expert on Latin America tells how we're irking our "Good Neighbors"

A DASHING little Army jeep with a bright-painted *"Estados Unidos de America"* on its side rounded the plaza and rolled up to the lush Hotel Bolivar in Lima, Peru, late one evening. Out tumbled its official cargo—a dozen very *Norte Americano* blondes, brunettes, and redheads, some a little exhilarated from an embassy cocktail bout. With a whoop, they made for the grill, ordered the band leader to play something hot, and proceeded to have a high old time.

"The *gringos* have taken over again," a Peruvian remarked to me. "These are the young secretaries from your American war agencies which have moved in to *help* us. We Peruvians are aiding the war effort as best we can—but this hardly looks like war effort to us."

It was obvious that to him this was no mere exhibition of youthful, American, after-work vitality and spirits, but an example of a fundamental difference between *Peruvianos* and *Yanquis.*

Twelve young ladies alone in an Army jeep were something sensational for Latin America. But by the time the Bolivar story had gone the rounds of Lima it was a real incident. The non-Spanish-speaking American *señoritas* had "insulted" a Peruvian matron; how, was not clear. The *Americanos* were getting fantastic salaries and were drinking and tossing their money around and causing prices to skyrocket. They were introducing all kinds of strange and disturbing ideas. They were no emergency visitors; they were here for good. What next?

Most of this was exaggeration and distortion, and the incident itself might hardly have attracted notice in tourist-day times, but that didn't make it any less of an ill-will producer for the U. S. A. And I heard similar stories in every country of Latin America I visited. The fact that such stories are current today is simply one indication of the sensitivity and touchiness that now mark the increasingly strong anti-U. S. feeling developing south of the border.

Most Americans, increasingly disturbed by reports of the pro-Fascist, anti-American military regime now entrenched in Argentina, are inclined to console themselves with the thought that the rest of our Good Neighbors are with us right down the line, and that nineteen to one isn't such a bad average on the Pan-American scoreboard. The assumption is pretty general that even though the Argentine militarists don't like us, everywhere else below the Rio Grande hemisphere harmony prevails.

I've just come back from almost five years in Latin America, and I found that although few Latin Americans will ever say so to your face, Latin America doesn't like North America, likes us less today than yesterday, and seems certain to like us less tomorrow than today.

In some countries it's not just dislike; it's open, active hostility. Peru senses an "invasion" in the presence of our war emergency agencies, and is worried about the effect of our free-and-easy habits on her ultra-conservative traditions. Brazilians, who have seen plenty of U. S. troops and who have even sent their own expeditionary force to Italy, confess they believe they're in occupied territory right in their own country. Colombians insist the U. S. government and its dependencies are the third largest industry in their coffee-growing republic. And in Central America they say nothing happens any more without a Made-in-U. S. A. O. K.

We are, in short, losing Latin *amigos* at a rate which makes the problem one

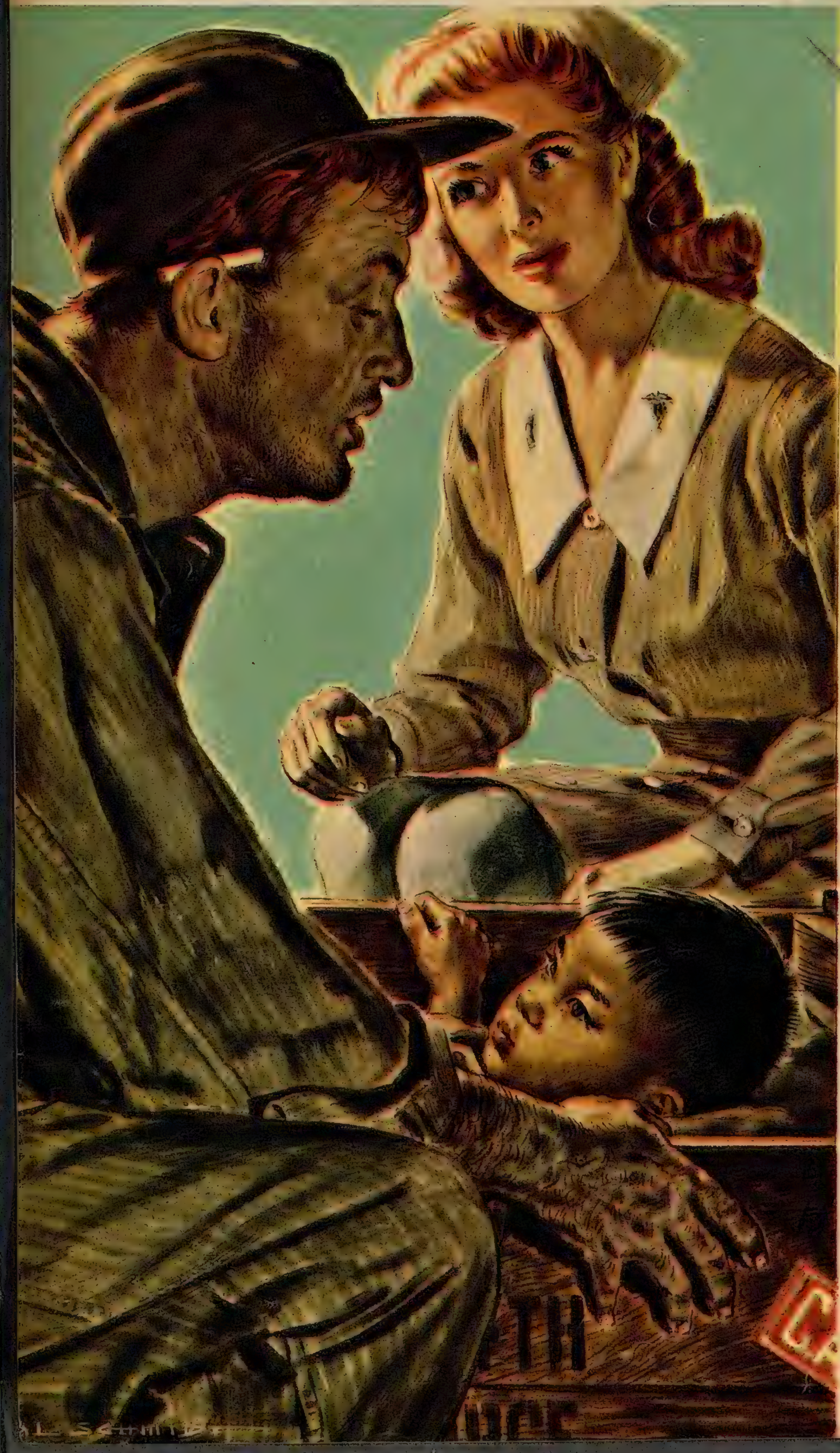
(Continued on page 68)

The author of Dragon Seed tells a tender story of a bighearted American soldier, a homeless Chinese waif, and a problem that required a typically Chinese solution

LETTER HOME

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



He leaned over the baby. "Don't you worry," he said. "I'll be back, kid."

REVEILLE sounded briskly and Banty Brown rolled out of bed, still asleep, and began putting on his clothes.

"Hey, you fellows!" he yelled, his eyes still shut. He heard one thud after another.

"Six," he counted. "There's one more. Hey, you Jim Atkins, wanta get fired?"

He doused his head in a basin of water, rubbed his head, opened his eyes and looked at his watch. Six minutes past three—the ground crew was due on the field in less than ten minutes. He grabbed his belt and flung on his coat with one motion. It was then that his eyes fell on the unfinished letter home, four lines he had written before he fell asleep with his head on the table.

"Gosh, I oughta have finished it," he groaned. Why hadn't he, when there was so much to tell?

He tore out of the building and out on the field, the others racing after him. At four o'clock sharp the planes must be ready and waiting for the boys who flew them. A few minutes after four the early Chinese dawn would begin to glow pale over the bare hills toward the east. The nights were chill with damp, although the sun would be hot enough at noon. He blew on his fingers as the great planes began to slide from their places.

From then on, until the boys began to come out, he did not think. He worked like a machine, yelling at the Chinese who helped him. An American was in charge of every plane, but the helpers were Chinese and the darkness was noisy with the yelling of the Americans. The Chinese worked in complete silence.

Sharp at four o'clock he saw Roger come out of the barracks, debonair and tall.

Feller's got style, Banty thought with the admiration of one who had none. He stood beside the plane, very stiff and straight, as a groom might stand beside a highly polished horse, waiting for the rider.

"All set?" he asked pleasantly.

"All set," Banty replied. Behind him his Chinese helpers fell back, wiping their sweating heads with small towels they carried in their girdles.

Roger climbed in and Banty waited, as he did every time, for Roger's face to smile over the edge of the plane at him. He saluted sharply.

"Good luck," he breathed, his lips shaping the words soundlessly. Roger nodded, the smile steadfast on his face. The next instant the roaring plane was skimming down the hard yellow earth of the flying field. It soared up as lightly as a fluff of down and then it drove, the first in the formation, purposefully toward the Chinese hills on the horizon.

Banty stood watching, his heart beating hard. "God knows," he murmured, yearning over Roger. God knew whether he would come back over those hills again when the sun was high. Every day only God knew.

Banty sighed and shook himself like a dog. He looked rather like a dog, a Skye terrier of a man. He was short and thickset and inclined always to need a haircut, and his chin sprouted weedily in the warm damp air of the south China climate. He sighed loudly now, because everything he did was noisy, and tramped behind the rest of the ground crew toward the barracks where presently they would be served up an enormous breakfast of oatmeal, fried eggs, and ham. The gang was always quiet after they had sent the planes off. Each one of the men had a pal off there in the skies, a fellow for whom he felt an especial affection and responsibility. For him, each had examined a plane with exact care, oiling and polishing, testing and trying, to make sure that at least the plane was perfect. So Banty had done this morning for Roger.

The old lady was workin' fine today, he thought. She just rose up like a bird. Not that this would do much good, he thought gloomily, if a Jap Zero got behind her. He faced this possibility every time Roger went off. Heck, there's nothin' to do but wait, he thought. Maybe I'll get my letter written, anyway.

At the door of the barracks the men had halted and now they turned to shout ribald laughter at him.

"Hey there, Banty, here's your kid! Go on there, Skeesicks—go on to daddy!"

They held the door open and out toddled a small Chinese boy wrapped in the coat of an old uniform. The sleeves had been cut short to fit his stubby arms and a strip of cloth tied the coat around his fat belly. The child's face crinkled into wide smiles at the sight of Banty. He hastened his uncertain steps and reached the huge stability of Banty's thick leg and clung there. The men at the door roared.

"He knows his daddy!" they yelled. "Attaboy, Skeesicks!"

BUT Banty did not smile. He stopped and lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him into the barracks. With all the fussiness of a mother he put the child on his knee and examined him.

"Got your face dirty already," he muttered. "Gosh, what d'ye think I am, Skeesicks? I'm ground crew—not a baby's nurse!"

He poured a little water into his hand from the jug that stood on the table and wet the child's face and rubbed it with the tail of the old uniform. "There," he said, "now you look like somepin."

The child endured this with solemn patience, and when it was over he pointed at the bowl of oatmeal.

"Hold your horses," Banty said loudly. But the first spoonfuls went into the child's mouth.

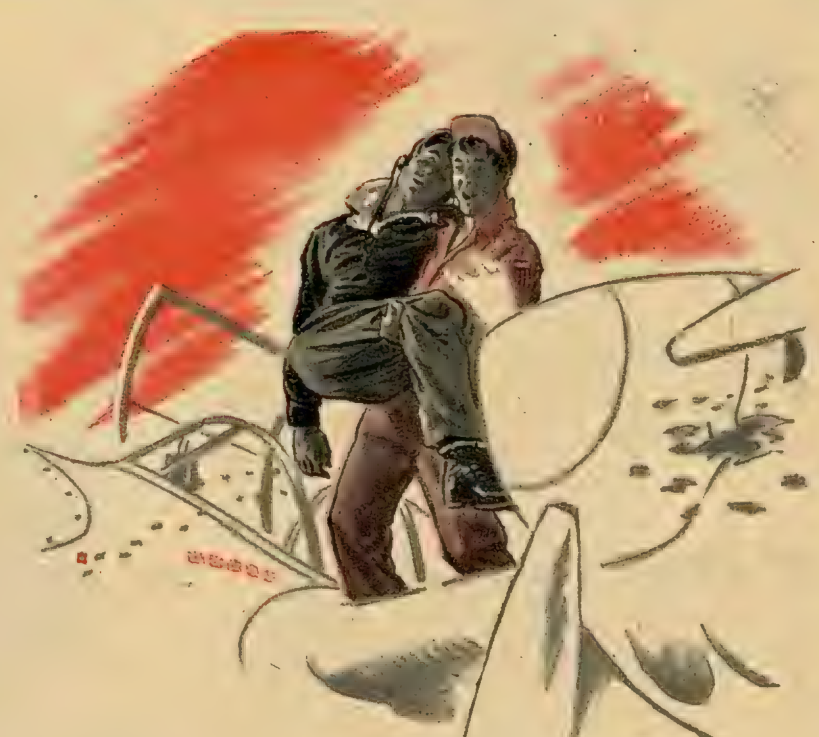
"What you goin' to do with that kid, Banty?" a tall blond fellow asked. He tossed half a biscuit across the table and the child picked it up and ate it daintily. He was a pretty child and the pathetic beauty of the lost and trusting was in his large oval black eyes. Now that he was fed he leaned against Banty, one arm half around his thick bull neck.

"The ol' man won't let you take him home," another shouted.

"What would your girl think, you comin' home with a baby?" a third yelled down the table.

Banty listened to this without change of expression. The fellows had ragged him ever since he'd picked up Skeesicks, a week ago, after the bombing. He knew he was doing a fool thing. One couldn't pick up all the kids that got left after a bombing. But Skeesicks had had the clothes blown right off him and was standing there naked as the day he was born, not screaming but just crying softly, and when he saw Banty he had followed him like a little dog.

Banty had turned around and seen him. "Go away," he had growled distinctly. But Skeesicks had simply gazed at him. He had stopped crying and had begun to shiver. The sun had been bright enough an hour ago for the Japs to raise hell, Banty thought, but now that the poor kid was naked, of course the sun had to go under and one of those foul wet winds had come down out of the hills.



"Gangway there!" he yelled. He carried Roger in his arms to a waiting stretcher.

"Go find your ma," he had ordered Skeesicks.

At the word the baby's lower lip had begun to tremble. "M'ma?" he had said piteously, looking around.

Lost—that's what the kid is, Banty had thought gloomily. He stared at the child, who had turned and was searching, obviously, for his mother. "M'ma!" he called shrilly, his eyes moving over the rubbish of the day's destruction. When no answer came, he began to cry again, very softly.

"Hell!" Banty shouted. He had stooped and swept the child into his arms.

From then on Skeesicks had lived in the barracks in a hit-and-miss fashion, sleeping with the servants, and fed when Banty fed. The major had seen the child, had inquired, and had held his peace. Sooner or later, of course, he had thought, the child would have to go. But the men were temperamental so far from home, lonely and homesick and tending to gloom over trifles.

Banty put his arm around the child and lit a cigarette. There was something comforting about this leaning small body. It was perfectly true that Jennie probably wouldn't want him, even if he could take him back to the States. It would be a hell of a job to get her to believe that it was only a stray kid he had picked up. Women were so queer. He sighed loudly.

"You need a haircut, Skeesicks," he said. "You look like I dunno what."

The child smiled blissfully, half asleep. He got up long before dawn, when the cooks got up, and hovered around, barely out of the men's way, until Banty came in for breakfast. How old was he? The men could not guess. But from his baby plumpness he could not be much over three years old, perhaps four. But he had learned to look out for himself when Banty was not there, with the overwise awareness of the war child. Banty smoked until the child slept, and then he carried him upstairs to his own cot and laid him in it and let down the mosquito net over him. Then he saw the letter, still lying on the rough table, where he had left it.

"Dear Folks and Jennie," he had begun. They shared their letters, except sometimes when he wrote a special letter to Jennie, because, after all, they weren't married yet and there were things he wanted to tell her. "I thought I'd sit down and write you a real letter. Here there is plenty doin' and plenty to tell."

That was as far as he had got last night. He sat down, sighed, and took up the pencil and squared his elbows. His tongue came out of his mouth. "Well, folks," he wrote slowly, "here it is tomorrow morning and I got nowhere yet with this here letter. Well, folks—"

IT was at this moment that a commotion broke out on the street below. He dropped his pencil, ran to the open window, and leaned out. A young Chinese woman rushed out of a doorway, a young man after her, and before Banty's eyes a fierce battle took place. The young man was trying to beat her and she was resisting him stoutly.

"Hey!" Banty yelled. But no one paid any heed. The passers-by stood watching and impassive. The man was gaining. Now he twisted his hand in the girl's long, loosened hair and bent back her head.

"Quit it!" Banty roared.

He climbed out of the window, jumped to the street and, pushing his way through the crowd, he leaped upon the man and hit him under the chin. The man let go and fell back with a thud upon the cobbled street. He saw then that it was one of his helpers.

"It's you!" he muttered. "Gettin' fresh with a dame! Or is she your wife?"

He felt somewhat uncertain now of what he had done. The man lay on his back, panting a little, but not getting up. The woman was winding up her hair. There was a thin line of blood running down her forehead. She was, he now saw, extremely pretty, and when she met Banty's eyes she smiled and was prettier still.

"Get up," he said to the man. "It's time we was back on the field."

The man did not move, and Banty stooped and lifted him under the arms and tried to stand him up. But the man hung inert and he dropped him again. The girl watched this and then, without a sign of warning, she screamed at the man and jumped on his belly.

"Hey!" Banty yelled. "Now you quit it!" He pulled the girl off, and to his horror she turned on him and screamed at him.

He stared at the two of them. "What the hell!" he said loudly. "I'm always buttin' in."

He turned and walked away. "Let 'em fight it out," he muttered to nobody. "Sure, she's his wife. Wouldn't nobody

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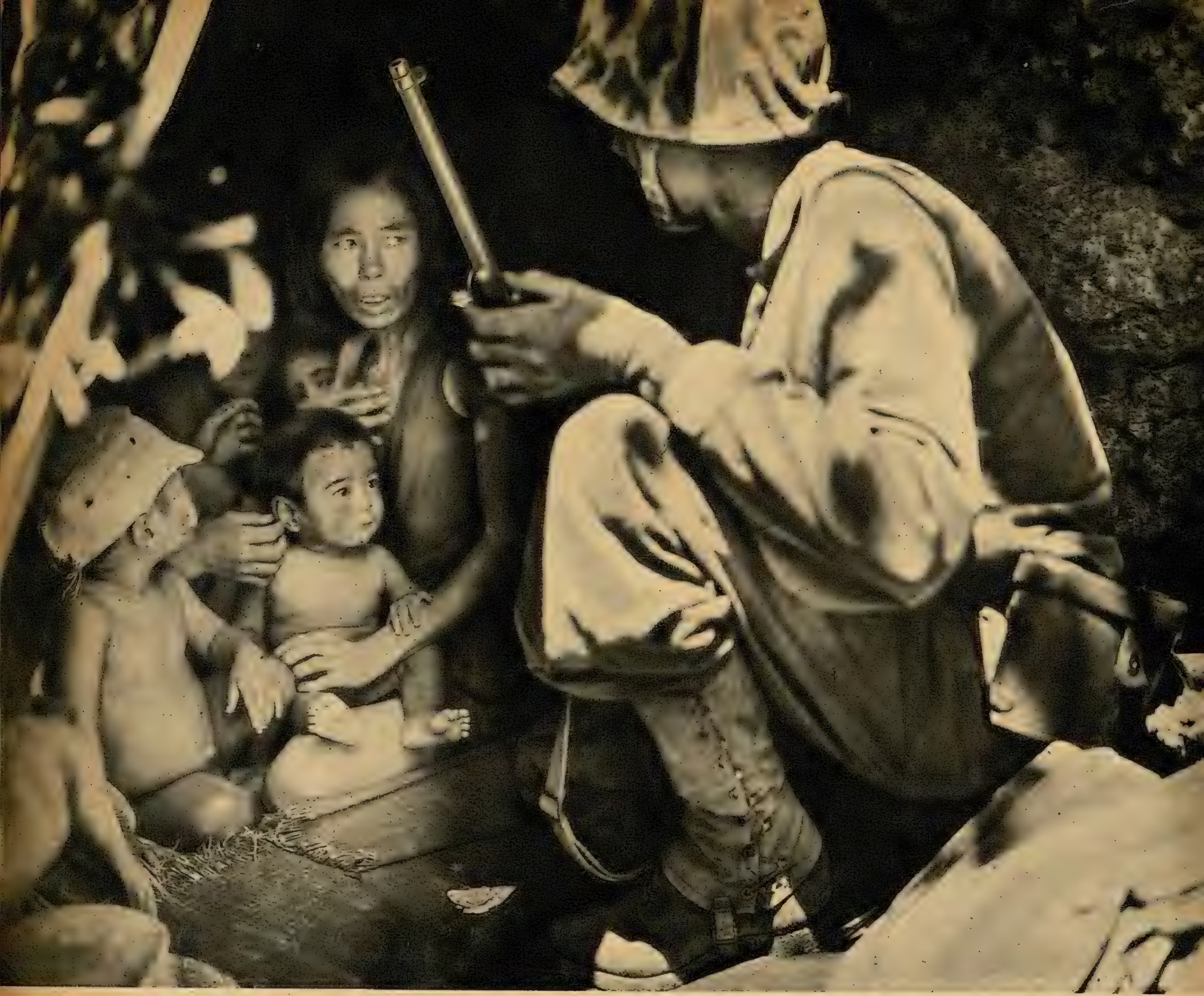


PHOTOS FROM U. S. NAVY, INTERNATIONAL

Hundreds of Saipan civilians chose suicide rather than capture by the "savage Americans." This cave family listens to reason.

THE CIVILIANS OF SAIPAN

BY MORRIS MARKEY

ADMIRAL NIMITZ has said that it *may* be possible for us to gain victory over the Japanese without having to make a direct assault upon the Japanese mainland itself. It's something to think about, for Saipan gave us a foretaste of the strange problem that Japanese civilians present when they fall into our hands.

Just before we sailed out of Pearl Harbor for the battle of Saipan, a Marine Corps general gave a thorough briefing to about twenty correspondents. Once he interrupted his lecture to remark: "I don't know just how the marines will react when they see women and children being killed."

Not very many days afterward, the marines did have to look on while women and children died. Their reaction was one of utter astonishment, for these people were killing themselves and killing each other, deliberately and often quite calmly.

A woman came running toward headquarters through the ruins of Charan-Kanoa town with a bundle in her arms. Carbines were instantly leveled at her, because her burden might very well have been a cluster of grenades. But before triggers were pulled, she flung the bundle to the ground. There lay a two-year-old girl, strangled to death with a cord.

An interpreter translated the torrent of words the woman loosed upon us: "Take me, you murdering, savage Americans, and do what you like with me. But I'm not going to let you torture my baby!"

It turned out that this young woman was a trained nurse. She was the widow of a fighter-plane pilot at Aslito field. It could be assumed that they were people of at least some education, some knowledge of American ethics and behavior. But Japanese propaganda had totally convinced her that it was American custom to torture and finally destroy all prisoners, civilian as well as military.

Hundreds of women and children and old men destroyed themselves or each other. Countless others were shot down by their own snipers, and seemed to feel that the snipers were doing them a favor. Our men did everything within their power to stop the suicides. Some of the marines actually were killed by snipers as they rushed to prevent women from destroying themselves.

The capture of Saipan presented us with a problem which we had not faced before in all the war with the Japanese: the management and control of noncombatant enemy citizens. Nobody had ever seen a captured Japanese civilian population before, and we had not the faintest idea of how it would behave.

There were about 25,000 civilians on Saipan. About 10,000 of these lived in the tidy little city of Garapan, among shops and banks and movie houses and hospitals. A few more thousands lived in Charan-Kanoa, a sugar-mill town, with streets of bungalows and cottages occupied by the workers. The rest lived in the country, working in the fields of sugar cane.

About 10,000 of the civilians were Japanese. Perhaps 5,000 were Chamorros, the original native inhabitants of the Marianas. These delightful island people, a mixture of Spanish and Polynesian blood, had come to like Americans during our occupation of Guam. Another 4,000 were Koreans, servants and laborers. The rest were Japanese and Chinese and Chamorro and Filipino strains all blended.

Of course, these 25,000 people were separate from the 27,000 Japanese troops who garrisoned the island.

It was decided to spare Garapan town in the preliminary bombardment. It would have been an easy matter for the carrier-based aircraft and the big rifles of the fleet to wipe out the town in a few hours, but the slaughter of civilians would have been heavy. And since this was to be our first experience in taking a Japanese town, it seemed wise and humane to give the noncombatants at least a chance to accept our occupation with some degree of resignation.

The fighting quickly went past Charan-Kanoa. Many civilians there—Chamorros and Koreans and half-breeds—came toward our troops with hands up, often with nervous grins on their faces, and indicated complete willingness to do as they were told.

They were put under guard and confined in wire enclosures. They were given food and medical attention, and many who wanted to work and earn money in the daytime were allowed to do so, clearing wreckage and filling in shell holes.

The behavior of Jap civilians when we moved in on Saipan jolted even tough marines. Is this a foretaste of a problem that will face us when we occupy Japan?

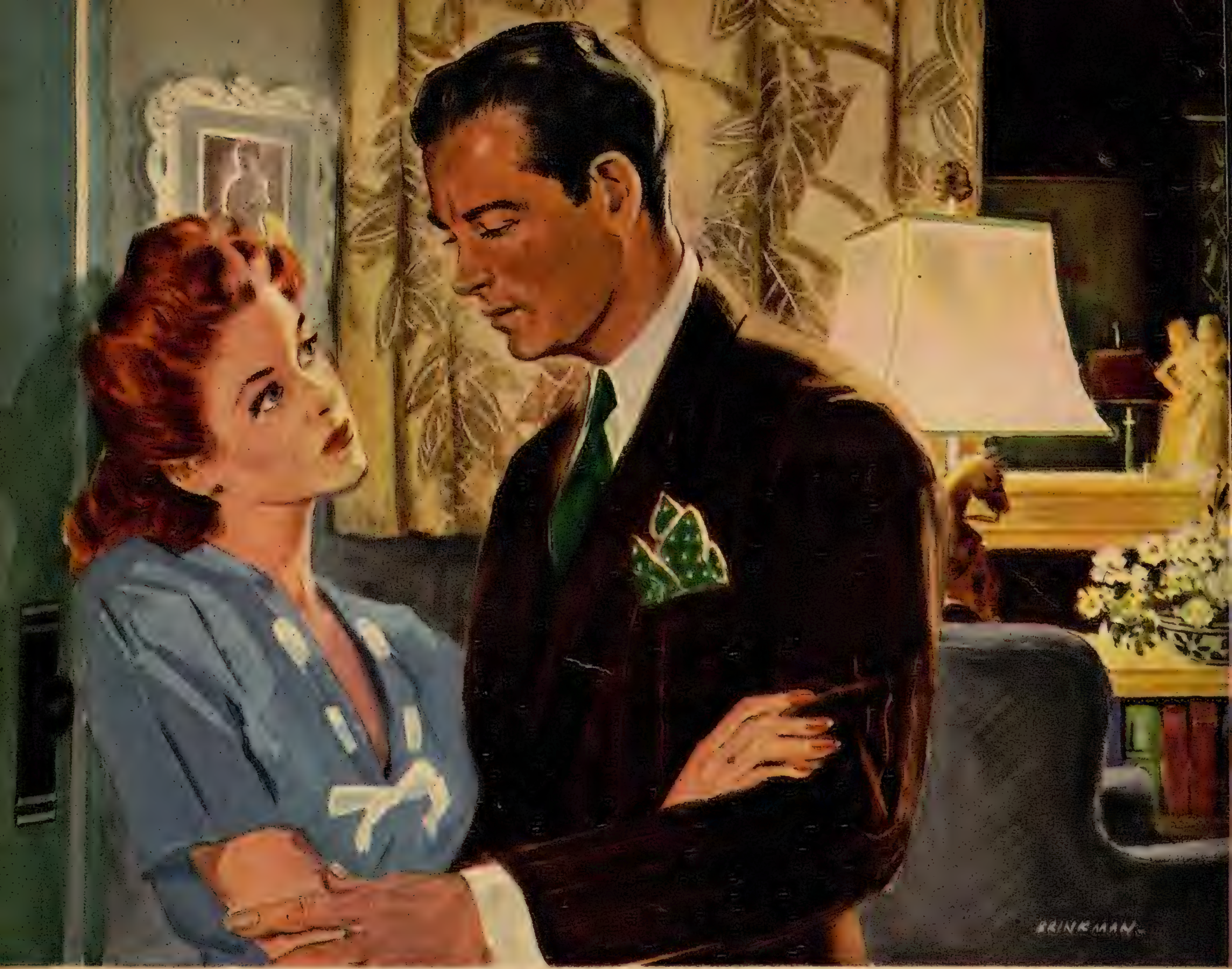
But all the Japanese of Charan-Kanoa fled to Garapan.

Soon Garapan also was invested. Its inhabitants fled at the first warning shellfire, scattering to the woods and the caves. Then the suicides began. The first two or three were utterly startling.

A squad of marines was taking cover on a small hilltop, getting the range of an enemy mortar position. Below them was a grassy shelf which ended at the sea cliff. From a grove, three girls came walking slowly, hand in hand. When they were a dozen yards from the cliff's edge they let down their hair, drew combs from their

(*Continued on page 74*)

The Japs, who were taught that we killed and tortured our prisoners, were amazed at th gentle way our marines handled their children. Above, one of them comforts a tearfu youngster. Below, two little war waifs after first aid.



"It is a girl though, isn't it?" He met her eyes and a reply was unnecessary.

CLOWN

Bing was a great football player—but an even greater clown. Then he met a girl who understood the man behind the clown

BY HARRISON HENDRYX

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY BRINKMAN

HE stood on the end of the line, tall, hands spread on the pads at his hips, and listened to them yell. It was the college crowd now, as the College All-Stars were pushing them around. The rest, the thousands, shivered silently in the gray afternoon and waited.

It was odd how you could feel them waiting, he thought; how you could feel the underlying expectancy there, almost tangible. For he was Bingham, the clown. That he was a great footballer was to them secondary, incidental. And when he was not funny, as now—and made no slightest attempt to be funny—they were baffled and disappointed.

"But it's got to be straight today," he kept telling himself over and over, resolutely. "No clowning at all, see? Just straight as a string—just the way she wants it."

Bingham watched the All-Stars come up, their orange jerseys soiled now, dark-splotched with the mud. They were big for collegians, tough. And this Dyson lad was right on. This Dyson's knees were high and full of iron. He carried the ball.

Bingham rode the play, biding, and then abruptly moved in. Twisting past the lead guard, he caught a backfield blocker full on the neck with his hands. He bounced off a third man, stumbled, caught a glimpse of the ball.

"Why, hell!" he said, and grabbed an armful of legs and hung on.

When they piled off, he sat there on his pants upon the dirty cleat-pocked snow and steadied the world with his hands. Sammy Wick, who had played with Green Bay, called time for the Sailors.

Sammy Wick said, "Nice business, Bing—but they made three yards. They are making three yards all the time and this cannot go on much longer."

Some of the Sailors glanced at the posts, grown tall behind them now, knowing what he meant. Some others sat down in the white and not-so-trampled snow of the end zone.

Sammy Wick had more to say, but Bingham did not hear. He was thinking of Elyse and the clowning—of how the combination had mixed up his life.

As for the funny stuff, that had just happened. Like Japs, he thought sardonically, and weeds that spring up, unwanted. More one of fate's strange quirks than anything, a bent which caused him to perform the ridiculous instinctively. The Dizzy Dean of the gridiron; the Maxie Baer.

People said it was a gift and that he was fortunate. He laughed inwardly, sourly. What sort of gift was it that denied you the one really worth-while thing ever to enter your life?

Remembrance was a weight on his mind. . . . That last night with Elyse so clear before him. And more than two years ago now. Or was it three?

June. Commencement. They had driven out to Sollie's with the top of her convertible down, and the hot sweet reek of summer filled the night.

"A couple of farewell brews, Sollie," Bingham said, "to cry into."

Sollie brought the beers, and another. He sat down with them, very somber. "I'm going to miss you kids."

"Not me," said Elyse. "I live here. Remember?"

Sollie glanced at the big man. "Oh," he said.

Bingham grinned. "She's a scairty. She thinks we might starve."

"But six thousand green ones—"

The girl glanced up sharply and tension crept around the table. "Bing, you didn't—"

He nodded. He said simply, "Yes, I signed."

Sollie became suddenly engrossed in his beer. The juke box in the back room began to play—and so damned appropriate—I'll Never Smile Again. Someone laughed loudly and a glass crashed to the floor.

"Excuse me," Sollie said, and he got up.

"But—but after all our talking. And don't you remember what I said—about us—if you signed that pro contract? Or is it that you just don't care—about us?"

"You know better, Elyse."

Her voice was flat in the room: "So you're going on with it. The clown. A few paltry dollars for a few, a very few years. Getting nowhere. Your life a public farce. Getting your nose smashed and your head kicked in—"

Bingham caught her hand hard. "A man must do what he can, Elyse. I signed that contract because I don't own a valve factory, because I have just enough pride to want the car my wife drives to come from me, and the bonnet she wears, and the silks and all that."

"My family—the valve factory—"

"I meant it."

She was thoroughly angry now. "Let go of me, please."

Bingham held tight to her hand, studying her. She had long hair, pure gold, and features finely drawn, a soft rounded throat that pulsed visibly in anger.

"All right," he said, "if that's the way of it."

She stood up.

Then, because pride was in him, and the blunt edge of stubbornness, he said, "Leave now, like that, Elyse, and I'll not be back."

She left, saying nothing, turning her head neither to the right nor the left as she walked out of Sollie's Place.

"Some brew," he mused, "to cry into—"

Sollie said, "I'm sorry as anything, Bing. I didn't know."

"Forget it." Bingham waved his hand. "Might as well be now. She had to know sometime."

"But—"

"Nah, nah, Sollie. Some beer. Got to celebrate my contract, you know. Six thousand bucks. Six thousand— Make that six beers, Sollie."

But he did not feel like celebrating. He felt ill. He followed Sollie with his eyes and there was a tight ache in him like a piece of granite.

THE whistle shrilled.

Big Dyson carried the ball. He made four yards. Again Dyson carried and again made yards, and the Sailors got down, grim all along the line. Bingham looked at his back foot. It was planted on the goal line.

Hard bodies and hard driving legs, bone and dirty silk and mud. Like horses going over, Bingham thought, rubbing his face with the sleeve of his jersey. The All-Stars were pounding one another, laughing, and over in the college section the uproar was complete, sustained.

When the point sailed just over the bar, Bingham thought, That is bad. That is a lot of points at this stage. A very lot of points.

The Sailors had their go then. They received and ran the ball back to the thirty-eight. They made a first down somehow. They ran wide twice and tried a pass which was batted down. They kicked into the corner.

Dyson came on again. He seemed unquenchable. Four yards and two yards. Five, three, three . . .

The gun ending the third quarter went *spack* in the gray air.

Bingham walked back a way. He scraped clean a spot with his foot and sat down. It was good to sit down.

THERE had been two seasons of the pro football, a rugged, indifferent time in his life, meaningless now that he looked back at it. . . . And never going back to see her. But never quite able to forget her either.

Then Mike Land.

He was having a drink with E. J. Foose of the News, when E. J. said, "There's Mike Land, the best doggone feature writer ever hit town—and I mean she's the best."

"She?"

E. J. Foose nodded. "But decidedly. Like to meet her?"

The football man shrugged.

Mike Land was a redhead. She wore a soft purple dress that fitted, and she looked surprisingly young to be the best feature writer, Bingham thought. She looked just past high school.

"Oh, the clown," she said, and smiled easily over teeth that were very white. "I like you."

Bingham swallowed his drink and stared blankly at her.

"Don't be alarmed," E. J. Foose assured him. "That happens all the time. Mike Land, the world's most outspoken woman, et cetera."

"Mike?" said Bingham. "What kind of a name is that?"

She squidged her nose at him. "'Tis mine own," she replied, "and poor thing that it may be, I like it. Don't you?"

Bingham said he didn't quite know.

They hit some more bars and somewhere along the line E. J. Foose disappeared.

"It's the things you do," said Mike. "Like running the wrong way against Michigan, and with them all screaming murder at you, you turn around and laugh and skip sideways and this way and that and run it clear back to a touchdown."

"Those things happen. It was the blocking, you know. I sure had wonderful blocking."

"But you always make them laugh. And yet you're so—well, so ridiculously effective out there."

"Yes." The bitterness was plain in his voice. "I know what you mean."

It was late when Bingham took her home. The night was still and a horse drawing a milk wagon clopped lazily past on the sprinkled street, sending echoes through the blackness. He fiddled with the gearshift lever, acutely aware of the red-haired girl beside him.

"You want to kiss me," she guessed frankly, in the lowest voice.

He shook his head. "We drank too much. Best you go in to bed now. Good night, Mike."

The girl said nothing. Abruptly then, she knelt on the seat, turned his face with her hands, and kissed him. His arms came hard around her, pinioning her against him for a moment before she pulled free and got out of the car.

"G'night," she said, and smiled her shy, provocative smile and went up the walk.

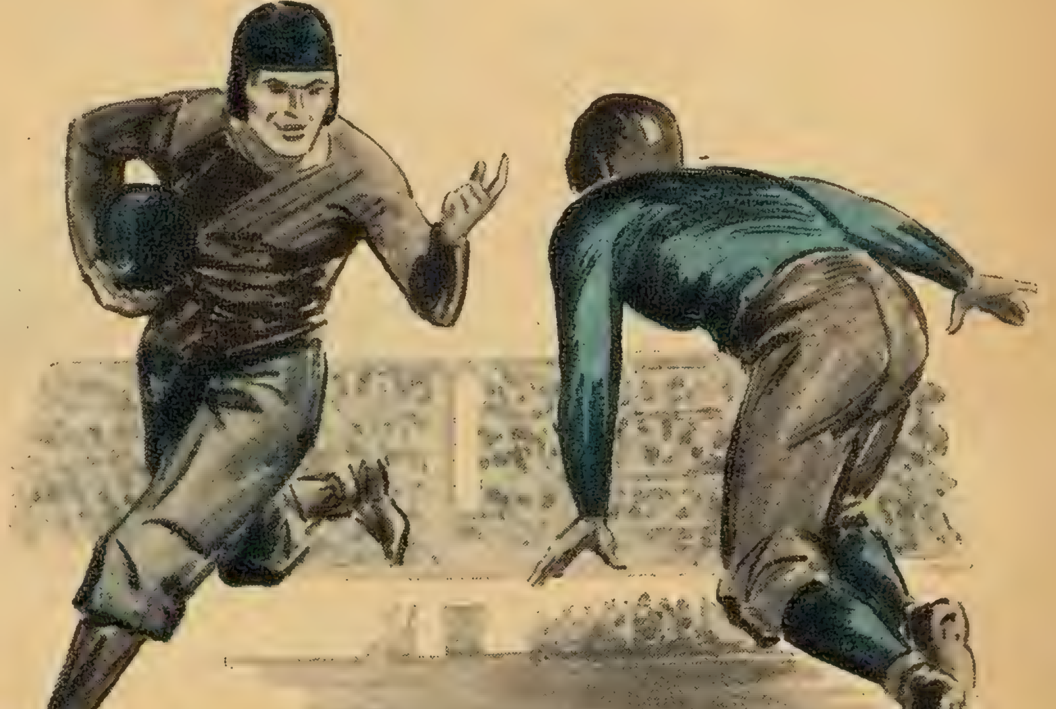
Bingham started his car loudly, thinking of Elyse and irritated with himself. He swore ineffectually into the windshield.

Two days later Mike called him. She said, "I've a roast beef and some newspaper friends and an extra place. Hope you'll like the beef."

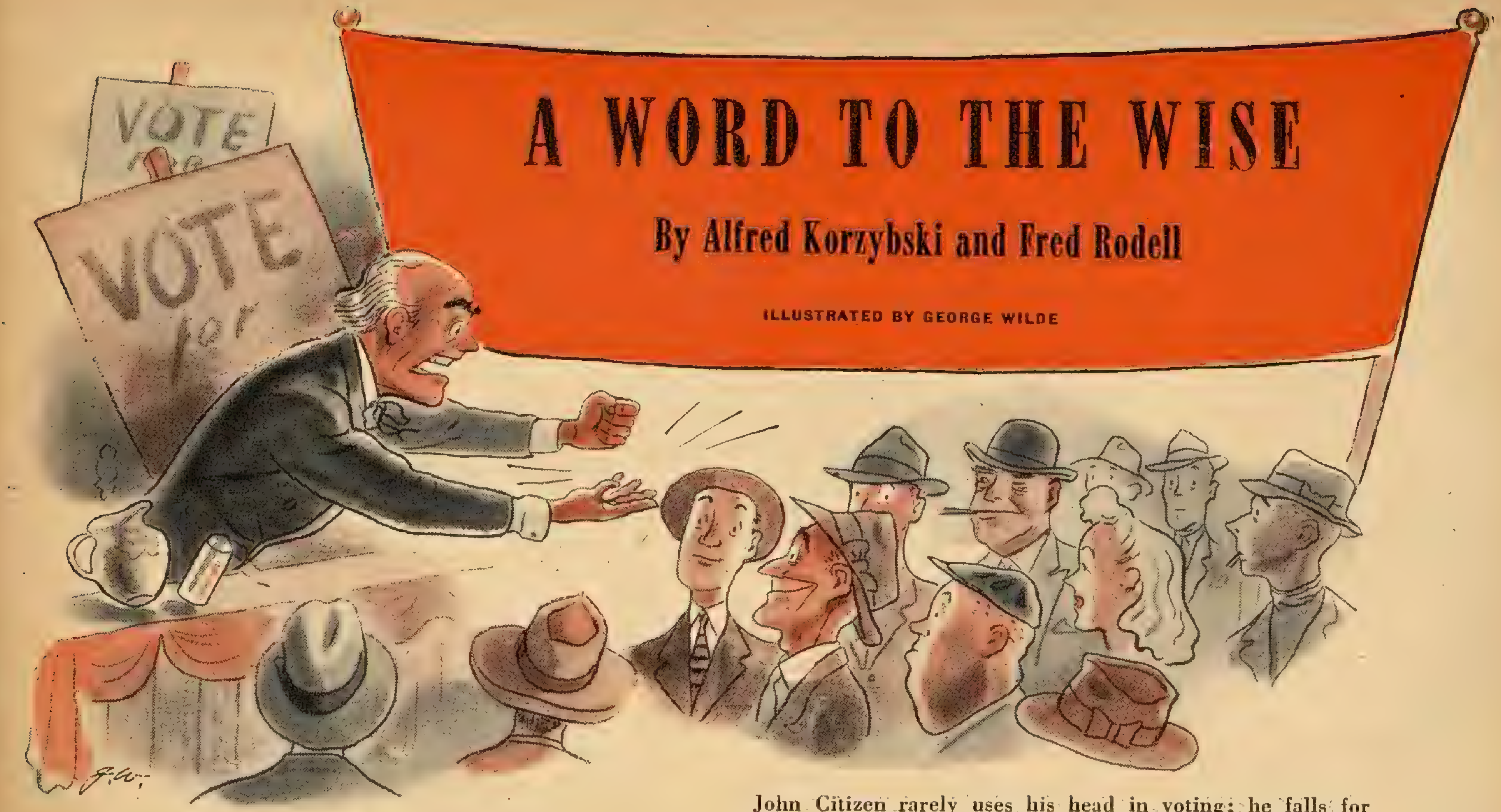
It was a beautiful party. The roast beef must have cost a gross of points, he decided, and her friends were witty, earthy people whom he liked, so that he enjoyed himself thoroughly, despite the cynicism within him and the bitterness that Mike recalled to his life.

When the others left, Mike closed the door and turned with her back against

(*Continued on page 76*)



Bingham checked, then beckoned for the man to come on.



A WORD TO THE WISE

By Alfred Korzybski and Fred Rodell

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WILDE

John Citizen rarely uses his head in voting; he falls for slogans, vague party platforms, and windy campaign oratory.

IT is a commonplace of American political punditry that the average voter casts his ballot unintelligently. He is said not to "think" or not to "understand the issues" or to "follow his heart instead of his head." He votes Republican because his father and grandfather voted Republican. Or he votes Democratic because "everybody" votes Democratic in the community where he lives. Or he—or she—votes for the candidate with the handsome face, the pleasant voice, the more acceptable wife.

Even when John Citizen purports to base his vote on political considerations, he has been accused of being taken in by slogans and shibboleths like "The full dinner pail" or "He kept us out of war." He finds comfort in party platforms and puts faith in pre-election pledges. He is convinced by campaign oratory.

The remedy for such of these charges as happen to be true is always said to lie in "education" of the electorate. Yet our schools have been giving courses for decades in civics, government, and citizenship, and many a college graduate still votes Republican because Lincoln freed the slaves, or Democratic because Sherman marched through Georgia.

It is the *kind* of education that counts. The only kind of education that can possibly produce an electorate capable of voting intelligently is education in the art of "straight thinking," and never has straight thinking been more desperately needed than now.

There exists a system, a technique, of straight thinking which is not only self-teachable but can be mastered by the academically "uneducated" and even by children. It is scientifically known as General Semantics. This article will attempt to show, without partisan political implications of any kind, how that technique can help us in political thinking.

In the letters column of the New York Herald Tribune, a day or two after the Republican convention, the following letter appeared: "In the beginning of this Presidential campaign I would like to offer one suggestion and that is, that we begin by calling our candidate by his full name, and not as he was spoken of often at the convention, as 'Tom Dewey.' Let us call him Thomas E. Dewey; let us show him the highest respect possible."

Before Pearl Harbor, at meetings of pro-Nazi and pro-Fascist groups, it was common practice to pronounce the President's name "Rosenfeld" and to refer to his administration as "the Jew Deal." Toward the end of F. D. R.'s first term a group of wealthy and financially powerful men, unhappy about federal taxes and regulations, formed an organization to oppose the President and his policies. They named their organization "the Liberty League."

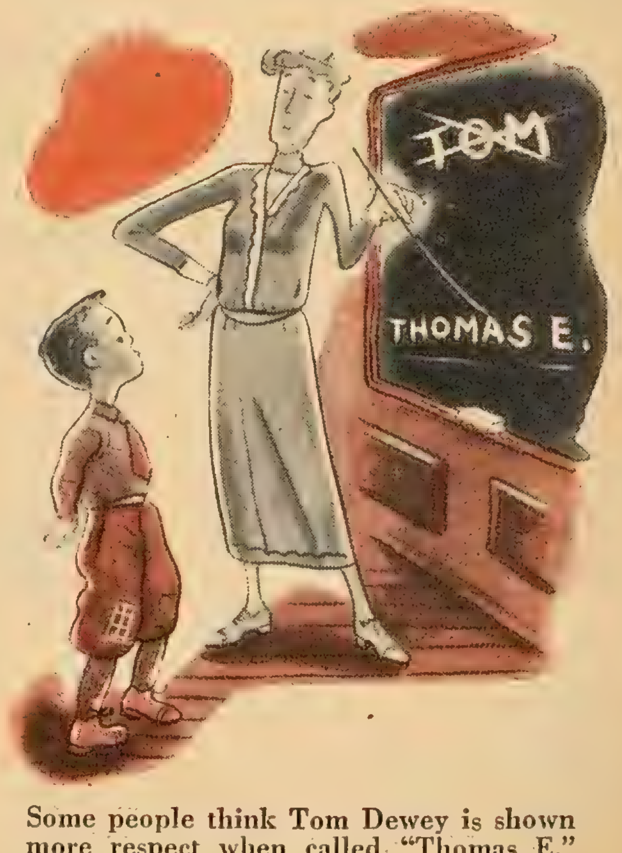
These three random and apparently unconnected items have one important factor in common. Each illustrates the biggest fallacy in the brand of thinking that has become second nature to almost all of us. Each is an example of our primitive belief in *word* magic, our feeling that a word somehow *is* the thing it is used to represent, and that we can therefore make the thing, or the person, "good" or "bad" by bestowing on it, or him, a "good" or "bad" name.

The Herald Tribune's correspondent sincerely believed that it would be more obvious that Mr. Dewey was worthy of respect if he were known as "Thomas E." instead of "Tom." The Bundists believed that Mr. Roosevelt became a different and lesser person by being labeled a Jew. The wealthy men believed that their organization lost some of its upper-classness thanks to the use of the popular word "liberty" in the title.

The sad fact is that all of these name doctors, despite fooling themselves in the process, were squarely on the right track toward fooling the public too. Not many people, perhaps, would vote for "Thomas E." Dewey and refuse to vote for "Tom" Dewey. But many a voter, according to what he has read and heard, will vote for Dewey because he is a "statesman," or against him because he is a "politician." The label, impressed by repetition, will actually determine the choice. The Liberty League, by its name alone, confused and misled for a time many folk who were quite out of sympathy with its real objectives.

Far more significant, however, as an illustration of word worship is the matter of calling Roosevelt a Jew. True, the Bundists never got anywhere with this, simply because it was generally known that the President is not a Jew and that his family's name was never Rosenfeld. But consider this imaginary situation:

Suppose it had suddenly been discovered—or apparently discovered—during the 1940 campaign that the Roosevelt family *had* once been Jewish and that its


~~TOM~~
THOMAS E.

Some people think Tom Dewey is shown more respect when called "Thomas E."

name *had* been Rosenfeld. It scarcely needs stating that F. D. R. would have remained, after the discovery, precisely the same person he was before; no facet of his mind or personality, no political principle or policy of his, could have been altered one iota. He would nevertheless have lost the election. Such is the potential power of a word over the maltrained reactions of men.

Why? Why are we so often the slaves of language instead of its masters?

In the first place, almost all the words we use are *general* words, each of which we apply to a great many *specific* and *different* things, people, events, actions, ideas, etc. This is proper and necessary if we are to communicate with each other at all, for we could scarcely have a separate word for every house or every sunset or every notion of happiness. In order to generalize things into words so we can talk about them, we *abstract* from a lot of somewhat similar things the facts that are usually common to all of them and fashion a mental picture, or abstraction, around those facts. Thus we think of a chair as a seat with four legs and a back, though we know that it may or may not be upholstered and that it may even have rockers under its legs.

This practice of generalizing and abstracting is useful, but it is also dangerous. It leads to a habit whereby any word, with the abstract mental image we have built up around the word, tends to become more real to us than any new specific thing to which the word may be applied. Call a man an immigrant, and our abstract picture of an immigrant leads us to jump to conclusions about the man—conclusions which fit him to *our* picture but may not correspond in any way to the actual facts about this particular man we call an "immigrant."

None of us can think straight or vote intelligently unless we beware of accepting words at their face values. Here's how we're often fooled and what to do about it

This habit of intensional thinking, of thinking from the inside out, of automatically *identifying* any new thing or idea or experience, willy-nilly, with a mental image built around a word, carries over even to the most concrete of physical objects. Few of us go so far as the chorus girl of the story who did not want a book because she already had a book. But many of us were hesitant at first about sitting in the strong metal modern chairs which, having no legs in the back, did not conform to our image of a chair. And any of us could be fooled into sitting blithely and disastrously in a papier-mâché facsimile of a chair, provided it had four papier-mâché legs.

Suppose you are a Democrat, a liberal, a supporter of the present administration. You read in a newspaper that John Dough, manufacturer of gadgets, made a million dollars in 1943. How do you react? It is highly likely that you will immediately associate John Dough with some such term as "economic royalist." He becomes to you, perhaps vividly, perhaps vaguely, an unpleasant antisocial person who pays his workers low wages, charges high prices for goods that are probably inferior, and is interested only in profits for himself. If you were to meet John Dough you might find that none of these imaginary facts was true of him, and you would then be "surprised" to have run into such a "nice" and "liberal" business man. But if, in the beginning, you had stopped to think that all you *knew* about John Dough was that he manufactured gadgets and had made a million dollars, you would never have left yourself open to being surprised by a few further facts about him.

Suppose, on the other hand, you are a Republican, a conservative, an opponent of the present administration. You hear on the radio that young Richard Rough has been promoted to a new and more important post in one of the federal alphabetical agencies which is not directly connected with the war. How do you react? The chances are strong that you will automatically label Richard Rough as a "New Dealer" (with a sneer), or perhaps as a "bureaucrat," and begin to think intensionally about him. You will see him in your mind's eye, vividly or vaguely, as a radical, a theorist without practical experience, an inefficient and officious purveyor of red tape and unnecessary regulations; for that—or something like that—is your abstract mental picture of a "New Dealer." That Richard Rough, in person, may not conform to this picture in any particular will not bother you, unless you should later meet him and discover, to your pleased "surprise," that here is one "sound" and "intelligent" federal official.

HERE is also exemplified a second basic flaw in our customary way of using—or not using—our mental equipment. It is the two-valued, either-or, black-or-white way most of us view the world.

Most of us have been taught to think in terms of opposites—right or wrong, good or bad, like or dislike, for or against, up or down, all or nothing at all. That is one reason why the New Dealer is surprised by the *fact* of a "liberal" business man and why the business man finds it hard to accept the *fact* of a "sound" practicing New Dealer.

This two-valued habit of thought is entirely false to the facts of life. For the world around us and everything in it is multi-valued, not two-valued. There is never a question of absolute black or white, but only of which shade of gray. A thing or a person or an idea will be "good" from one angle, "bad" from another, "right" for one purpose, "wrong" for another, and half "right," half "wrong" for a third. This may sound obvious. But it is the rare individual who is constantly aware that all values are relative.

The political field is peculiarly susceptible to two-valued—and therefore false-to-fact—thinking. During the prewar debate over U. S. foreign policy, the "isolationists" classified all "interventionists" as villains, and the "interventionists" classified all "isolationists" as fools or devils. And those classifications were carried over to issues that had nothing whatever to do with going to war or not going to war.

Politics is a subject about which most people get quite "emotional"; they *feel* strongly about it. And it is precisely in dealing with matters that arouse likes and dislikes, desires, fears, and hates, that the average man falls fastest and deepest into the hole of intensional, two-valued thinking.

The key to straight thinking lies in *training* ourselves to go at every question that comes before us, whether political, personal, or otherwise, as directly and "unemotionally" as we would tackle a problem in mathematics. And that means

(*Continued on page 67*)

One word can have many meanings. "Woman" means something different to every man.

YOU KNOW HOW ACTORS ARE

Ethics among actors? Scruples among waiters? Honor among thieves? The hilarious story of a double-double-cross

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK ANDERSON

I AM, by profession, a philosopher. But I have to eat. So I work as a waiter at Henry's. That's the restaurant where all the actors dine. Being a philosopher makes it easier for me to withstand what I constantly see and hear. Otherwise I would have to walk around holding my nose. You know how actors are. There is more honor among safe-crackers. When it comes to moral principles, give me the police line-up any day. I often say to Henry, "Boss," I say, "sometimes I think you don't give the customers enough service."

"And what would you have me do?" Henry asks angrily. "Give them a free dinner with every check I cash for them? Or perhaps shine a spotlight on the door as each one makes an entrance?"

"No," I reply. "But I do think you might furnish a dagger along with the regular table silver. It would make it so much easier for them to stab each other in the back."

"Bah!" he fumes, and stomps off into the kitchen to stick a finger in the minestrone. That is the way you get after a few years at Henry's, unless you are philosophic about it. As for me, the dark doings of thespians roll off my shoulders like gravy off a roast duck.

Take Lawrence Guilford and Harvey Steele. Now there are a couple of ham-steak specials, with trimmings. You know Steele. He's the triple-threat star in the gold mine over at the St. George Theater—I think it's in its eighth month now, or is it eighth *year*? Steele gargles a fancy tenor, unlimbers his rheumatism in a little of that new ballet hokum, and does a Romeo routine that sets all the Juliets in the balcony to fanning themselves with their programs. The Sun said that he was "superb," the Post raved "miraculous," and the World-Telly called him a "show-stopping sensation." Said Lawrence Guilford: "He stinks!"

You can't blame Guilford for peeling a sour grape. After all, he happens to be something of a triple-threat man himself, and he's in the same show. The big difference is, Steele is the star, and Guilford is just his understudy—buried in a small chorus-boy job but always on hand, fully rehearsed to jump in and fill Steele's shoes if the star should happen to fall into an open manhole.

Now there are plenty of open manholes around Broadway. In fact it is my private opinion that Guilford opens a few of them himself. But Steele is a wise monkey. Nothing—not even lumbago, sciatica, a sprained ankle, a hundred-and-three fever, the death of his father—can keep the guy off that stage, even for a benefit performance. The show must go on. With Harvey Steele. So every afternoon Steele has lunch at Henry's and bores me with press clippings, and every evening Guilford comes in for dinner and eats his heart out. You know how actors are.

A couple of weeks ago Guilford started to crumble. He just couldn't stand it any longer. First it was two or three cocktails before I brought the appetizer. Then he was gulping highballs between courses, and finally he was having them for dessert, too. He was a ham on rye. Steele's picture in the papers had him frothing at the mouth. The sour grape had become an olive, turned green with envy. I began to wish he would annoy the waiters at Lindy's for a change.

Then one night a weird event took place. He left me a large tip. When I recovered from the shock, I began to smell a fish in the air. There had been no one at his table to impress, and hams like Guilford do not tip heavily for any such outlandish reason as gratitude or kindness. That much you learn at Henry's when you have carried trays there as long as I have. Surely it wasn't just that he appreciated the way I always brought his lobster salad, nice and cold. So I waited patiently for the pay-off. I didn't have to wait long.

NEXT evening, when I brought him his check, he put a hand on my arm. "Grossman," he said, giving me Sad Eyes, Expression number three, "full many a rose is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

"Gray's Elegy," I said.

"No," he said. "Guilford's Lament." He took a small bottle out of his pocket.

"Grossman," he continued, smooth as a spoonful of honey, "I want you to do me a little favor. Understand now, I wouldn't ask this of anyone else, because there's no one I trust like I trust you, Grossman."

"How much do you want, Mr. Guilford?"

"Oh, please, please. Don't be vulgar. What I'm trying to say is—well, you know the rotten deal I have in the show—that is, you know about how Steele just doesn't miss—I mean, I never get a crack at the role and—and—"

"And you wish Steele was dead. Go on."

"Grossman!"

"Forgive me, Mr. Guilford."

"Look," he says, grabbing my arm again. "You've been around Broadway. I don't have to tell you. The cleaning women at the theater get more publicity than I do. It's that Steele. He's afraid to let me take over, even for one lousy performance. And you know why? I'll tell you why. Because I'm too damn good, and he knows it. He knows if they ever see me in his part, they'll wonder why he was ever let into the theater without a ticket. He's just a road-company version of me and he's not going to let anyone find it out if he can help it."

I started moving for the kitchen. I didn't feel like seeing the picture over again.

"Wait a second," he called. He emptied a handful of tablets from the bottle. "Take these."

"I don't need the aspirin," I said. "It's your headache."

He said, "They're not aspirin—they're sleeping pills. Now listen closely, Grossman. The air-conditioning at the St. George is colder than a critic's heart, and Steele's caught himself a helluva cold and he's scared stiff that he might wind up in bed with the grippe. Tomorrow, when he shows up for lunch, I want you to give him the business. Four of these should do the trick. He can't taste a thing. Dissolve them in his soup. Powder them in his mashed potatoes. I don't care how you do it, but do it."

He took a five-dollar bill from his wallet and tossed it on the table with a grand flourish.

"But wait a minute," I said. "How do I know what'll happen to him?"

"Look, Grossman," he said. "Listen to me. Every night Steele swallows one of these before going to bed. He's told me so. How do you think an actor manages to sleep, with all he's got on his conscience? So tomorrow he'll just fall asleep a little too early, and sleep a little longer than usual. Will you stop worrying and leave that to me?"

Why not? Ethics? Among actors?

"I don't think—"

He quickly threw another five spot on the table.

"I don't think it will be too difficult," I finished, sweeping up the crumbs with the pills and the bills.

And it wasn't, at that.

HARVEY STEELE was a mighty gruesome Equity member when he arrived for lunch the next day. His baggy eyes swam in purple circles, his classic schnoz was an irritated red, and his pallid cheeks fairly cried for pancake number two. The man was obviously sick with a common cold—but even sicker with worry. He worried to himself and he worried out loud. He honked constantly and kept feeling his pulse, and when he sneezed he clutched at his forehead as though to make sure it was still there.

I gave him several polite "Gesundheits." I also gave him a piping-hot bowl of onion soup. Onion soup au Grossman. Complete with sleeping pills. Ten dollars' worth.

I heard about it soon enough. It was the gab of Shubert Alley all afternoon. One version had it that he must have been drinking. No, said the others, you know how the grippe affects some people. He was reclining in a barber chair at the Astor, with a manicurist working on each hand, George shining his shoes, and Freddie giving him a facial, when it happened. He just didn't want to wake up. They called his valet and they had to half-carry him into a cab to get him home to bed.

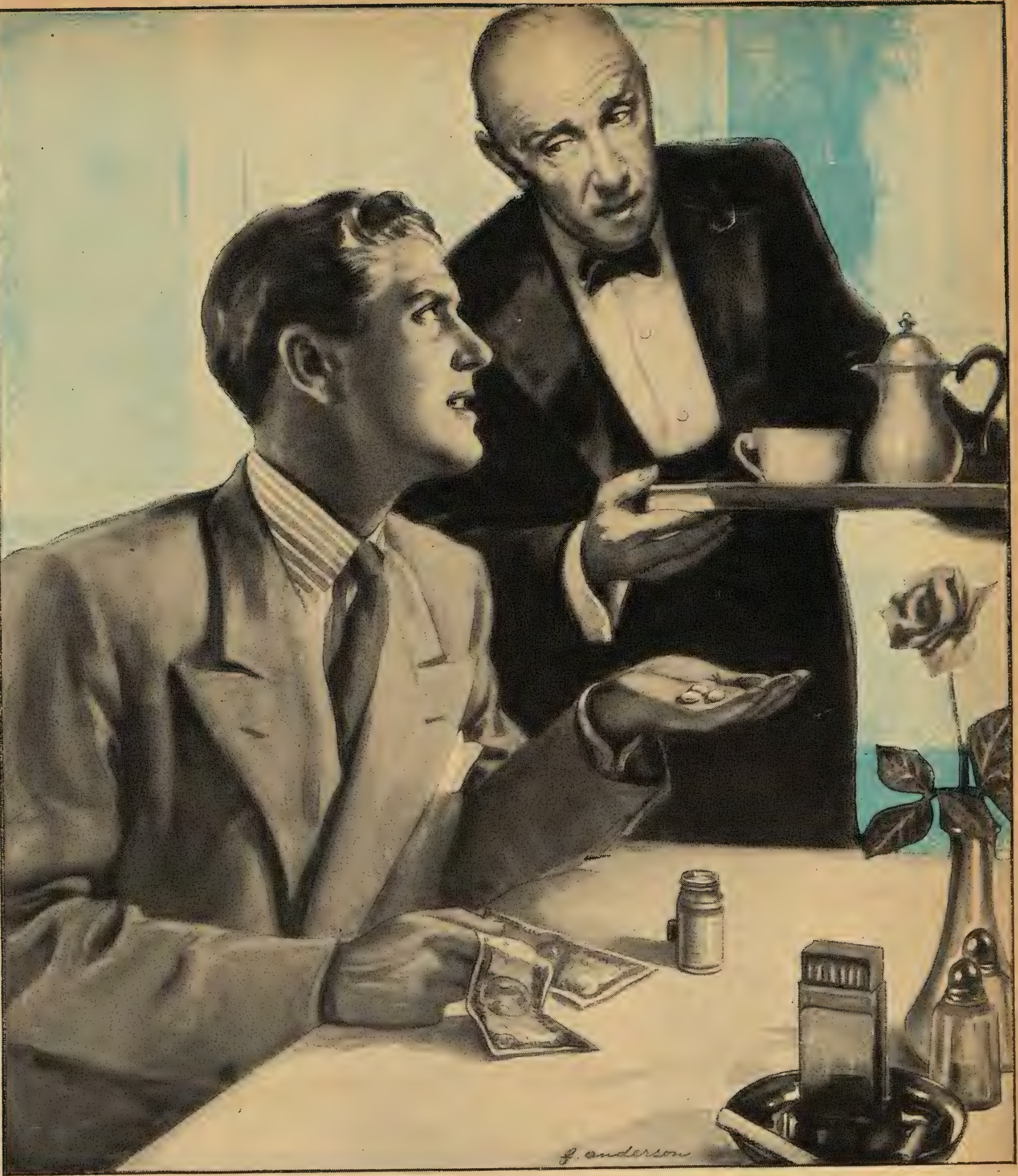
Guilford ambled in for dinner early that evening, bursting with such joy I thought the padding in his shoulders would pop.

"You heard?" he chuckled.

"I heard," I said.

"You're a genius," he said.

"Yeah," I said.



"Wait," he called. "Take these." "I don't need aspirin," I said. "It's your headache."

"Here's a little bonus." He handed me a balcony ticket for the show. "And don't sit on your hands."

"Thanks," I said.

I gave the ticket to one of the bus boys. I didn't want to have to see it. I read all about it in Variety. Guilford went on, all right, and it was a great triumph—the greatest triumph Harvey Steele ever had. Never, they said, was a performer so sorely missed.

Never did a show sag so miserably because of the absence of its star. Guilford wasn't bad. He was terrible. His dancing was "leaden-footed." His voice was "painfully sour," and he played the love scenes "with the ardor of a clothing-store dummy." But what could you expect from a guy who has just had a bowl of minestrone soup au Grossman? Complete with sleeping pills.

Twenty dollars' worth. You know how actors are.

THE END

PHOTOS FROM Y.M.C.A., RED CROSS

The "Y" and Red Cross hold next-of-kin meetings—this is one in San Francisco—to provide anxious relatives of war prisoners with further data.

"DEAR MOM: DON'T WORRY—"

BY HELEN WEIGEL BROWN

"DEAR MOM: I'm a prisoner of war. Don't worry—"

These simple words are the ones that appear most often in the mail sent home by our boys in enemy hands, say officers in the War Department's Prisoner of War Information Bureau. They ought to know. Daily they read from 800 to 1,000 prisoner-of-war letters which have been forwarded to the Bureau by families anxious for further news.

In order that "Dear Mom"—and Pop and other relatives and friends—may get in touch with our Axis-held men as soon as possible, the large staff of this Bureau concentrates exclusively upon gathering war-prisoner data for the folks here at home. Anyone is welcome to write in for the latest word on any person known or believed to be a prisoner of war.

Suppose your boy has been reported missing in action. Then suppose a buddy of his writes to you that he saw him taken prisoner. What is your next move? To get in touch with the Red Cross? Or with a friend in Washington who "knows how to cut red tape"? You can—but you'll lose precious time. Wide as are the services of the Red Cross, this is not one of its functions. Nor could any individual, no matter how influential, get the information as fast as you yourself can get it through this Prisoner of War Information Bureau, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C.

If you want news of a man believed to be captured by the enemy, there's a quick, effective way to get it. Here's how the Army finds out and tells you—promptly

This is the only place where details on Americans in the hands of the enemy may be obtained, whether the prisoner is Army, Navy, Marines, merchant marine, or civilian. All inquiries to outside agencies or individuals must eventually come to the Bureau to be answered. To date, it has filed and relayed information on more than two thirds of all our prisoners of war.

The chief of the American Section of the Bureau took us on a tour of the enormous room that holds row upon row of prisoner-information files. Dozens of officers and civilians work there from nine to fourteen hours a day tracing "missing" servicemen. As we entered the room, a distraught woman was sitting by the desk of an officer. She was a G. I.'s mother, waiting for a reply to a message the officer had sent off to Geneva, Switzerland, that morning. A month before, she had received word that her son was reported killed in action. Then, weeks later, a post card arrived from a friend of her boy, saying that the boy was a prisoner "somewhere in Germany." She had traveled some distance to Washington for verification of her desperate hope that it was true. The reply came back while we were there: her son was indeed alive, a prisoner in "Stalag Luft I, Germany." As she hurried out, weeping with happiness, the faces of the officers in that room were something to see.

That's the kind of special job they like to do—and do almost every day. Each week some 60 to 150 mothers come in for information about their boys.

A few moments later we were drawn to another desk, where the men were chuckling over a letter received from an officer-prisoner. The Germans had either been careless in censoring, or could see the humor in it, for the last paragraph read: "Here are articles I could use: wire cutters, shovel, pick, old balloon with several tubes of hydrogen, a time bomb, helicopter, smoke bomb, and a few other minor items."

About 90 per cent of the prisoners on

War prisoners, in Germany at least, are treated fairly well. Their biggest enemy, boredom, is here dispelled by a poker game in Stalag Luft III.

whom the Bureau has files have been reported through the regular channels of International Red Cross in Geneva. Under terms of the Geneva Convention covering treatment of prisoners of war, the detaining power must report the full name and serial number of each man when he is captured, and state where he is interned. So far, Germany has done a good job of living up to these agreements (no doubt because the United Nations hold so many thousands of German prisoners). Japan signed the agreement but never ratified it, and has done a mighty poor job of following its regulations. Some information does filter through, but only when the Japanese government feels like releasing it.

ASSEMBLING and relaying the data that come in on these reports from Geneva is the "easy" work of the Bureau. It's getting the other 10 per cent of the information that takes real detective work and sweat and patience. There are a number of sources for "leads." Most useful are letters from the boys in which mention is made of friends who are also captive. That is why the Bureau asks for, and receives by the thousands, the originals or copies of such letters to families. Any names mentioned in them which aren't already in the files are immediately followed up. "Jack is here with me" may be the only clue in a letter. The Bureau asks the family to supply Jack's full name and address, if possible. If Jack is not listed as a prisoner of war, a cable is sent off to Switzerland to verify his status, and when the answer comes back in the affirmative, Jack's family is notified by wire at once.

The daily intercepts of all short-wave enemy broadcasts by the government's Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service also provide valuable tips. Quite often a prisoner is permitted to give his name and say a few words over the air. Any such message is relayed at once by teletype to the Bureau, which hurries it by telegraph to the boy's family. Most of the messages have proved to be authentic; but they are not considered "official" until further checking has verified them.

Unfortunately, a lively racket has thrived on these short-wave broadcasts. Unscrupulous listeners-in pick up the messages on recorders, then offer to sell the records to the boys' families at fancy prices. The recordings are extremely poor in sound and short-lived. Other amateur listeners-in phone the families of boys who have talked, offering to telegraph the messages for a prepaid fee, invariably a stiff one. Since all such messages are relayed at once to the family, and will probably arrive within a few hours after the phone call, there is no point in buying them.

The International Red Cross and the protecting power (Swiss government) are other sources of information on prisoners. Officials of these neutral sources make regular inspections. Very often their reports contain short interviews with individual prisoners. Even if John Jones has said only "I feel swell," or "I haven't had a damned word from home yet," the message is sent on to his family. The Bureau's officials realize that to his family John Jones *is* the U. S. Armed Forces, and his every word is important and vital.

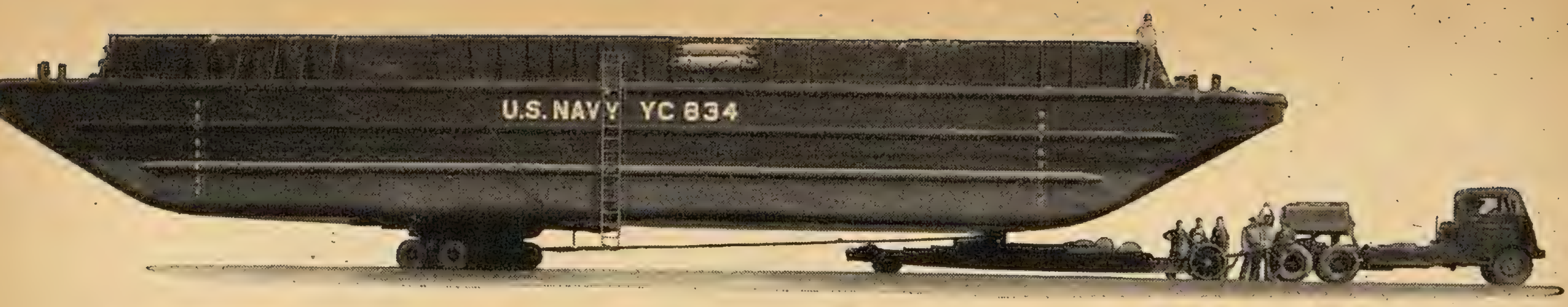
Toughest of all the work of the Bureau is making sense out of garbled names and serial numbers, finding out *which* John Anderson is John Anderson the war prisoner (there are more than 200 John Andersons in the files), and figuring out reports which get balled up in long-distance transmission. When a prisoner signs his name Wm. Jones, the Germans often send it through as W. M. Jones. Sometimes the names come in without their serial numbers. If it's something like Felix Joshua Pfennelmeiner, it's pretty easy. But if it's one like Charles Williams, it messes things up no end. Of the more than 200 Charles Williamses in the Armed Forces, fifty-eight are Charles *H.* Williams, and five Charles Williamses are now prisoners of war. John and Robert Thompsons play hob with the files, too. There are more than 300 of each of these in the records, quite a few of them prisoners of war. In one German camp there are three Robert D. Thompsons, all captured at the same time, all from the same service unit, all of the same rank.

ONE mystery took the Bureau days to solve. A snapshot of a group of prisoners came in, listing only the men's names and addresses. One name couldn't be found in the Armed Services files at all, and the address given was simply "Springfield." There are twenty-five Springfields in the United States. But the Bureau contacted the postmaster in each. It got word from a Springfield down South that while the postmaster didn't recognize that particular name, he did know of a man by a similar name who had gone off to war. More check-backs finally resulted in the soldier's correct identification.

There are a number of good reasons why names of some prisoners are not immediately reported—and why next of kin sometimes are notified of a boy's death, only to learn later that he is alive and a prisoner of war. For example, a German official building may be blown to bits. It may have held prison-camp records, including lists of new captives. Weeks and perhaps months will pass before new lists are made. Meanwhile the prisoners may be moved on to another camp farther behind the battle lines.

Then again, when planes are shot down by the Germans, sometimes a number of parachutes are seen to open and float to the ground in enemy territory. These men are not reported as prisoners. They may be

(*Continued on page 66*)



WHERE YOU WANT IT, UNCLE SAM

BY A. D. RATHBONE, IV

The big trucks roll day and night to move the sinews of war, creating a story that's as exciting and romantic as their hauling feats are prodigious

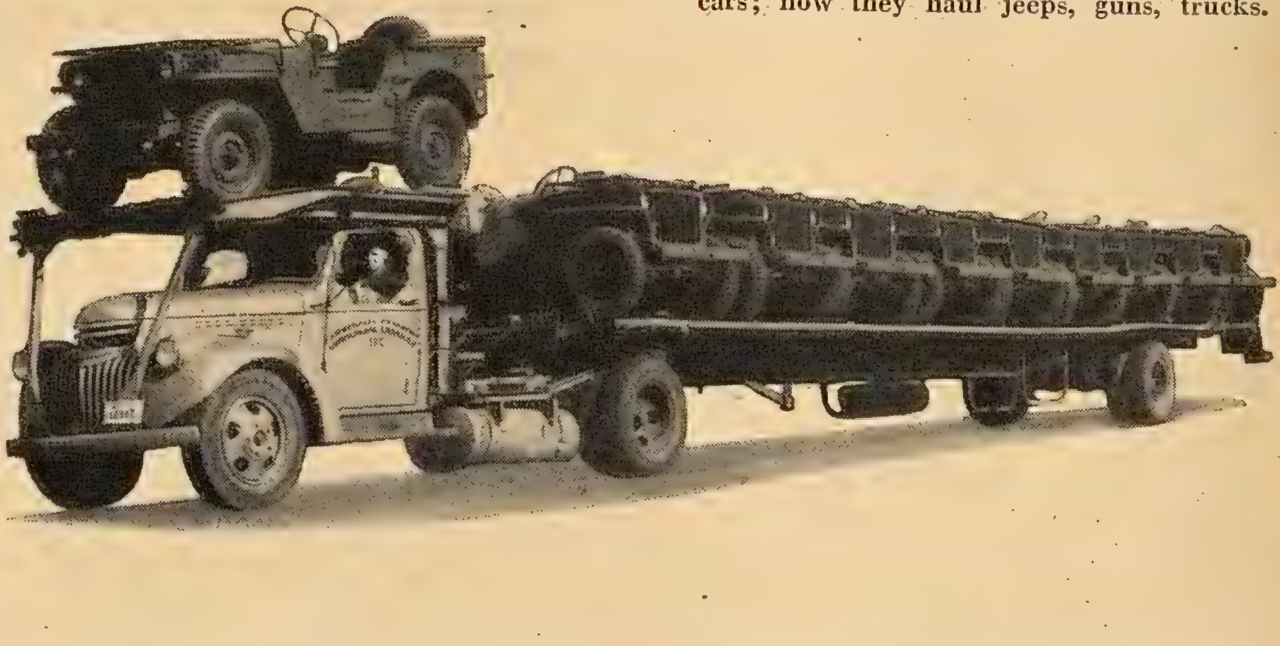
THE "grand strategy" called for a lot of things to be sent to the Pacific—in a hurry. The list was as long as your arm, and one item was field artillery pieces made in northern New Jersey. The guns had to be tested at Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland, then given a final processing before shipment. Why not do the whole business on the run, said the Army, and save time? Bring the guns to Aberdeen, proof them, hi-ball them to Detroit for the last operations, then ship directly to the west coast. In effect, that was a 900-mile production line, but it needed some kind of endless belt to keep the pieces moving.

The "belt" was two fleets of motor trucks. One fleet picked up the guns at the factory in late afternoon, had them on the Proving Ground early the following morning. During the day the guns were tested, then reloaded on the second fleet of trucks. Thirty-six hours later they were at the processing plant in Detroit, and over a period of four months there were just two brief delays in that production line. The only other way the daily morning delivery could have been made in Detroit would have been to hitch a freight car onto the end of the Red Arrow, crack passenger train out of Washington every night for the Midwest.

It was Tuesday noon when the Navy said the Diesel engine in Cleveland, all 55,000 pounds of it, had to be at an Atlantic seaport by Wednesday night. The unit was too wide for safe clearance on a railroad flatcar. They put the Diesel on a special low-hung trailer, hooked on a powerfully-motored tractor, and started for the Atlantic coast via the Pennsylvania Turnpike, that famous highway that traverses the Keystone State, on the theory that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

There are tunnels on the Turnpike. Originally carved out under the Pennsylvania mountains for railroad use, they were regraded and enlarged when the highway was constructed. All clearances were checked and pronounced sufficient for the 55,000-pound load, and the first two tunnels were safely negotiated with all of an inch or two to spare. The big tractor-truck roared confidently into the third tunnel, but hardly had the splash of sunshine at the tunnel's mouth become a gimlet eye of light in the rear of the truck when the driver heard a series of tinkling crashes. Somebody had misfigured slightly. The tunnel itself was sufficiently high and wide, but the dome-shaped electric lights protruding from the ceiling reached down just far enough to be neatly sheared off by the top of the load.

What to do? To go on would ruin the entire lighting system. You couldn't turn around. Backing a trailer is like trying to push a string of beads in a straight line across a table top. But, after letting the air out of the tires to gain clearance, that's what they did—backed out for three quarters of a mile. Outside the tunnel the driver and his helper looked at their watches. Then they looked at their tires, which weren't worth much any more.

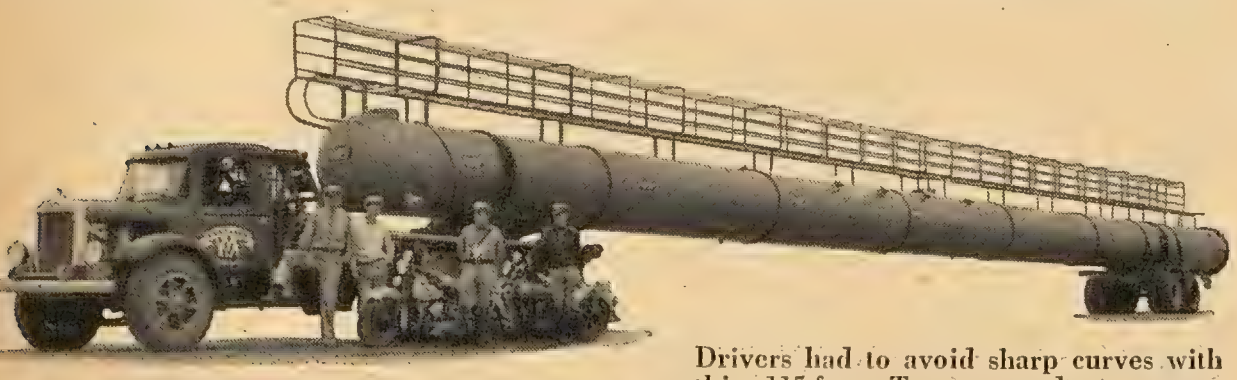


You used to see these carrying late-model cars; now they haul jeeps, guns, trucks.

While they were waiting for help they looked at their maps and worked out another route—over the circuitous roads that weave around Pennsylvania's 3,000-foot mountains. Finally, after a nervous delay, the tire situation was remedied and twenty-seven and one half tons of Diesel engine began an up-and-down-hill journey that sorely taxed the tractor's motor.

The radiator steamed; the pistons began to pound; the cylinder walls got too hot. They stopped to cool off—and looked at their watches in the slanting rays of a western sun. Over in the Atlantic seaport a naval officer glanced at his watch and got fidgety. Just on the darker side of dusk, the much-wanted Diesel arrived safely at its destination, but the tractor motor was burned out, and so were a couple of truck drivers.

"Where and when you want it, Uncle Sam!" was the pledge given early in the game by the trucking industry through its national organization, American Trucking Associations, Inc. The industry has



Drivers had to avoid sharp curves with this 115-foot Texas petroleum tower.

kept that pledge despite a depressing lack of new vehicles and repair parts, gasoline and tires—and manpower. Since Pearl Harbor, men of the trucking industry of the United States have played a continuous three-ring performance night and day, even though the nation's 4,600,000 trucks, ranging from half-ton pick-ups to forty-two-wheeled behemoths with 200-ton capacities, have been wearing out far faster than in normal times.

Some three million of those trucks are privately owned by "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker" and are engaged in commerce and industry. Another million work in agriculture. The remaining 600,000 are known as "for hire" vehicles and comprise one of the most fluid, flexible, and vital arteries in the whole complex system of supply. Since World War I, trucks have hauled ever-increasing amounts of every conceivable commodity from here to there in America. The nation's food is a big item. Trucks move 60 per cent of all cattle, hogs, sheep, and lamb to the stockyards. In thirty-four large cities 100 per cent of the milk supply arrives by truck, and in all other cities and towns the percentage is high. In Chicago, 89 per cent of the poultry received alive comes by truck, and in New York it's 79 per cent. Over the highway comes 45 per cent of the country's butter, most of its eggs, cream, and cheese, while 51 per cent of fruits and vegetables are trucked to market in the largest cities.

To deliver this plane fuselage, roads were cleared and two trucks ran side by side, circus style.

TODAY, however, Uncle Sam, through the Army, the Navy, and other services, is the trucking industry's largest customer. That doesn't mean trucks have stopped or reduced their haulage of food. On the contrary, in addition to the above, since the start of lend-lease they have hauled 11,500,000,000 pounds of lend-lease food for our allies. Then there are tons upon tons of such things as gun mounts, Quonset huts, blood plasma, parachutes, ammunition, airplane engines and propellers, B-24 bomber wings, landing craft, motor cruisers and "Mae Wests," explosives and war liquids such as alcohol, kerosene, gasoline, fuel oil. Trucks today are hauling war freight at the rate of 1,740,000,000 pounds a year. That means more than 100 tons of war supplies are moved by motor carrier every hour of every day.

What do the Army and Navy think of their new "hired man" in transportation? Brigadier General William J. Williamson, chief of the Traffic Control Division of the Transportation Corps, Army Service Forces, is an old hand in the traffic game. Before we began to move millions of tons of war stuffs around the world, the general as traffic manager moved everything that Sears Roebuck & Company bought and sold. "Never," he said in speaking of Army requirements, "have we called on the truck operators to go out of their way and do something extraordinary but what we have found them ready and willing."

There was the convoy on the west coast, for instance, which was almost ready to sail when some one discovered there were no mess trays on the troop transports. It doesn't take a great imagination to visualize what dinnertime aboard ship would be like with thousands of hungry soldiers trying to balance coffeecups, soup bowls, beef stew, and hunks of pie in two hands. Telephone circuits blew hot and cold as the frantic search for mess trays went on. They found them, a product of prison industry, at the federal prison in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, 2,800 miles away. Three fast trucks, with relief drivers, loaded up with mess trays, attached the official Army emergency truck pennants, which permit speeds in excess of thirty-five miles an hour, and were off. Five days later the trays were aboard ship.

Then there are the "drive-aways," a specialized service which only qualified motor carriers can perform. Remember the peacetime days when those long skeleton-like contraptions carrying brand-new shiny passenger automobiles rolled over the highways? There were long convoys, too, of motorcars being delivered under their own power by carefully trained drivers. Well, they're all working for Uncle Sam now. The "skeletons" carry ambulance bodies, jeeps, field guns, and all manner of rolling equipment for war. The trained drivers pilot reconnaissance cars, freight and tank trucks, and other Army vehicles from factory to seaport. At one time between 50,000 and 75,000 units a month were delivered under contract for the Army.

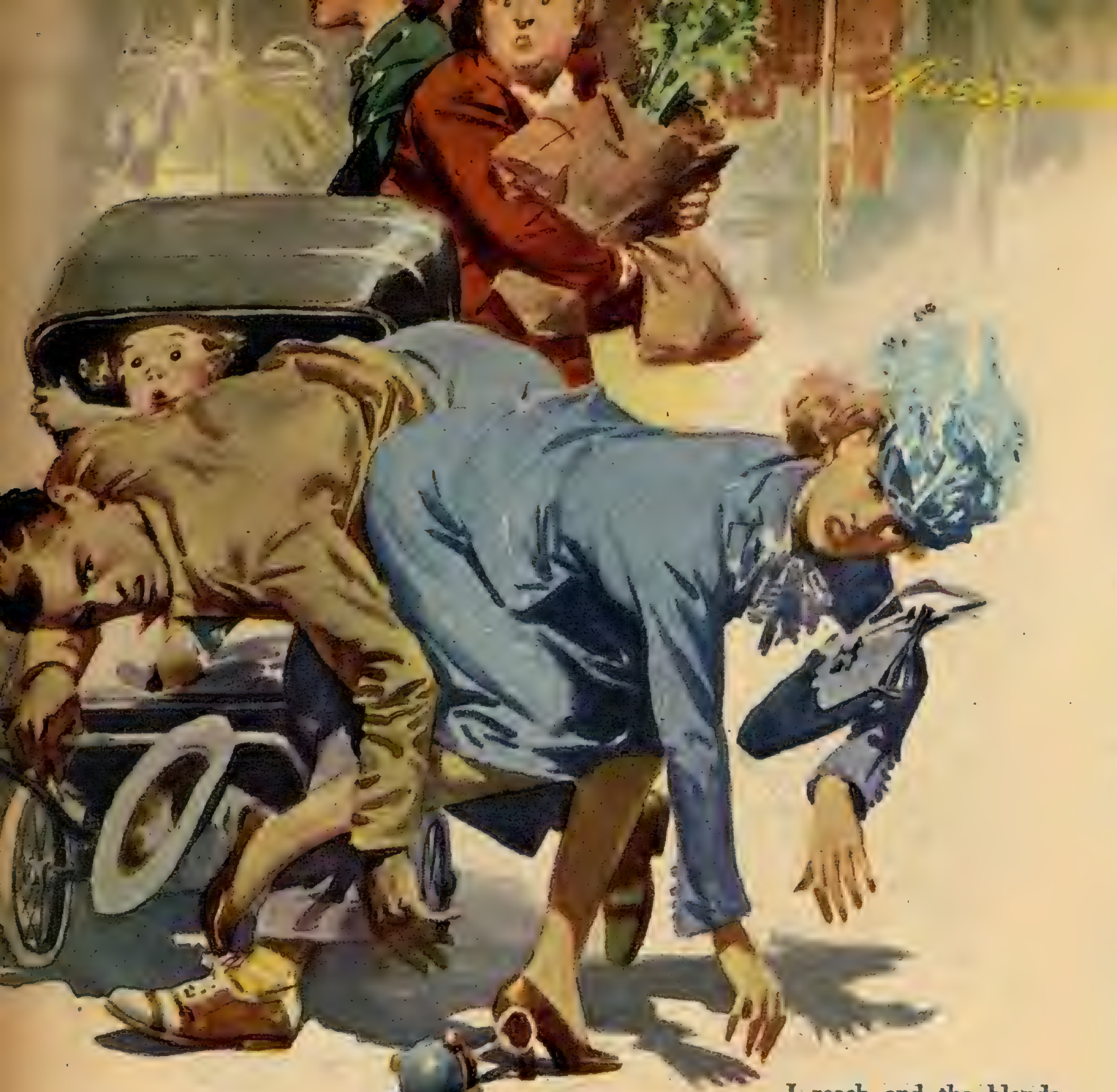
Originally the military authorities thought to have enlisted men perform this service, but the trucking industry pointed out that its expert drivers also were qualified inspectors, and that if any defects showed up by the end of the run, the regular operations reports would so indicate. That was enough for the Army. But in this branch of the industry the manpower problem was particularly acute, until Mrs. Alma Dyke came along and injected a dose of feminine know-how and some womanpower into the problem. A former successful advertising executive, Mrs. Dyke analyzed the situation as she had studied markets, for the basic fundamentals. She took a thorough training course in handling heavy equipment on the highways, then advertised for feminine recruits anxious to take over a man's job in the war emergency.

The standards set were high: Ages be-

(*Continued on page 80*)

No accident; an oil-well drilling rig is loaded this way. It's going to Oklahoma.

PHOTOS FROM AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOC. AND MACK TRUCK CO.



WISH YOU

I reach and the blonde reaches and we carom off.

REMEMBER last August, brother? Remember those days when you could fry an egg on the sidewalk? Brother, that was supposed to be my vacation. But you know how things are. Down in the shop I got two guys under me who used to sell bonds, I got an ex-portrait painter who thinks a Stillson wrench is a wrestler's hold, and I got a blonde who ran a bird store before she signed up in a war plant.

And on account of this I work all through the summer, and, while they are all nice people, I am getting so I will just as soon bite a guy's head off as look at him, and that even goes for the bird-store blonde.

So come fall, the boss says to me like this. "Henry," he says, "you did a fine job and you got these new people broken in, so why don't you take a couple weeks off? You got it coming to you and you better grab it now, before the snow flies."

Well, naturally, I figure on going somewhere, but we have no gas. Of course there's railroads. But it isn't patriotic, and, besides, we got a baby aged one and a half, and if my wife Sally or anybody else thinks they are going to get me to take a train trip these days with a baby aged one plus, they don't know I, Henry Winkler.

So I tell Sally we are staying home because the vacation spots are boarded up anyway and we will most likely have just as good a time loafing around home.

"Well," Sally says, "I suppose it's best, but it does seem too bad. I will miss not having a little cottage."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I say. "I'll knock holes in the windows, turn off the plumbing, poke some holes in the roof, stuff bricks in our mattress, and you won't be able to tell the place from that last cottage we had, Dew Drop Inn."

"Such a humorist," says Sally. "And what will you do for the ocean?"

"Listen," I say. "I'll buy a pail of sand and you can get yourself an umbrella and lie on the front lawn. Only you better make that bathing suit fur-lined. There's a nip in the air. But lay on the beach is all you did at Dew Drop Inn, I noticed."

"Oh, so you did notice," says Sally. "I'm amazed. All the time we were down there your eyes were popping, but I never thought you found me worth looking at."

"Listen," I say. "That was the summer of 1942. I don't remember any of the women who were there or what they looked like, and if I did notice them at times, it was just a casual glance in passing."

"How about the time that redhead walked by and you fell off the pier?" she says.

Well, that is the way things start. A guy comes home from work at night and he thinks he will get a little peace and he makes a innocent remark and before he knows it he is tied hand and foot.

Anyway, it is decided that we stay home, and I am a little disappointed myself, but come Monday morning it is not so bad. I let the alarm ring as usual at six forty, and then sneer at it, and bury my head in the covers. Pretty soon I hear a door slam and I raise up and peek out the window, and there is Harry Ramsey hotfooting it for the bus, and I sit there in bed with the sun shining in and nothing makes me happier than to watch Harry run for that bus and just make it at the corner.

After awhile our daughter, who is named Valerie but who we call Peanuts for short, wakes up, and I say, "I'll get up, but just leave me think about it a minute. Isn't it a beautiful morning! We never had mornings like this at the seashore, except the days we left. I will give you five to one it is now raining at the seashore."

"It's Monday," says Sally. "Washday."

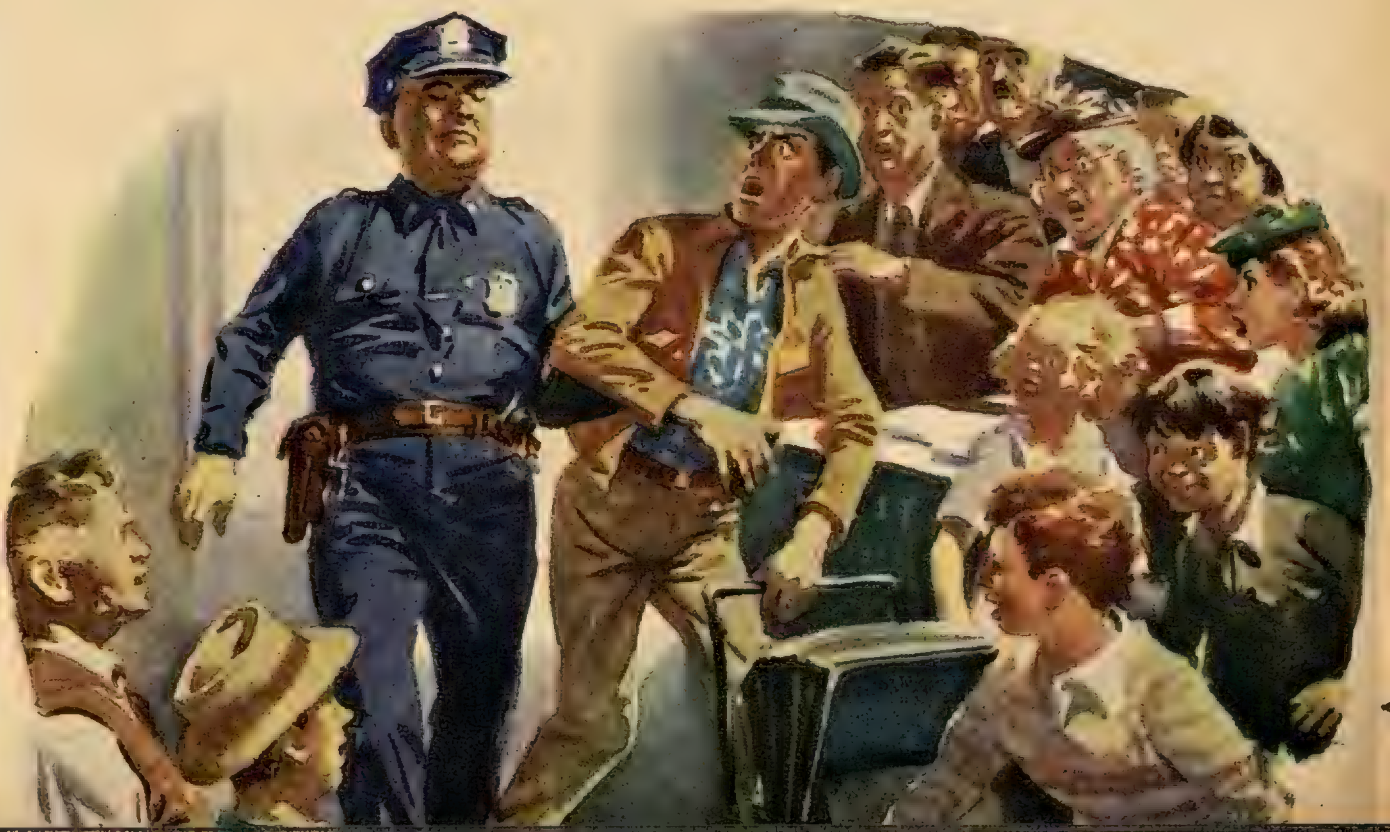
So up she gets and I lay back with my hands behind my head and make like I am a bank president instead of a foreman.

And I lay there, and the truth is I want to get up, because I been getting up early so long, but I make myself stay there, and then finally when I do get up I take my time and put on snappy sports clothes.

And I saunter downstairs, and my daughter Peanuts is sitting on the kitchen floor playing with the club aluminum set, and I say, "Look, honey, surprise! Your old man's on vacation."

But she don't act astonished, but only keeps on banging on the club aluminum, and I figure she probably figures it is just another Sunday, but of course all days are the same to individuals one and a half.

So I put eggs in the pan and scramble



I scream "Kidnappers!" and a cop says, "Move along!"

WERE HERE

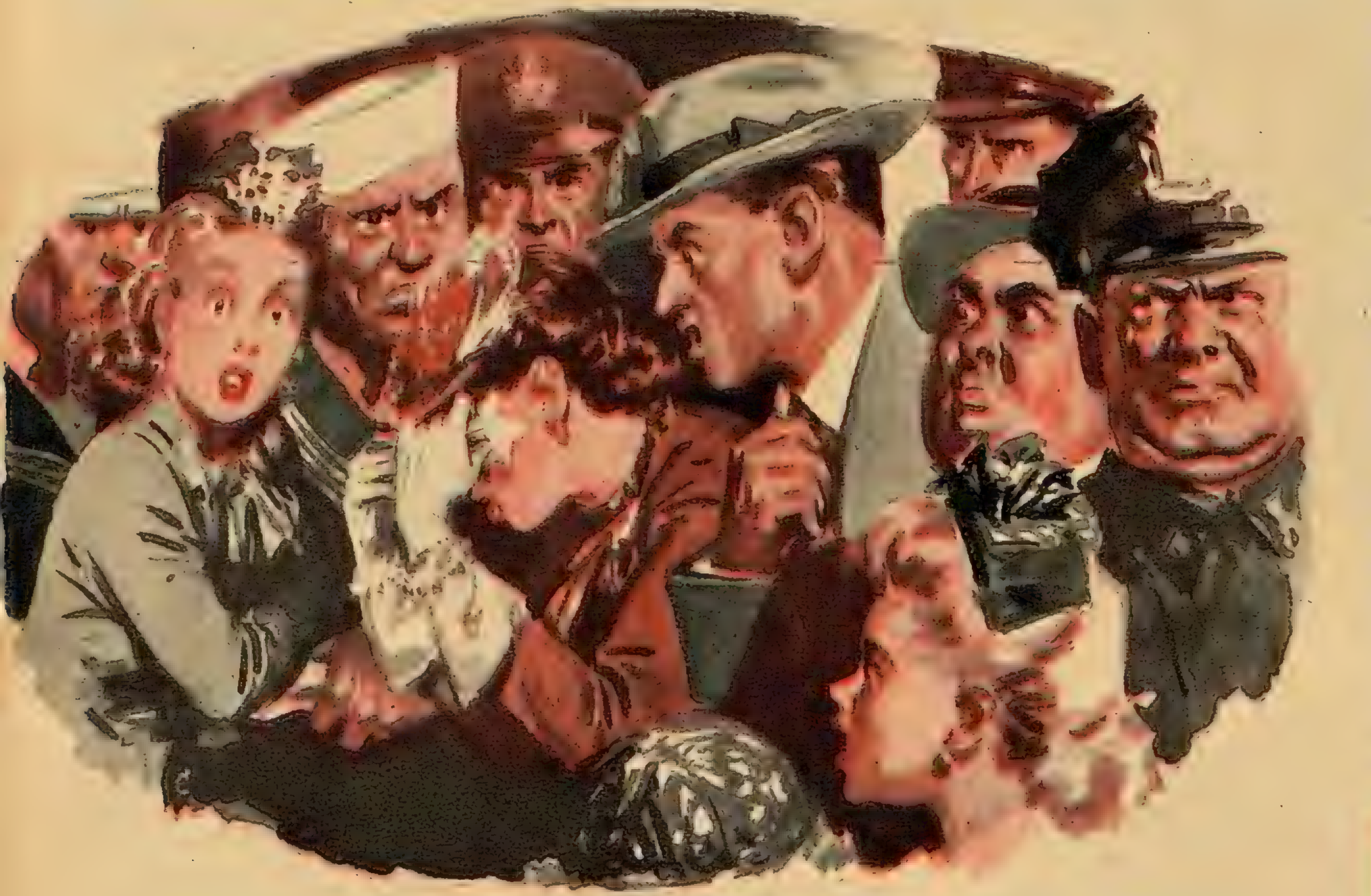
BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. CROTHERS

them, but I have not scrambled eggs in many years and they do not look so good and I take one taste and they taste even worse than they look, which is black, so I settle for orange juice and coffee.

And I am just puffing my first cigarette when there is a crash in the living room and Sally screams from the cellar, "Can't you look after your child for one minute?" So I rush in the living room, and Peanuts has knocked over a lamp and she crawls out from under the debris, and after I sweep up the glass and see that she isn't hurt, she gets a book and brings it over to me, and apparently I should read her same.

So I do, and this book is about some little kittens and I read it, and it is nothing much and I don't believe it even makes sense to her, but she seems to consider it great stuff, and when I finish she says, "More," and then I read it again, and she says, "More," and I think I must read the book fifty-seven times before she gets sick of those damn cats. So then, by way of a little variety, she goes back to banging a spoon on the club aluminum.



"I suppose we can sleep on the ferry," and Sally goes "Boo-hoo," right on Broadway.

And I say, "Ho-hum," and start toward the kitchen and Sally busts up from the cellar with a big washbasket full of clothes and goes tearing past me out the back door and hangs them up on the clothesline. And when she hangs the clothes she has to stretch a little. It pulls her dress up above her knees and I stand there looking at her legs. And it comes over me that my wife has very nice legs, but somehow I have not really noticed them in some time, but in fact they are just as nice now as when I first seen them under the next desk in Erasmus High.

While I am thinking this and also that we are rather cross these days and not very lovey-dovey, the front doorbell rings, and when I open it a guy says, "Lovely morning, Mrs. Winkler," and then he says, "Oh, pardon me, you must be Mr. Winkler."

Just then Sally comes in and she says, "Oh, good morning, Wilfrid. I'll have a crumb cake and a loaf of white," and I study this bakery guy, and he is quite good-looking and in fact looks like a wolf in delivery man's clothing. So after he goes I get to thinking about the way Sally calls him Wilfrid, and I tell myself that this is silly. But he has got curly hair, and that big smile he has on his puss when I open the door seems too big a smile just for the sale of a crumb cake.

Well, I fix a couple leaky faucets and then I sit down in a living-room chair, and it is a funny thing, but fifty weeks a year, when I am working, there are always a million things to do around the house that I wish I could only find the spare moments to get them done in, and now I got a whole two weeks and I rack my brains and I can't think of a thing.

And while I'm sitting there the doorbell rings again and Sally answers it, and in busts Helen Ramsey from next door and she says, "Sally, guess what! You simply couldn't imagine—" and then she stops short like she has been strangled and she sees me and she says, "Why, Henry, I didn't know you were home. Why, that's right. You're on vacation, aren't you?"

I admit this and we stall around and I know the big news is not going to be divulged while I am there, and I begin to feel like a guy who is only working in the place and I say, "Excuse me," and I go upstairs and sit down on the bed, and I can hear them talking, only not what they're saying but only a sort of *bzzz bzzz*, and of course I do not want to listen in on a private conversation, but it is somehow annoying to sit there and hear that *bzzz bzzz*. I turn on the radio, but all I get is a couple of women sobbing and I do not feel like listening to women sobbing so early in the morning and especially on my vacation. And I figure if I leave it on I will most likely bust out sobbing myself, especially when I think of Wilfrid.

So I sit there, and maybe forty minutes later Helen Ramsey goes home, and I amble downstairs and think it is lunchtime, but it is only ten thirty, and Sally says if I am not busy maybe I can take Peanuts out.

So I do this and we go outside and there are some other children on the sidewalk with their mothers, and these are all women I know, of course, and nice people, but I do not like to be one guy with a lot of women, so I start to walk the other way, but Peanuts don't want to walk that way, and we argue about it, and Peanuts wins the argument by busting out crying.

So we walk back to the women and I think we will walk on past, so I say, "Good morning, girls," and tip my hat, but Peanuts puts on the brakes and we are stuck there.

So they ask me how I am enjoying my vacation and I say, "Fine," and then they start talking about their children and what they feed them and how one does this and one does that, and very personal it all is, and I am surprised the small fry stand for such conversation in public, and in fact my face is as red as a beet. And I can think of nothing to contribute to this conversation, so I stand there until Peanuts gets disgusted and drags me home.

I sit down in a living-room chair and Peanuts starts banging again on the club aluminum. I remember how I used to think this is a fine trick and very clever of her, but now I wish she would think of something else, and I sit there and jump every time she bangs and it goes in rhythm like a guy pounding a drum, and once she misses and don't make a noise, but I jump anyway.

After lunch Sally puts Peanuts to bed, and I know I should rake a few leaves, but somehow I do not feel like raking leaves on my vacation, and I go for a walk instead and sit down in the park on a bench. People come by and give me the eye and I can see they are saying to themselves that there is a big strong guy, and if he's not in the Army you would think he would work and not toast himself on a park bench in these times, and after a few minutes I sneak back home, and Sally has old lady Ferguson inside, who will talk your ear off, so I go in the back door and down the cellar steps and sit on the coal pile, and I think this is certainly a fine thing—I am going to have to spend my vacation in the coal bin like I am George Raft in a gangster picture.

Harry never knew what went on daytimes until he tried to spend his vacation at home—but he discovered that, strange as it is, there's no place like it

After I hear old lady Ferguson go out I walk upstairs and Peanuts is up, and Sally says maybe I should take her for a walk and could I drop in at Nussbaum's for ten cents' worth of pink ribbon. So O. K. I put her in the carriage and push her along the street until we come to Flatbush Avenue, and we walk down Flatbush Avenue, and just as I park the carriage in front of Nussbaum's, a big blonde girl comes along, and when she gets alongside the carriage Peanuts heaves out a rattle.

And I reach for it and the blonde reaches, and what happens but we carom

(*Continued on page 82*)

YANKS ABROAD: For Men Only

BY LIEUT. (j.g.) LOWELL F. JONES, U. S. N. R.

HOWARDS
HASH
HOUSE
NO. 1
DARKEST JOINT
SKUNK HOLLOW
THE BEST
IN ATTU
DINE
SKUNK HOLLOW
US
101
RYES
CLIP JOINT

The signs help make Attu more homelike for the Yanks.

SWEETHEARTS and wives of Yanks in the Aleutians usually feel pretty happy when the first letter with a censor's stamp comes. It's not because they're glad to learn their Yank has been wading through mud, wiping dust from his eyes, or fighting blinding sleet storms. But upon reading that he hasn't seen a tree or the sun since leaving the States, they know he's in America's "up over" chain of Aleutian islands where there are no women.

It's all well and good to read about the South Pacific island belles who reek of coconut oil, the cool Iceland girls who begrudge a Yank a dance, the African females with saucers in their lips, or the Near East women who never come out from behind their veils. But it must be especially "comforting" to know that your particular Yank will be lucky if he gets more than five or six glances at a civilian girl for the next year or two overseas.

There are a few Army and Navy nurses at Aleutian outposts, but G. I. Joe has to be sick enough for the hospital before he gets a look at them. Nurses don't go cavorting in bathing suits in the near-freezing Bering Sea, or sun themselves on tennis courts the way they do at the other end of the Pacific battle front.

There are USO girls, too. For thirty minutes, once every four months, your Yank may get a chance to whistle at a USO entertainer on a stage or table in a mess hall—if he gets in line early enough. One young USO charmer who has been singing and dancing up and down the chilly Aleutian chain recently married a Yank at a bleak Alaskan base. But it's rumored that bride and groom were childhood sweethearts. A few years' head start is essential if true love is to bloom in a frigid land where the ratio of women to men is often one to ten thousand.

When screen stars occasionally brave the dangers of Aleutian flying to visit lonesome Yanks, their coming is a landmark in the weary months of waiting. Movies starring Martha O'Driscoll and Olivia De Havilland are exceptionally popular, and months after their Aleutian tours Martha and Olivia are still tops in pin-up popularity.

Being tops among filmland faces is a real honor in the Aleutians, where it takes plenty of pulchritude for any picture to hold its own among the hundreds that cover the insides of Quonset and frame Yakutat huts like wallpaper. Pin-ups also are plastered on office walls, in warehouses and truck cabs, in attempts to make a round-the-clock compensation for Aleutian loneliness.

Those lonely Aleutians do something to a man: no trees, no sun, and—just to make it perfect—no women. But ah, the williwaws!

Next in importance to the appearance of a woman is the appearance of the sun. If a ground hog were foolish enough to live in these forbidding islands, chances are mighty slim that he'd see his shadow on February 2. Eighty per cent of the year the barren hills and mountaintops trace a jagged pencil line between dismal gray sky and drab gray earth. Seldom is any day "sunny" for more than a few hours or minutes.

In spring a young man's fancy turns to something he has been thinking about all year long: a month or two when he won't have to lean into a ripsnorting gale, a few days when he can shed parka and rain jacket, a few hours when blue sky will frame snow-capped volcanic peaks like a gigantic backdrop behind the dreary clouds. Spring, and fall too, are brief respites between the pea-soup fogs of summer and the blinding snow of winter.

But it's in spring, when snow melts and rain and sleet start falling, that a typically Aleutian phenomenon occurs. Constant winds blowing over the wet earth soon dry a crust on top, leaving mud underneath. It is then that a man, paradoxically enough, wipes dust from his eyes while slogging through the mud.

Contrary to popular belief, the Aleutians—which are no farther north than southern Canada—are not so cold in wintertime as many places in the States. Though the mercury seldom dips below 10 degrees, the humid atmosphere and the driving wind that howls across the tiny islands dividing the North Pacific and the Bering Sea combine to make these Yank outposts as uncomfortable as any in the world. Despite the warm Japan Current, summertime temperature rarely rises above 65 degrees.

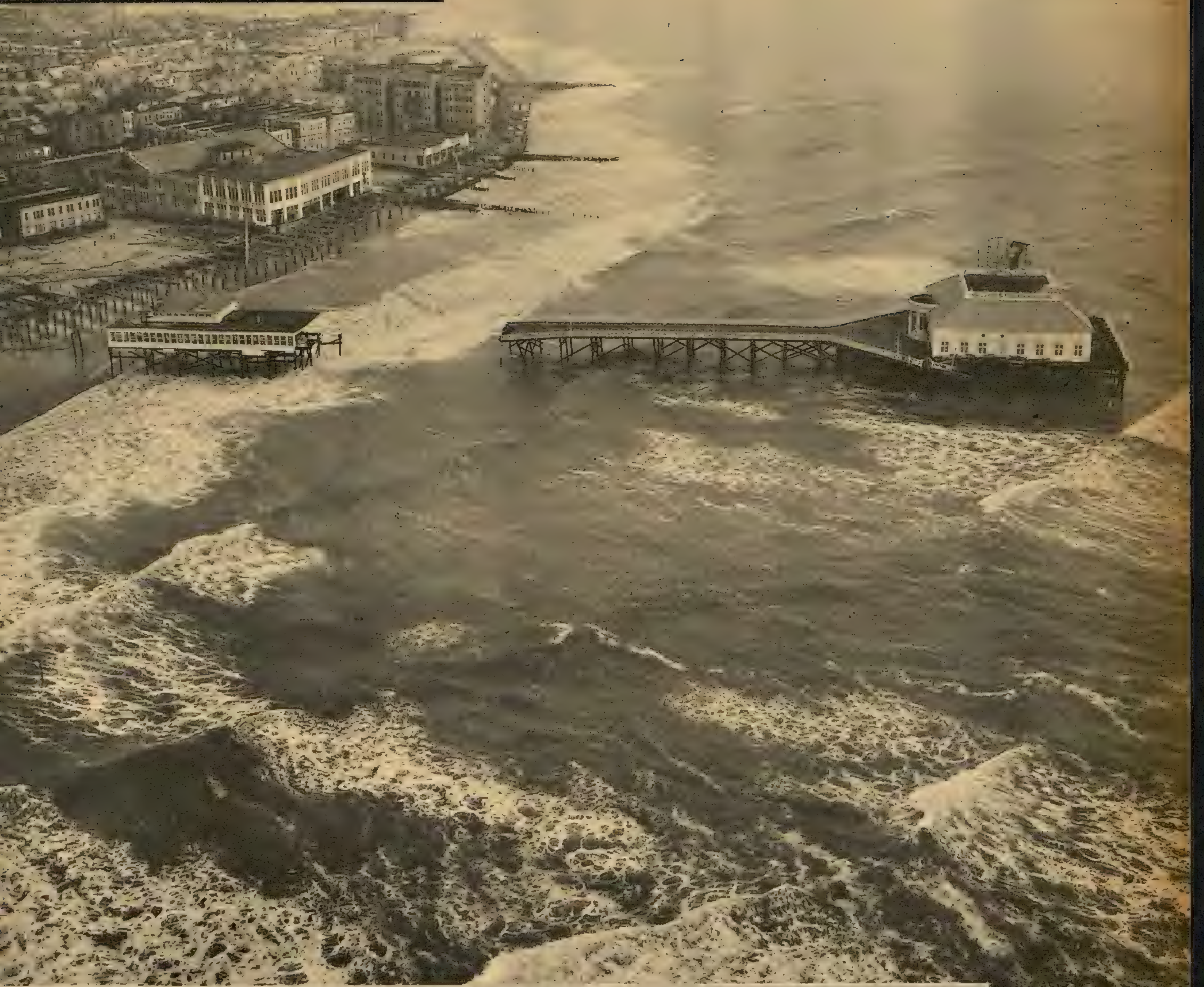
When winter winds whistle around their tents and wooden lock-stave huts, Yanks are convinced that they're living amid the worst weather in the world. The dreaded Aleutian williwaws are most frequent during the weary winter night, when darkness falls before dinner and it's not until nearly 10 A. M. that the sun peeks over the stark cold summits into the valleys with their scattered huts.

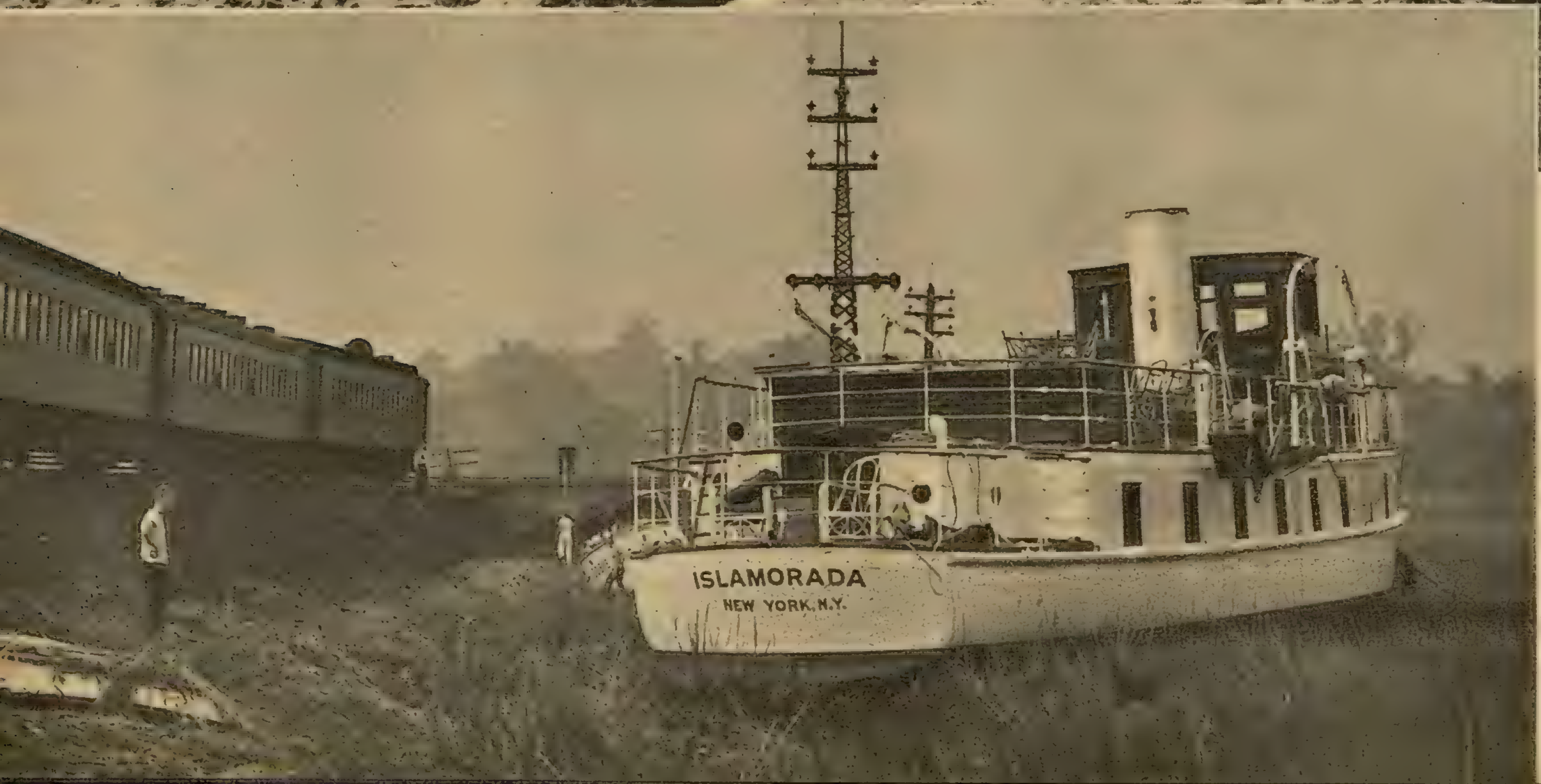
Williwaws, those howling nightmares of

(*Continued on page 64*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing





BIG WIND—After las month's east coast hurricane subsided, ther were many such scene as these. The high sur at Atlantic City reduce stretches of the boardwalk to piling an knocked the "5" out o the "57" on the Hein Pier. Near Douglaston L. I., this 92-foot boa (left) blown in a mil from Little Neck Bay seems destined to become a commuters landmark.

The Camera Eye

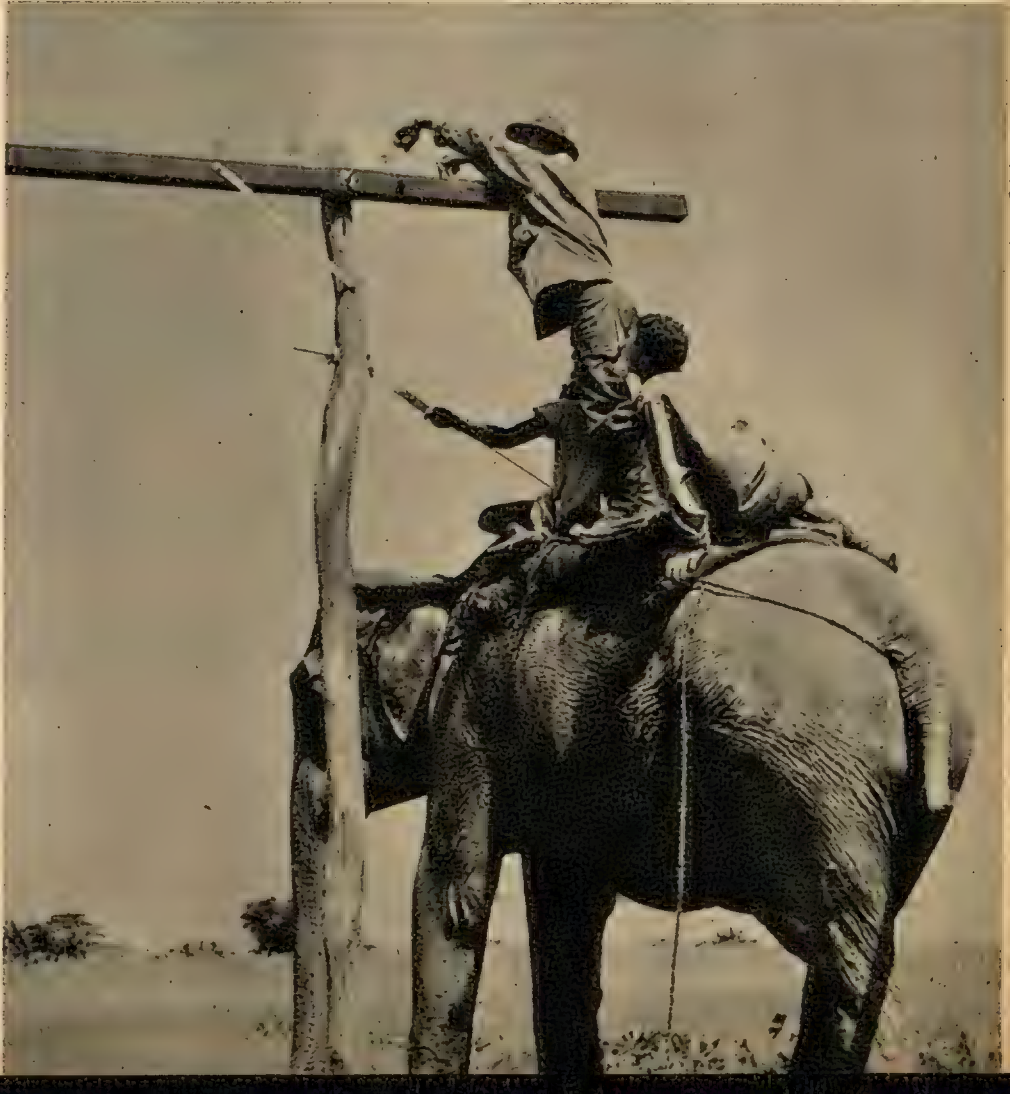
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

SUNKEN CHOW LINE—To avoid strafing by German fliers, these men of the 9th Air Force in France dig before they eat. With the line forming in trenches, Jerry only wastes his bullets.

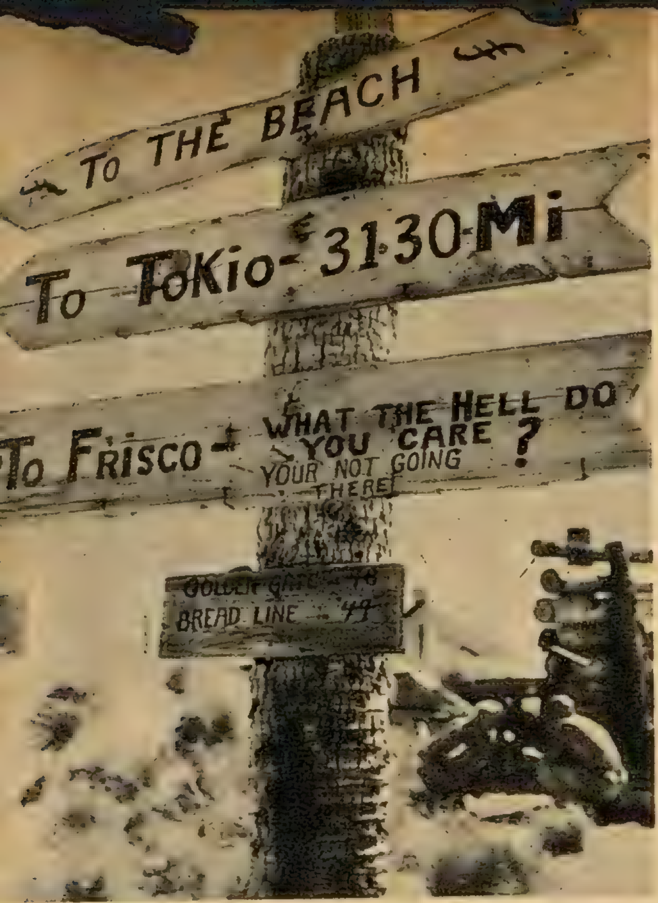
JAPHAPPY—This is no son of Nippon. It's Coast Guardsman Robert L. Vollten of Bethesda, Maryland, showing off some of his souvenirs of the Battle of Saipan. He's all rigged out in a Jap hat, specs, and flag.

LOOK OUT, AUSTRALIA!—A bug-eyed Bob Hope (who always seems to have a mike in his hand) and his troupe, including Frances Langford and Jerry Colonna, make an invasion of the land down under, where he'll probably get under their skin.

ANIMATED SCAFFOLD—Here's the way signal corpsmen repair communications lines in Assam, India. They just mount an elephant and save a lot of pole climbing.



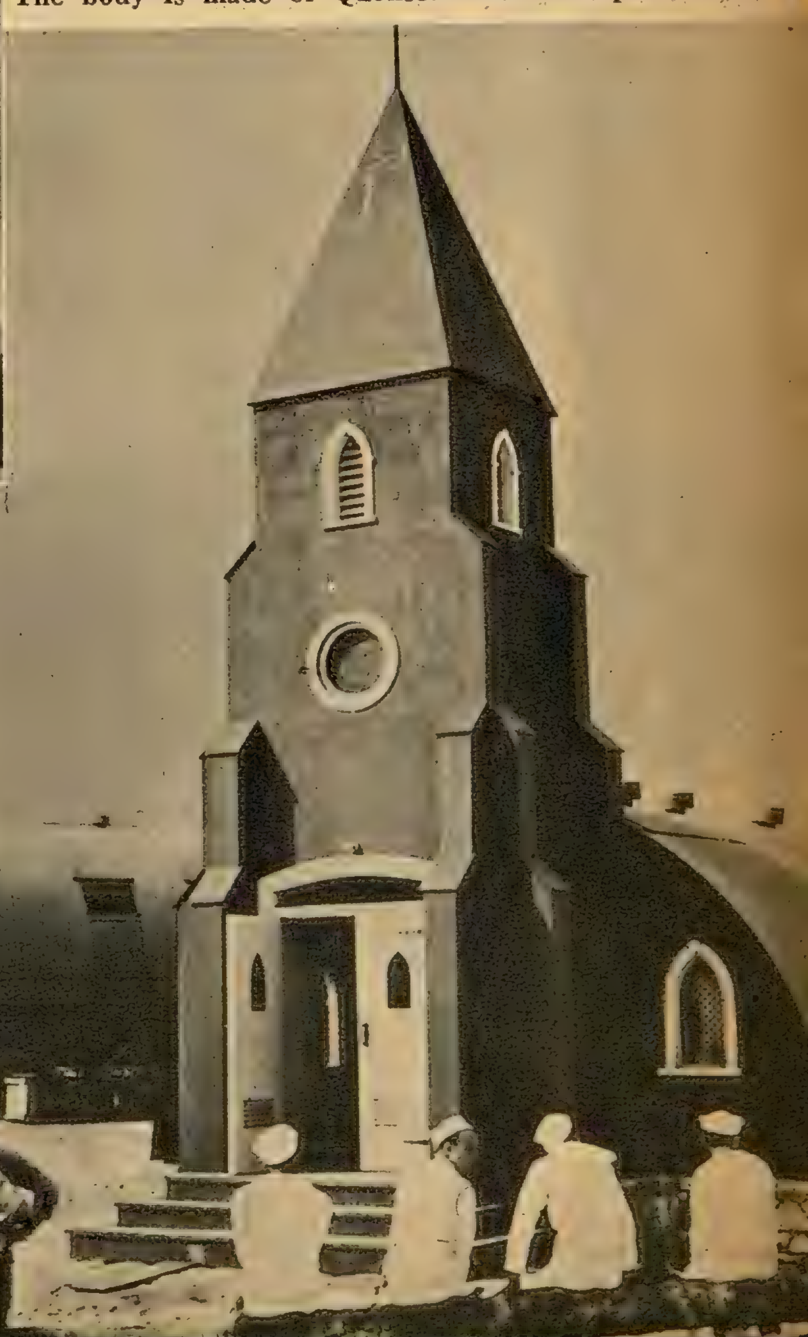
IT CAN'T MISS—The Superfortress bristles with guns. The man in the little round window fires them by remote control. With the sensational computing sight to help him, every shot is a theoretical kill.


To THE BEACH
To ToKio-3130 Mi
To Frisco
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU CARE ?
YOUR NOT GOING THERE!
BREAD LINE '49

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, BOYS?—This signpost at Tarawa tells you in no uncertain terms. It reflects some of the bitter humor of the G. I. and his thoughts about home. Note the small but eloquent sign on the bottom. ↑

BEAUTIES BATHE—This picture proves that bathing beauties do go in the water. It's Atlantic City, N. J., and the girls are participants in the 1944 Miss America Contest, which was won by the appropriately named Venus Ramey, Miss Washington, D. C. ↑

QUONSET CATHEDRAL—When the chimes sound of a Sunday morning on Eniwetok in the Marshalls the men can go downtown to a real church they built themselves. The body is made of Quonset huts with spire added. ↓



NEW LEADING LADY—Ronald Colman will be playing a supporting role at home now that his daughter, Juliet, has arrived. But the proud poppa doesn't seem to mind a bit as he and his wife, Benita Hume, gaze at their offspring. ↓

MEN AGAINST MISHAP

SAFETY IS ACE HIGH
IN THE GAME OF LIFE

SIGNS LIKE THIS, at strategic locations, are helping twenty-four hours a day to promote safe working practices in Bethlehem steel plants and shipyards.

SAFETY CAP, worn by many women employees, is made of light, cool cotton, with snood covering hair. Visor shades eyes, and serves as a bumper to warn wearer in case her head approaches too close to work.

STAIRWAYS FOR SHIPBUILDERS, in a Bethlehem yard, take the place of long side-shell ladders. Traffic is one-way, and employees may carry small tools and materials, dangerous on an ordinary ladder.

SAFETY INSTRUCTION. Bethlehem employees doing specialized work and using protective respiratory equipment are trained by safety supervisors with many years of experience.

IN Bethlehem steel plants and shipyards, there's a never-ending battle being fought—a campaign against that wily old tactician, General Mishap. The general is wise in the ways of human frailty, and a master of feints, flanking maneuvers and ambuscades. The results of his forays can be serious indeed. Industrial accidents are deplorable any time and anywhere, but in wartime they are, in addition, an effective saboteur of vital production.

Ever since the war emergency developed, and thousands of men and women, without experience in industrial work, began to enter its plants and shipyards, Bethlehem has been redoubling its efforts toward employee safety. Physically, by means of new safety devices, and more protective clothing, safety shoes, goggles, helmets, and the like. Educationally, by a stepped-up program of safety meetings and first-aid instruction, bolstered by signs, posters and warning flags, lectures, booklets and motion pictures.

The safe way of doing his job is impressed upon the new Bethlehem employee from his first day of work. And safe working practices and the avoidance of hazards are continually emphasized to newcomers and veteran workers alike.

Thanks to the unceasing effort to make safer workers and safer working conditions, even during this wartime era of peak production and the largest working force in Bethlehem history, our safety standards have steadily risen.

Significant of what has been accomplished in making war work safer for the worker is this encouraging fact: statistics show that *the Bethlehem worker runs less danger of being injured while at work in the plant, than during his spare time when he is off the job.*

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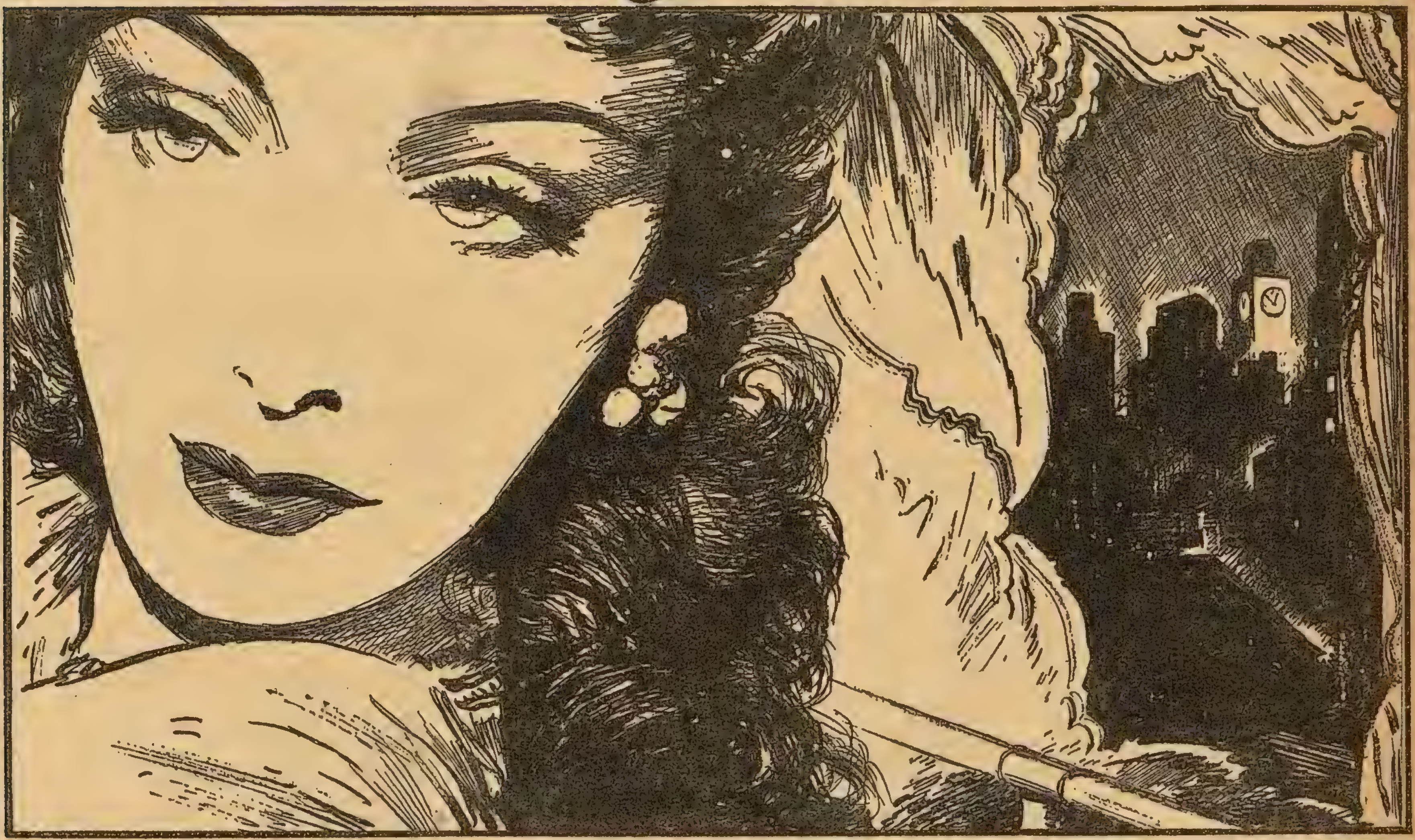
DEADLINE AT DAWN

BY WILLIAM IRISH

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE GROUT

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

Quinn had three hours and thirty-seven minutes in which to solve a murder—or become a candidate for the electric chair. . . . The master of suspense who wrote Phantom Lady reaches a new high in this cyclone-paced mystery.



12.50 A. M.:

HE was just a pink dance ticket to her. Two and a half cents' worth of commission on the dime. A pair of feet that kept crowding hers before them all over the floor, all over the night. A blank, a cipher, that could steer her any old way he wanted until his five minutes were up.

That was all any of them were to her. She had one friend in all this town. It was the clock on the tower of the Paramount, all the way across the town at Seventh Avenue and Forty-third, but visible from the dance hall through some curious canalization of building tops and angle of perspective. It was like the face of a friend. A funny friend for a slim red-haired girl of twenty-two to have, but it spelled the difference between endurance and despair.

She looked at it longingly over this anonymous shoulder now, and it said to her: "Ten to. The worst is about over, kid. Just grit your teeth, and before you know it—"

"Plenty crowded here tonight."

Oh, so he was going to talk.

"Yuh."

He tried again. "Is it always as crowded as tonight?"

"No. After it closes it's empty."

All right, let him look at her like that. She didn't have to be agreeable to him. His ten cents just covered footwork.

They'd darkened the place for this last number. Direct lights out, and the figures on the floor moving about like rustling ghosts. She could feel him poising his head back a little, looking at her closely, as if trying to figure out what made her that way. "You're kind of sore about something, aren't you." He stated it as a discovery.

"Yeah. Me."

He wouldn't give up. "Don't like it here?"

Fortunately, the necessity of answering was removed.

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The center lights went up. A trumpet executed a Bronx cheer of dismissal. Their enforced intimacy was at an end.

A sigh of unutterable relief escaped from her. "Good night," she murmured tonelessly. "We're closing up now."

The look of surprise she saw on his face held her there a moment longer, her back half to him. He was fumbling in his pockets, bringing out coils and spirals of linked tickets from each.

"Gee, I guess I didn't need to buy all these!" he murmured ruefully, more to himself than to her.

"What did you expect to do, camp in here all week? How many did you get anyway?"

"I don't remember. I think ten dollars' worth." He looked up at her. "I just wanted to get in here, and I didn't stop to—" He checked himself.

"That's a hundred dances! We never play that many in a night." She glanced over toward the foyer. "The cashier's gone home for the night and you won't be able to get a refund now any more."

"I don't want a refund." He flung the handful indifferently away from him and turned and went strolling forward toward the foyer entryway.

She gave a shrug with one shoulder and went to get her coat.

The lights had gone down again, this time for good, when she came out. He was still there. He stood looking intently down the stairs toward the street, as though delayed by inability to decide where to go.

She passed him and went down the rubber-matted steel-tipped steps out onto the street.

There was an indistinct figure loitering about the doorway, cigarette dangling from mouth. A hand hooked detainingly around the curve of her arm. She didn't try to pull away from it. She stopped short, looked down at it.

"Take that off me," she said with lethal coldness.

"What's the matter? Don't you know me?"

A cab had sidled up on the outside, drawn by some unobtrusive signal on his part that she had missed. He tried to turn her aside toward it.

A man had stopped opposite the two of them—the one who had thrown away the ten dollars' worth of tickets.

He came in closer, said to her uncertainly, "Do you want me to do anything, miss?"

"Well, what do you think this is, an audition for the Good-Will Hour? If you're muscle-bound yourself, call a cop."

"Oh, I don't have to do that, miss," he answered with a curious sort of modesty.

He pulled the other man around toward him, and the blow made a taut impact against thinly-cushioned bone. The recipient went to the ground, half prostrate and half upright on one elbow. When he had risen, he turned, with neither threat nor sign of animosity; as one who is too practical to waste time on such heroics, and scuttled away.

He saw that she was about to turn and continue on her way. "My name's Quinn Williams," he blurted out, as if seeking to detain her a moment longer.

"Pleased to meet you." It sounded like a lead quarter bouncing against a zinc counter.

"Think maybe I should walk with you a block or two?"

"He won't come back again," was all she said. He translated it into consent, fell into step beside her.

THEY walked an entire block length from the dance-hall entrance in silence. When they crossed an intersection, she saw him look back. They reached the second intersection. "I go west here," she said.

He didn't take the hint. "May as well go the rest of the way, now that I came this far."

She stopped short. "Look," she said. "I didn't ask you to walk all the way over with me. If you want to, that's up to you. Just one thing. Don't get any ideas."

He accepted it in silence. He didn't protest that she'd misjudged him. That was almost the first thing she'd liked about him. They went on again up a tunnel-dim side street, its lampposts few and far apart.

He looked back again. Even if there'd been something to see, he wouldn't have been able to see it. This time she didn't let it pass unnoticed. "What are you afraid of—he'll come after you with a knife? He won't."

"Oh, *him,*" he said. "You mean that guy." He gave her a surprised look, as though she had recalled him from a separate train of thought.

They'd come to Ninth Avenue. They stood for a moment, toes overlapping the curb. She stepped down. There was an instant's recoil on his part. "Come on. The light's all right," she said. He went over after her immediately. Then she saw that it wasn't the light that had checked him; it was that lone figure over on the other side, that patrolman pacing his beat. His eyes came back from following the cop, then went upward to the light.

They climbed the opposite curb and went on into the maw of the next westward block. She opened her bag and felt for her key. She halted as they reached a doorway. "Well, this is it, here," she said.

He just looked at her, as though he were trying to grasp the fact that they were separating and he would be by himself once more. And suddenly she was already over in the doorway and he was standing alone on the sidewalk. "I'll see you around," she said from there. Meaning just the reverse: she never would see him again.

1.15 A. M.:

She climbed the last flight of slatternly stairs, unlocked a door, and closed it after her.

She dragged off her hat and flung off her coat. She toppled into a chair, fumbled with the straps of her shoes, and wrenched them off. Feet weren't meant to do what hers did. She thrust them into a pair of felt slippers whose cuffs yawned shapelessly about her ankles.

There was a cot of sorts over against the wall, depressed in its middle section even when untenanted. There was a table with a straight-backed chair drawn to it out under the light. An envelope lay on it, stamped and addressed: "Mrs. Anna Coleman, Glen Falls, Iowa"; beside it the sheet of notepaper that was to go in, blank but for three words: "Tuesday. Dear Mom—"

She got up and started coffee on a gas ring on a shelf in a niche in the back wall. Then she went toward the window to pull the shade down. With her hand to the cord, she looked out.

He was still down there, standing at the margin of the sidewalk, staring intently down the street and beyond. Anxiously, worriedly, fearfully. An instant later he bolted from view. Judging by his direction, he'd sought refuge in the doorway below her.

She stayed there, face pressed to the window, waiting, watching. Without any warning sound, something white came drifting past. It was a patrol car, making its routine rounds. Approaching without lights or clamor, to catch malefactors off guard.

She drew the shade down, crossed the room to the door and stood listening. Then she opened it slowly and advanced into the hall. She leaned cautiously over the stair railing and looked down.

He was sitting huddled on the first flight. One hand was plowing through his hair over and over, as though some deep-seated anguish were gnawing at him.

Perhaps it was his hopeless, helpless look, sitting bunched there—it was a long time since she'd given anyone a break; almost as long as since she'd last had one herself. She hissed down.

He turned and looked up, startled, ready to jump, until he'd located the segment of her face far above. She hitched her head sharply, in pantomimic order to him to come up and join her. He rose in instant acquiescence, and she could hear him climbing two and three steps at a time. He made the final turn of the railing, and stopped short beside her, breathing heavily.

"WHAT'S your trouble, Joe? Whataya got on your mind?" She asked it with intentionally-emphasized grating harshness, to cancel out the interest implicit in her asking it at all.

He said, "Nothing—I—I don't get you," and faltered badly over it. Then got his second wind, and said, "I was just resting up a minute."

She shrugged. "Well, have it your way."

She stepped back to the door. What a dope you are! she wrangled with herself. Don't you know any better than to do what you're thinking of doing? Then she went ahead and did it anyway.

Again she gave him that curt, peremptory hitch of the head. "I've got some coffee in here. I'll split a cup with you."

He came forward eagerly.

"You can take that chair by the table," she said. "I'll move over this other one—if it don't fall apart on the way there."

He sat down with polite rigidity.

"You can throw your hat on the cot over there," she condescended hospitably, "if you can reach it."

He tried uncertainly from where he was, over table and coffeepot both, but he made it.

She went to get an extra cup and saucer.

When she turned back, he was holding that envelope she'd addressed to her mother, staring at it.

He looked up at her. "Do you *know* someone there? Glen Falls, *Iowa?*"

She said crisply, "That's what it says on it, doesn't it? That's my mother I'm writing to." A little defiance crept into her attitude. "Why? What about it?"

He kept looking at her. "That's my home town! I only came away a little over a year ago—" His voice went up a pitch in incredulity. "You mean you're from there too?"

"I'm from there originally." She sat down opposite him with watchful deliberation. Suspicion was crackling like an electric current alive in her. She'd learned not to believe anybody, any time, anywhere. That was the only way to keep from being taken in. What was the frame leading to? A touch? A half nelson on her affections, before she woke up and snapped out of it? One thing she gave it: it was a new gag, and she'd thought she knew them all.

Wait a minute, she'd get him. "So you're from back in Glen Falls." She stared at him searchingly. "What street did you live on back there?"

"Anderson Avenue, up near Pine Street. The second house down between Pine and Oak, right after the corner—" He hadn't stopped to think at all; it came out spontaneously.

"Did you ever go to the Bijou movie house, down on Courthouse Square, when you were there?"

"There wasn't any Bijou when I was there," he said blankly. "There were only two, the State and the Standard."

Yes, she knew that herself. But the point was he did.

He said, "Gee, you ought to see your own face; it's getting all white too. That's how I felt before, myself."

So it was true, and this freak number had come up.

She whispered, "Do you know where I lived? On Emmet Road! That's the next street over, after Anderson Avenue." Then she stopped and wondered, "How is it we never knew one another back there?"

"I came here a year ago," he said.

"And I came here five."

"We didn't move into the Anderson Avenue house until after my dad died, and that's a little over two years ago now. Before then we were on a farm we had out around Marbury—" Then he stopped, and remarked with more immediate relevancy, "You haven't told me what your name is. I've already given you mine."

"Oh, haven't I? I'm Bricky Coleman. My real name's Ruth, but everyone calls me Bricky."

"I know, on account of your hair."

They talked; at first awkwardly. Then faster, till there was just one running stream of reminiscence. And suddenly her head dropped into her folded arms on the table top. She said smotheredly, "I want to see my mom again."

He was standing over her when she looked up again. He hadn't touched her, but she knew he'd started to. She could tell by the lame way he was holding his hand.

"Why don't you go home?" he asked.

"Because I didn't make good. They think I'm in a big Broadway flash production. That's the stuff I've been writing home. Now I haven't the courage to go back and face them all and admit that I'm a flop. It takes plenty, and I haven't got enough." She went on almost sullenly, "I've tried it more than once. I've packed and got as far as the bus terminal."

His face had tightened up. "I wish I'd met you yesterday," she heard him say, more to himself than to her. "I wish I'd met you last night instead of tonight."

One thing was clear to her: he'd done something he shouldn't since yesterday, and now he couldn't go back. He went to the cot for his hat. She saw him lift up the edge of the pillow a little. She saw the half start his other hand made, toward his inside coat pocket, as if to take something out without letting her see him.

"Put it back," she said metallically. "None of that." Then her voice mellowed a trifle. "I've got the fare anyway. I've had it put aside for over eight months, down to the last nickel for a hamburger at the stop-over."

He went on toward the door.

"They're after you for something, aren't they?" she said quietly.

He turned and looked at her. "They will be, by morning," he said matter-of-factly.

1.40 A. M.:

He took his hand off the knob, came back to her. He turned back his coat, fumbled with the lining. Suddenly a deck of rubber-banded currency was resting on the table between them. The topmost bill was a fifty. He opened up other sutures in his coat lining. When he was done there were six of the banded sheaves arrayed there on the table top, and the debris of a seventh that had been partly dissipated.

Her face was expressionless. "How much is it?"

"It must still be over twenty-four hundred. It started out to be an even twenty-five."

Her face still showed nothing. "Where'd you get it?"

"Some place I had no right to."

Then, without any further urging, he began to talk about it. She was the girl next door, the one he would have told his troubles to if they were both still back home.

"I had a job as an electrician's helper until just a short while ago. We did a little of everything, repairing radios, putting in new wall outlets in people's homes, fixing doorbells—you know, all that sort of thing.

"Then about a month ago, it just folded up under me. The old guy got a heart attack and was told to take it easy, so he quit the business."

He was pacing slowly back and forth.

"Last winter we got a call from a swanky private home over on East Seventieth. The guy had bought a sun lamp that needed a special outlet on the bathroom wall so it could be plugged in. The name was Graves. Mean anything to you?"

She shook her head.

"It didn't to me either. It still don't. My boss claimed they were in the society columns a lot. We only worked for an hour or so at a time each day, in order not to inconvenience them too much.

"We had to chop a hole about the size of a fist part way through the bathroom wall. It was an old house, and the walls were good and thick. One time when I was chipping away there by myself I struck wood. I didn't know what it was, but I shifted farther over to avoid it.

"Then the next day somebody stepped into the next room from where I was working. The doorway between was open, and I leaned my head back and glanced out. There was a mirror opposite, and I could see him in that. He was standing on the other side of the same wall I was working at, just a little farther over. He'd opened sort of a wooden panel—the whole wall in there was paneled about halfway up—and he was turning a little dial on a safe lid built in behind it.

"I didn't watch any more. I wasn't interested. Afterwards I remembered about hitting wood the day before, so I figured I must have grazed the back or the side of the wooden lining the safe was set into.

"They had a little table downstairs by the door as you came in. Several times I'd left my kit standing open on it while we were busy upstairs. When we were all through with the job I emptied it out at the shop and I found something in it that either somebody had dropped in by mistake, or I'd swept up off the table with my own hand without noticing when I was putting things back in the kit."

"What was it?" she asked when he didn't go on.

"It was a latchkey to the front door of the house."

SHE just looked at him, long and hard.

He said, "I don't expect you to believe me."

"An hour ago I wouldn't have," she admitted. "Now I'm not so sure any more. Go ahead."

"It was late and I was hungry and tired; I'd been working all day. So I left it where it was overnight, and I meant to drop around the next day and turn it over to them. But I was kept on the jump from eight in the morning until the last thing at night, and I didn't have a chance. First thing you know, I'd forgotten about it completely.

"Then the job folded like I told you. My money all went, and—well, yesterday I got out my kit and looked it over, to see maybe if I could borrow something on it at a hock shop. There was the key.

"I put it in my pocket and went back there with it. All that was in my mind was that maybe they could put me in the way of doing a little work.

"I got there, and I rang the bell, and no one came to the door. I kept ringing away, and no one answered." He smiled at her bleakly before he went on. "Around seven I went back. When I turned into the block, there was a taxi in front of the door. Right where I was looking, a man and a woman came out of the door. She had on a long dress and he had on a tux. They got in the cab and they went away. I had plenty of time to catch them, but I just didn't try. I walked the streets until dark, with my hand in my pocket feeling the key, fighting the idea. But my stomach was empty, and you don't fight so good that way. I hadn't brought my kit with me, but I did have a couple of tools in my pocket, just about what I'd need. They didn't get there by accident. I'd picked them out and put them there myself."

He laughed without joy. "The rest you don't need a blueprint for. I went at the safe from behind. I reopened the hole in the bathroom wall, and I made it big enough to pry away one of the wooden panels the safe was embedded in. And when you ripped out the back panel, it was all open; you could reach in and pull the whole thing out backward into the bathroom.

"I didn't bother with anything but the cash. I cleaned all the chipped plaster and mortar up off the floor and I swung the shower curtain around on its rod a little, so that it covered up the hole I'd made.

"When I walked away from the house, I went into a restaurant, a real swell one. I ordered everything straight down the list, like I'd always dreamed of doing some day. But when the stuff started to show up I couldn't seem to swallow right. Then, when I was walking out on the street again, I kept shying from steps in back of me. I heard music coming from a row of open windows across the street. I cut over and jumped in there. It seemed a good place to stay in for awhile. I bought a whole carload of tickets, and then I looked around, and the very first girl I saw"—he ridged his forehead at her deprecatingly—"was you."

"What are you going to do now?"

He shrugged hopelessly. "It's no use trying to run out of town, hide somewhere else; that never works for little guys like me that are new at it. So I guess I'll just stick around and wait." He sat there staring at the floor with a puzzled, defeated smile on his face.

She watched him closely. "Listen," she said finally. "I've got a proposition for you. What do you say we both go back where we belong, back home there where we come from? Give ourselves another chance? Both get on that six-o'clock bus this morning."

His eyes flicked aside to the packets of money on the table, then back to her again. "They'll only be there waiting for me. They'll collar me before my foot's even off the steps—"

"Not if nothing's missing, if nothing's been taken."

"But something has. It's right here in front of us."

"I know; but there's still time to undo it. You said he went out all dressed up and won't be back until late. Have you still got the key—the key to get in with?"

His hands went to his pockets, darting from one to the other. He brought it out. "Here. Here it is."

She was hastily gathering up the scattered packets. The same thought struck them both at once, and they stopped to look at each other in dismay. "How much have you blown already?"

"I don't know. Wait a minute. . . . That meal I didn't eat. And those tickets up at your place. . . . Twenty altogether. Twenty bucks. It can't be more than that."

"I've got it here," she said crisply. "I'll put it back in for you."

She jumped up, ran over to the cot, pulled up the bedding at the side, and extracted a small packet of money.

"Oh, no," he started to protest. "I can't let you do that."

"You can pay me back after we get home and you've started working again. I've still got enough left here to take care of both our bus tickets. You can square that up too, later on, if you want to." She thrust it into his hand.

"Gee, I don't know what to say—"

"Don't say anything. Wait for me a minute till I get my shoes on, throw a few things into my bag—there isn't much to take." Then, as she saw him make a tentative move toward the door, "No, stay right in here with me. I'm afraid I'll lose you, and you're my one chance of getting home tonight."

"You won't lose me," he promised almost inaudibly, and sat down to wait.

When she was ready he took her battered suitcase and they went down the rickety stairs softly, and out into the still street.

At the corner she said, "See if you can stop a cab. The longer we take getting over there, the more dangerous it'll be."

They got one finally, and Quinn directed the driver: "Take us up to the East Side Seventies. I'll tell you where to stop when we get there. Go through the park; that's quicker."

AT Sixty-ninth and Fifth they got out. As soon as the cab was safely gone, they walked to Seventieth. Just beyond the corner they stopped.

"It's on this side, on the even-numbered side, just past the second street light down there," he said, looking all around to make sure they weren't observed. "Don't come any nearer than this, just in case. I'll be back in no time. Don't be frightened."

He gave his hatbrim a determined tug, moved away from her down the silent street. She watched his figure getting smaller. She saw him glance cautiously around before he went up the steps. The moment he had entered, she picked up her suitcase and moved slowly after him.

She looked down at the fingers of her free hand, and without her knowing it two of them had crossed themselves rigidly.

Just as she came abreast of the near end of the house, the vestibule doors up above parted noiselessly and he appeared between them. He stood there looking down at her as though he saw her but didn't know her.

Then he moved to the rim of the steps and started down. Twice he broke his uncertain descent to stop and look back at the doorway.

She'd reached him just as he got to the bottom. Even in the gloom, she thought, his face looked white and taut.

"What's the matter? What're you looking so frightened about?" she whispered hoarsely.

He kept staring blankly at her. "He's been killed. He's lying in there—dead."

She gave a shuddering intake of breath. "Who?"

"The man I saw going out early this evening, the one I told you about."

She made a move as if to go on up the steps. He reached out and caught her, gripped her tightly. She struggled against his hold. "I only want to know one thing," she said. "It wasn't you, was it—the first time you were in there? *You* didn't, did you?"

"No! I took the money, that was all. He wasn't there. I didn't *see* him at all. He must have come back since. Bricky, you've got to believe me."

She smiled sadly at him in the semidarkness. "It's all right, Quinn. I know you didn't. Quinn, I'm going in with you."

2.23 A. M.:

In the coffin-like confinement of the vestibule the misappropriated key shook a little as he fitted it unlawfully into the door for the third time that night. Her heart shook too.

"He's in the back, on the floor above," he whispered. "I don't want to light any lights down here. They might show outside."

"You lead the way; I'll be able to follow. I'll keep my hand on your sleeve. Wait, let me put this down here somewhere first."

She groped her way to the wall, set her suitcase down close against the baseboard of it, where she could find it again readily. Then she moved back to him and they started. The staircase creaked once or twice under their combined weights. They reached the second floor and moved along a hall. The place had a leather-and-woodwork aroma. The ghost of a cigar lingered in it, and something sweeter. She thought of perfumery; she did not actually detect it.

She felt herself go over a wooden doorsill, only slightly raised, not high enough to impede.

The air changed subtly. There was a *stillness* in it, a presence.

"Get your eyes ready; here go the lights," he warned.

The dead man was the most conspicuous thing in the room; it seemed to form a halo about him.

There were books in the room, a Sheraton desk, a number of comfortable leather-covered club-type chairs, and a liquor cabinet. The room was oblong. The two short side walls were blankly unbroken. The one at their backs held, of course, the doorway by which they had entered. The one facing them held two doorways, one leading into a bedroom, the other, at a spaced distance from it, into a bath.

Quinn left her side to go into the bedroom to draw the heavy drapes together over the windows, to keep the light from showing through to the rear of the house. This room they were in had no outside openings, no windows whatever. He didn't bother with the bath. It had none either.

She was aware of his movements, but only dimly, as she stood there staring down.

She looked at the dead man's face. It was like reading a page on which the writing has already grown faded, blurred. His hair was well-cared-for and full of life and light. He had fine dark brows, like tippets of sealskin. Not grotesquely thick, but well-emphasized. And they were perfectly straight now; death had taken away perplexity.

He looked as though he'd been about thirty-five or so. He was immaculately attired in evening clothes, the gala flower in his buttonhole still in place. The soles of his shoes were fairly glossy with floor wax, so he'd danced in them not long ago, and their rims weren't nicked or marked in any way, so he'd been a competent dancer, avoiding others and seeing that they avoided him on a crowded floor.

Quinn had come back to her again. She was aware of him standing beside her, and she was glad to have him there. Their shoulders touched lightly, and it felt good.

"Can you tell what it—was? What it was done with?" She crouched slowly downward toward the floor, as if drawn by an irresistible compulsion. He remained erect an instant longer, then he crouched with her. He scissored his fingers deftly, and the two sides of the jacket sprang open.

"There it is." She drew in her breath.

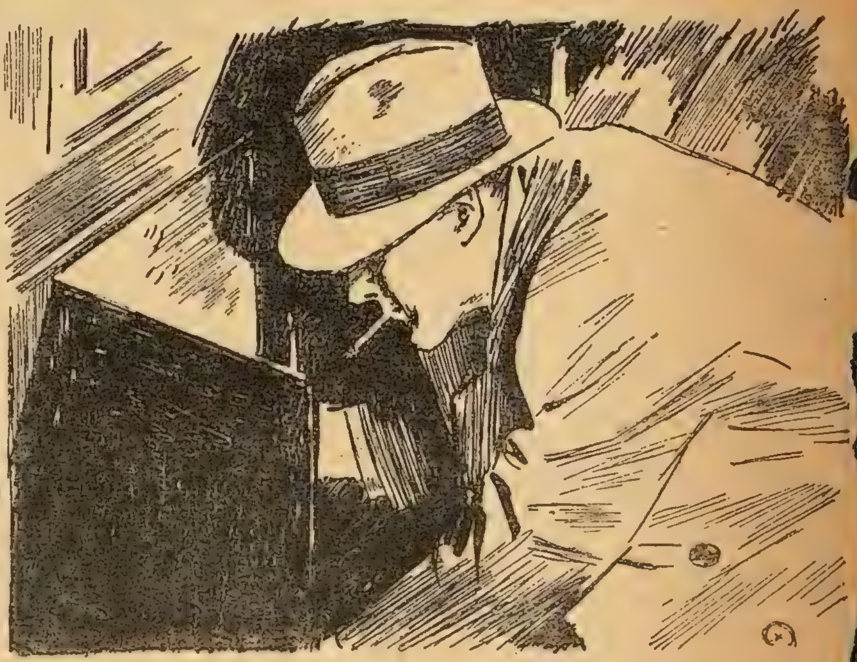
A small reddish-black sworl was revealed, marring the white piqué vest. It was almost dead center above the heart.

"It must have been a gun," he said. "Yeah, bullet. It's round and frazzled. A knife would make a slit."

He undid the buttons of the vest and parted that. He tried to keep her from seeing by holding the vest wings upward like a screen. Then he folded them back over it.

"Must have been an awfully small one," he said. "I'm no expert, but it's a pretty tight little hole."

She said, "One thing we can be sure of, there was no one staying in the house but him right now, or they would have heard it go off."



He was scanning the room. "They took it away with them; there's no sign of one lying around."

"What'd you say their name was again—the people that live in this house?"

"Graves," he told her.

"Is this the head of the family, the father?"

"There is no father; he's dead about ten or fifteen years There's the mother. She's a well-known society woman Then there's two sons and a daughter. This is the olde son. There's another one, still a student, away at colleg somewhere. The old guy I worked for got to telling m about them one day."

"If we could figure out why. Robbery or burglary is about the commonest reason. Was anything gone from the safe that was in it the first time?"

"I don't know," he admitted. "I came in without using any lights, you know. I stumbled over him. After I'd lit a match and seen what it was, I just staggered over to the safe—I mean around behind it—tossed the money back into it, and got out fast without stopping to look."

"Then let's look now." They went into the bathroom, Quinn in the lead because he knew where the light switch was. Getting the cashbox out was simple. That was al the safe consisted of: an ordinary steel cashbox fitted with drawers, without even a lock to it, inserted into a wood-lined cavity built into the wall. Fronting the other room, it had a steel lid or plaque to cover the entire thing that worked on a combination.

The money was right there on top, the money that he'd just restored. They cast that aside, went burrowin through the shoals of papers.

"Here's a will—"

He went ahead dredging, while she stopped to rea snatches here and there. "It's the will of the father. *H* was made executor—isn't that his name—Stephen?' Then, dipping into it a little further, "I don't think th had anything to do with it. Everything's left to the wif And *she's* not the one who's been murdered."

He laid bare a second compartment. It yielded a number of old-fashioned plush boxes, of various shapes. A rope of pearls. A necklace of topazes. An old-fashioned brooch of amethysts.

"Everything's there that was there the first time," he told her.

"Then it wasn't robbery," she said soberly.

They put everything hastily back again, and he hoisted the box back. He didn't bother trying to cover the hole with the shower curtain any more.

"Well, that's out," he said discouragedly. "The next thing we'll have to do is—"

SHE knew what he meant. They went back to the other room. He walked resolutely over beside the body, dropped down by it once more.

There was nothing in the breast pocket but a fine linen handkerchief.

"Take out everything," she breathed, "from all the pockets."

She made a sort of audible inventory for him as they went along.

Behind them on a bookshelf there was a clock. It kept chopping the silence.

"Cigarette case. Silver. 'To S from B.' Three cigarettes left in it." She closed it again, put it down. "Wallet. Two fives and a single. Two ticket stubs from tonight's show at the Winter Garden. Well, we know where he was tonight from eight forty to eleven, at least."

There was nothing further of significance in the pockets.

"Let's take the room next," she said, as they got to their feet. "You start over there. I'll start over here."

After a moment she called over to him, "Quinn, a man that's a cigarette smoker—and we found that case in his pocket—would he also go in for cigars?"

"He'd be apt to, yes. Plenty of people smoke both."

"Well, would he be apt to smoke *two*? Alone, by himself? There are two butts on this tray here—"

He came over to her and looked. "He didn't smoke both. Those are two different brands, and nobody does that. There was somebody up here with him. And look at this butt. Smooth at the mouth end; a little soggy, but still intact. Now look at the other. Chewed to ribbons at the mouth end; *fringe.* One of those smokers was all steamed up over something. There was a strain, an argument of some kind."

He moved around to the wall side of one of the chairs. "Here's the drink of one of them, put down on the floor close up against his chair." He moved over to the second chair, looked down. "None here."

She drew a quick breath. "Then that proves they weren't on friendly terms. This must have been Graves, sitting over here, where the glass is. He was the host. He helped himself to a drink, but didn't invite the caller. Or else did, but the caller, because he was sore, refused."

"Yeah. That's not a hundred proof, but it's reasonable enough. So let's call it Graves over on this side, and let it go at that. Wait a minute, here's something!" His hand drove into the seam between chair arm and seat of the chair they had decided the visitor had occupied.

"Match folder," she said, crestfallen, when he brought it up.

He flipped open the little folder. "Whew! He sure must have been excited. Look how many he used up, just on that one cigar."

"The folder could have been half used up before he began on it," she tried to suggest.

But he made no rejoinder to that.

"Come here a minute," he said, without taking his eyes off it. "What does this tell you? I want to see if you get what I do."

Her head was down close beside his. "There's usually twenty matches come to one of those things. He used up fifteen separate lights just on that one cigar. Is that what you mean?"

"No. The five left are the end ones in both rows, over to the right."

"Oh, sure—" she said belatedly. "I saw that from the start."

"Now wait. Here. Here's a folder from my own pocket." He passed it over to her. "Tear one off and strike it and blow it out. Don't stop to think."

She obeyed, then quirked her head at him with a sort of charming uncertainty.

"Look at it now. See where that came off of? The right-hand corner. *His* folder was worked in reverse. *The guy sitting in this chair facing Graves tonight was a left-handed guy.*"

A strange look had come into her face. She took his hand first, and held it, then planked the folder down into it with her other. "Smell this," she said laconically. "Just hold it about even with your upper lip, that's all."

His face changed as he did it. "Perfume," he grimaced. "Faint perfume."

"It's been carried around all day in a handbag. A handbag that stinks of perfume. I noticed it out in the hall, in the dark, when we were coming in. There's been a woman here in this room tonight."

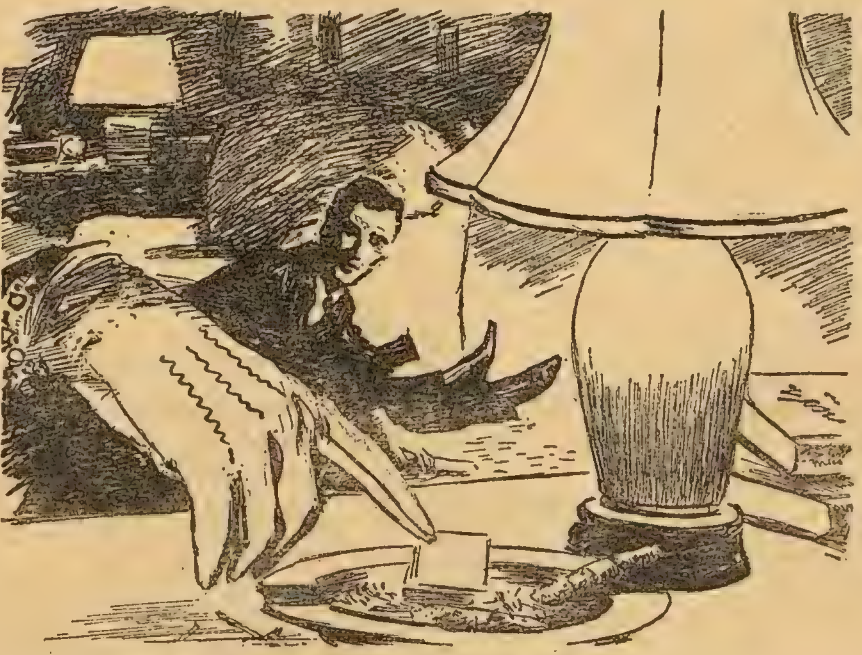
He didn't want to give in. "What about the cigar? Who smoked the two cigars, one strong, one weak? One calmly, one all riled up? You mean he did, at one and the same time?"

"Maybe there was a man here *before* she was here. Or maybe he was here *after* her. Maybe they were both here at the same time."

"We're gaining ground backwards by the minute," he said gloomily.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock—

They both looked down at the floor, over the other way, away from the body. Suddenly she followed her own look. Went on the point of one knee and the palm of one hand. She straightened up, holding her palm upturned now, poking at something in it with one finger.



"Brown button," he breathed. "But it may have been kicking around here on the floor for days."

They went into the bedroom, flung open the clothes closet and examined the suits hanging there. The browns and their offshoots were in a minority and all the buttons were the wrong type.

She tweaked the light cord, closed the door. "So it's not his. It's from the man who came, and chewed the cigar, and was sore at him, and may—or may not be—left-handed."

They went back inside again, swiftly striding. *Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock—*

"Quinn," she said, "there are two people. One of them, but not both, killed him. We've got to find the one that did, we've got to know, or that'll make it *you.* We have to go out of here and track them down. And all the time we've got is till six, when that bus leaves for home. For us it's the last bus."

"I get you. They'll keep running—but not for us. We've got to be out of here by daybreak."

"Now, the job," she nodded. "We can't both take both of them. If we separate, and one goes after one, and the other goes after the other, that gives us our fifty-fifty chance. You take the man, I'll take the woman. *You* have to look for a man in a brown or off-brown suit, with one button on his cuff broken, who maybe is left-handed or maybe is not. *I* have to look for a woman who is left-handed for sure and who uses a kind of heavy perfume. I don't know what it is now, but I'll know it when I get it again. We'll meet back here no later than a quarter to six, with them or without them." She moved over toward the body, stooped for something, came back again. "I'll use this latchkey that was in his pocket to get in with. You keep the first one."

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock—

She grimaced whimperingly. "It's three o'clock!"

"Bricky!" he said hoarsely, his courage recoiling for a minute. But she was already out at the head of the darkened stairs. He went out after her.

They parted in the darkness, just inside the front door, to slip out into the street one at a time. She went first.

She found a taxi idling at the corner. The driver was affable, glad to talk. Yeah, this was his regular stand; he'd been here all evening. Yeah, he'd had a woman fare, by herself, around midnight. Sure, he remembered where he'd taken her.

Lucky, Bricky exulted; right at the start here was a clue to follow. She got into the cab.

IN less than an hour she came back to the house on East Seventieth Street, defeated. The lead, at first hot and promising, had ended nowhere. She'd have to start out all over again, and the house was the logical jumping-off place. It was as if she were the killer herself, the way she was being pulled back there. And she was going in. She didn't know why, or what good it would do, but what good would it do to stand outside?

She put the key in the door. It opened. There was that smell of leather and woodwork again, and silence. She stepped into the dark hall.

3.45 A. M.:

She thought, Let's see if my suitcase is still where I left it, against the wall. That ought to be sort of a clue as to whether anyone's been in here or not.

She found the wall, and felt down it with her palms. Not here.

She moved out away from the wall a trifle, and went on farther. Near the foot of the stairs her hand went into something yielding. A coat with somebody in it. She could hear the sharp inhalation of breath coming from it.

A little moaning cry drifted from her, something not intended to be uttered at all.

"Quinn, help me—"

An arm went around her. Quinn's voice said, "Bricky! I've been standing here paralyzed, afraid to— Let's go upstairs so we can put on a little light."

"Funny that we should both come back here like this, almost together," she said as they started. "No luck either, huh?"

"Washed up. I came back to get a second start."

"That's what I was out for too."

They didn't ask each other about their experiences. They hadn't paid off, so there was no profit in repeating them. There was no time, either; that was the main thing.

When the lights went on, they scarcely glanced at the form on the floor, either one of them, for suddenly something happened to the silence.

"What's that?"

Fright was like an icy gush of water flooding over them both.

A bell was sounding a tiny muted *t-t-t-ting, t-t-t-ting,* over and over. Somewhere unseen around them.

"It's from the bedroom," he breathed.

They ran back there. Listened. *T-t-t-ting. . . .* He darted over to the head of the bed, shunted it slightly out away from the wall. Then his arm reached around and behind it, at about mattress level, and brought out a telephone instrument.

T-t-t-ting, t-t-t-ting— It was like a goad, it would never stop. "I'm going to take a chance and answer," he said. He brought the receiver up to his ear as gingerly as if it were charged with high-voltage electricity. "Hello," he said with purring indistinctness.

Her heart was pounding. Their heads were close together, listening.

"Darling," a voice said, "this is Barbara. Steve darling, did I leave my gold compact with you? I couldn't find it when I got back. You may have slipped it in your pocket for me."

"Your compact?" he said blurredly. "Wait a minute." He covered up the receiver. "What'll I say?"

Bricky wrenched herself away from him suddenly. She ran into the other room. She came back holding something up in her hand to show him.

"Tell her yes." She crouched against him again, ear to the receiver. He took his muffling hand off the mouthpiece.

"Yes," he whispered, "I have it here."

"I couldn't sleep. That was really why I called you. If we were married, it would be so much simpler. . . . We've never parted angry like this before. Maybe if we hadn't gone there, to that Perroquet place, it wouldn't have happened. Who was she?"

This time he didn't say anything.

The voice was forbearing with what it took to be his stubbornness. "Who was she, Steve? The tall redhead in the light green dress."

"I don't know." It was the only answer he could give.

"You told me that before. That was what started it. Why did she force herself in between us like that on the conga line and slip a note into your hand?"

They were both listening intently.

"And after we went back to our table, why did you nod to her, all the way across the room? Yes, I saw that too. Steve, I've dropped my pride to call you up like this; won't you meet me halfway?"

She waited for him to say something. He didn't.

"Steve, I cried when you left. I've been crying through half the night. Steve, Steve, are you listening to me? Are you there?"

"Yes."

"You sound so far away, so— Is it the telephone or is it you?"

"Poor connection, I guess," he said, closemouthed.

"But, Steve, you sound so—so cagey. You're whispering, almost as though you were afraid of waking someone. Who else is there in the house?"

Bricky sensed that Quinn was about to hang up in sheer desperation. Suddenly she spoke out, full voice, in a maudlin, drunken singsong aimed straight for the telephone mouth.

"Sugar, come *awn.* I'm getting tired waiting. I want another drink. How much longer you gonna stand there talking?"

The voice at the other end said, "Oh, I'm sorry, Stephen," and breathed once or twice in agony between. "Forgive me. I didn't know." There was a click, and silence.

HE hung up. "Gee, that was cruel. I wish we hadn't had to do that." Then he looked at her curiously. "How were you so certain that would do the trick?"

"I'm a girl myself, after all," she said wistfully. "We all work on the same strings."

They thought about her for a moment longer, then he said, "Well, we know they went to the show at the Winter Garden, and then to this place, the Piro— What'd she say it was?"

"The Perroquet. On Fifty-fourth Street."

"But there's still a chunk out, between the time he left her at her door and—"

She was thinking about it. "If we only knew what he did with the note."

"Tore it up into a million little pieces, I guess."

"No, because if he did that while he was still with her, that would have been admitting he *had* gotten one, and he didn't want her to know it. And then, once he'd left her, there was no longer any reason to tear it up. And he'd want to look at it again. What I'd like to know is, where did he hide it while he was with her in the club?"

They went inside again. She stood, looked down at *it.*

"Quinn, could I ask you to—would you mind turning him a minute?" she said hesitantly.

He crouched, turned the form over, face down, gently. "What'd you want that for?" he asked, ridging his forehead at her.

"I don't know myself," she said lamely.

He stood up again. They looked at each other uncertainly; at a loss, not knowing what to do next.

"It's not on him, that's a cinch," she said. "He may have put it somewhere around the place here, after he got back. The desk. I tell you what. You go inside and take a long look through the bureau drawers."

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock— In the silence of their preoccupation with their separate tasks it sounded twice as loud.

"Quinn!" she called suddenly.

He came on the fly. She was standing with her back to the desk. "I just happened to notice something. He has a hole in the heel of one sock. It's showing just above the shoe. That doesn't go with the way he's turned out. The left one, Quinn." He was already over by it.

The shoe dropped off with a light thud. The "hole" had vanished with it.

"The note," he said.

It was hastily scrawled in pencil, on some impromptu edge that didn't take pressure very evenly.

"Mr. Graves, I understand? I would like to speak to you in private, at your home, after you have taken the young lady home. And I don't mean some other time. I mean right tonight. You don't know me, but I feel like a member of the family already. I wouldn't want to be disappointed and not find you there."

Unsigned.

He read it over again. "It's some kind of a shake, don't you think?"

"Sure it's a shake."

" 'I feel like a member of the family already.' " Quinn quoted. "What does she mean by that? He was engaged to this Barbara. It makes it look like it's someone he got tangled up with before then, and when she heard about him becoming engaged. . . . But it says, 'You don't know me.' "

She nodded. "He knew she had something on him, or at least had a hunch she did. Barbara was jealous because she thought this was a too-friendly note from somebody that he was flirting with behind her back. All he had to do to calm her down was show her this. But he didn't. And he didn't get up from the table and talk to the woman and say, 'What d'you mean by this? Who are you?' " Bricky was starting to get herself together to go out. "I'm almost sure we've got the right woman and I'm going out and find her. She was at the Perroquet around midnight and they can't *all* have been tall redheads in light green dresses down there tonight."

"The place'll be closing by now," he objected.

"The people that can really help, they'll still be around. Waiters, checkroom girl, washroom attendant, all like that."

"I'm going with you." He went over to the bedroom, put out the light. Then he went toward the bath. "Just a minute," he said. "I want to get a drink of water."

SHE went on out to the stairs and waited. Then, because he didn't come, she turned and went back into the lighted living room. She could see him standing there just past the bath entrance. He'd found something.

"What is it?" she asked.

He held something out to her. "When I was getting a drink, my elbow grazed the curtain and it fell farther back than it was. And this was there, on the dry bottom of the tub."

It was a check made out to Stephen Graves, for twelve thousand five hundred dollars. It was endorsed by Stephen Graves. It was signed by Arthur Holmes. It was stamped, in damning letters diagonally across the face of it: *"Returned—No Funds."*

"When I pulled the cashbox out and opened it, this must have fallen into the tub. Then the slant of the shower curtain hid it from me until just now," he told her.

"Holmes," she said thoughtfully. "There were cards in his wallet. I think that name was on one of them."

They went out into the other room and looked. "Here it is, right here," she said. "Holmes was his broker."

He came over and joined her, check still in hand. "Any address on that?"

"No, just the brokerage firm name, down in one corner."

"Well, I can get to him." He took a hitch in his belt. "I'm *going,*" he said determinedly. "Come on. You can go down to the bus terminal a while and wait for me there."

She stopped him firmly. "I'll still take her, and you take him. And back here by quarter to six, like we said before."

They went downstairs.

"Bricky," he said in the shrouded doorway, "I don't suppose—would you want to kiss me, just for luck?" Their lips touched fleetingly.

4.19 A. M.:

Quinn went all the way down to Fifty-ninth Street before he found a place with a phone booth open. He began with the Manhattan directory. "Arthur Holmes." There were three. He took them in their order in the book. The first two were wrong. He tried the third.

The operator said finally, "They don't answer."

"Keep trying."

She went ahead.

Finally he thought she'd quit. It took him a minute to catch on. She hadn't quit, or his nickel would have come back. The wire was open but silent. Somebody listening without speaking? Somebody a little afraid? He waited to see. Somebody had to give in. He gave in first.

"Hello," he said softly.

"Yes?" a voice said reticently. It was a man's, very low and very wary.

"Is this Mr. Arthur Holmes?"

"Who is this?"

"Well, Mr. Holmes, you don't know me—"

The voice didn't fall for it. "Who is this that wants to speak to Mr. Holmes?"

He tried it again. "The name is not known to you, Mr. Holmes."

Again the voice side-stepped. "I didn't say that this was Mr. Holmes. I asked what your name was. Now don't take up any more of my time unless you tell me who you are and what you want of Mr. Holmes."

That "what you want" was what he'd been waiting for.

"Very well," he said with deceptive submissiveness. "I'll tell you both things. The name is Quinn. I want to return a check that belongs to Mr. Holmes."

"What?" the voice said quickly. "What was that?"

"I say I have a check that belongs to Mr. Holmes. But I have to know if I have the right Mr. Holmes. Is this the residence of the Arthur Holmes that's connected with the brokerage firm of Weatherby and Dodd?"

"Yes," the voice said quickly, "yes, this is."

"Well, now will you let me talk to him?"

The voice hesitated only briefly. "You are," it said quietly.

"I have a check that belongs to you," Quinn repeated.

The voice felt its way carefully. "I don't understand. If I don't know you, how could you have?"

"I'm holding it right here in my hand, Mr. Holmes."

The voice faltered. "Who's it made out to?"

"Just a second." Quinn waited a moment or two for artistic effect. "Stephen Graves," he said, with the intonation that accompanies reading aloud.

There was no sound, then the voice spoke suddenly: "Nonsense, there's no check of mine made out to any such person. Look, my friend. I don't know what's up your sleeve, but I advise you not to—"

Quinn kept his tone even, colorless. "If you'll compare it with your stub, you'll see I'm telling the truth. The number in the right-hand corner is twenty. It's the twentieth check in that particular book. It's drawn on the Case National Bank. It's dated August the twenty-fourth. It's to the amount of twelve thous—"

Something knocked hollowly, as if the instrument had slipped out of a hand.

"And how'd you—how'd you come to get hold of such a check?"

"I found it," Quinn said matter-of-factly.

"Would you—would you mind telling me where?"

This was doing things to Arthur Holmes. He'd breathe just once, quickly. And then he'd forget to breathe the next two or three times he should have in between. Then he'd breathe again just once, quickly. Quinn could hear the whole process as plainly as if he were holding a stethoscope to his ear instead of a telephone.

"I found it on the seat of a taxi."

"Who was with you when you found it?"

"No one. Just me by myself."

"Who'd you show it to afterwards?"

"No one."

"Who's with you now?"

"No one."

"What put the idea into your head of calling me up at four thirty in the morning about it?"

"I thought maybe you'd like to have it back," Quinn said disarmingly.

The voice tried to give the impression of deliberating. "Let me ask you something first. Suppose—this is just theoretical—suppose I say I don't want it back, that it's of no value to me, then what do you do with it? Throw it away?"

"No," Quinn said evenly. "Then I'll probably keep it and look up the payee—Stephen Graves. See if I can locate him."

The operator said, "Your five minutes is up. Deposit another nickel, please."

Quinn glanced down at the one he'd been holding in readiness. He waited.

The voice cried out wildly, "Wait a minute! Don't cut us off, whatever you do!"

Quinn dropped in the nickel. There was a click and then they went on. The voice had had a bad fright. It decided not to do quite so much feinting. "Well, all right. I—I would like to see this check you're holding," it capitulated. "It's of no possible value to anyone. There was a mistake, and—"

"It was returned by the bank," Quinn said flatly.

"Let me ask you—who are you? What do you do?"

"I don't see that that has anything to do with it."

The voice tried again: "Are you a married man? Have you a family to support?"

What's he asking that for? To figure how large a payment it'll take to shut me up? No; to try and find out if I'll be missed if—if anything happens to me, Quinn decided.

"I'm single," he said. "I live by myself."

"Well, look, Quinn. I'd like to see the check and—maybe I can do something for you. Where are you now?"

"Baltimore Lunchroom on Fifty-ninth Street."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get dressed and come out. You go to—let's see now—" Quinn waited. "I'll tell you. You go over toward Columbus Circle, where Broadway splits off from Central Park West. There's a cafeteria there with two entrances, open all night. You go in there and— You have no money on you, have you?"

"No."

"Well, go in anyway; they won't bother you. Say you're waiting for someone. Sit by the window, close up against the window, on the Broadway side. I'll contact you there in fifteen minutes."

Quinn thought: He's afraid there's a setup here, I guess; that I've got someone else planted out of sight. He hadn't said "I'll meet you;" he'd said, "I'll contact you." He's going to case me first. But no matter how smart he plays it, I've got that check, and he has to have it.

"Right," he assented.

"Fifteen minutes," the voice said.

The conversation ended.

Quinn took a leaf from Graves and the note he'd received at the night club: He hid the check in his shoe. On his way to the street he stopped for a moment beside the rack where they had the trays and cutlery. There was no one in the place but himself, and the attendant behind the counter wasn't watching him. He picked up one of the chrome-plated knives. The edge was blunt. But he had to have something. He sheathed it in one of the paper napkins and bedded it slantwise in his inside coat pocket.

He walked the park breadth over to Columbus Circle and got to the second place in about twelve minutes out of the fifteen he'd been given. He sat down at a table up against the window on the Broadway side and waited. He saw that if you were either on the sidewalk or in a car up against the curb, you could look in through the window, across the entire lighted room.

He glanced around to the far side of him once or twice. One time he thought he saw the dark blurred form of a car, that had been motionless until his eye caught it, glide slowly onward in the gloom.

The fifteen minutes were up, then eighteen, then twenty. He began to get uneasy. Maybe he'd fumbled the thing, lost him. His forehead started to get damp, and every time he'd wipe it dry it would get damp all over again.

The phone suddenly rang in a booth up by the cashier's desk. He looked around, then looked away again. When somebody began to thump on glass, he looked around again. The cashier was motioning him.

He went over and the cashier said, "There's somebody on here says he wants to talk to a man sitting by himself up against the window."

It was he. "Hello, Quinn?"

"Yeah, what happened to you?"

"I'm waiting for you at a place called Owen's. I'm at the bar there. It's down on Fifty-first."

"What're you trying to do, give me the run-around?"

"I know, but—you come where I am now. Take a cab. I'll pay for it when you get here."

"Are you sure you're not kidding this time?"

"I'm not kidding. I'm in the place already, waiting for you."

"All right, I'll see whether you are or not."

4.27 A. M.:

Bricky paced back and forth in front of the Perroquet. Every few moments a solitary figure would emerge and walk away, somebody who earned a living inside. Finally the hat-check girl—Bricky could tell—came out.

She stopped short as she felt Bricky's hand on her sleeve, and then a look of genuine surprise overspread her face at the discovery that the arresting hand was feminine for once.

"Did a girl borrow a sheet of paper and a pencil from you tonight?" Bricky asked.

"No woman borrowed a pencil from me; in fact I haven't one to lend." She went on up the street briskly.

A man came out. At Bricky's question he stopped and shook his head. "Not at my end of the bar. Better ask Frank; he works the other end."

Another man came out right after him.

"Are you Frank?" Bricky accosted him.

"Yeah, I'm Frank."

"Did a girl borrow a pencil from you tonight, at your end of the bar? She was a tall girl, and she was red-haired, and she was in a light-green dress. Oh, it was a long time ago, earlier in the night, but see if you can remember. Did someone?"

He nodded. "Yeah," he said, "someone like that did. I remember. Back around twelve o'clock. Borried a pencil and scribbled something."

"You don't know her name, though?"

"No, that I don't. I've got an idea she works in one of the other clubs around here—"

"You don't know which one, though?"

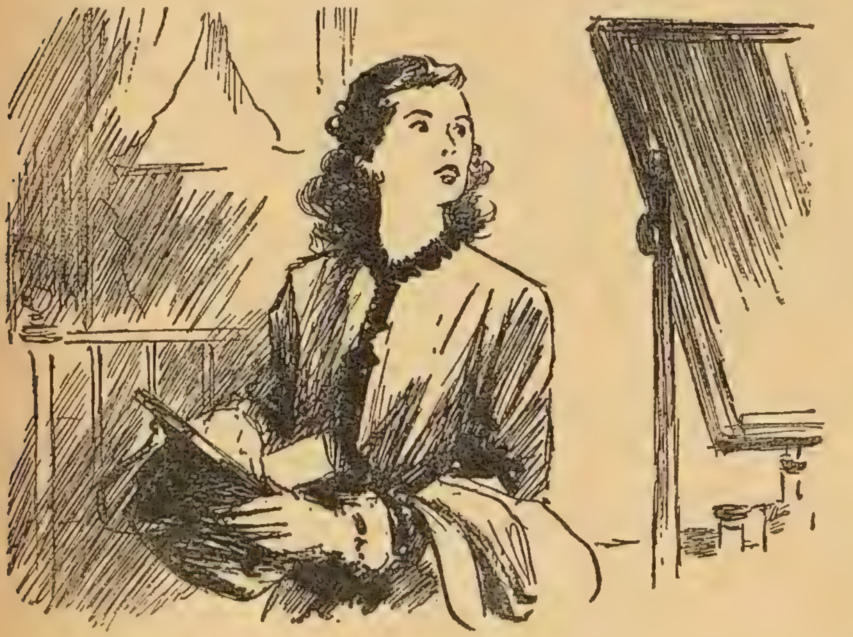
"No." He stopped by her a moment longer. "Wish I could help you."

"I do too," she said wanly.

He turned and went away. She stood there, looking down at the sidewalk.

When she raised her head, he'd turned back.

"Here's a tip for you. Down a couple of blocks there's a theatrical drugstore they all hang out in after the clubs've closed up. They gang up there and drink malted milks and let their hair down. Go over and take a shot at it. It's worth trying, anyway."



Was it! She broke away so fast she left him standing there staring after her. She ran all the way.

They weren't exactly lined up at the fountain, as he'd led her to expect. Maybe that was because it was too late. But there was a group of three chattering down at the far end. None of the three was a redhead.

Their attention settled fleetingly on Bricky, at her question.

"She means Joanie, I guess," one of them said.

They didn't know her last name, it appeared.

"I just know her from in here," one said.

"Me too," a second one added.

"She didn't show up tonight," the third one supplied. "Why don't you go around to her hotel, look her up there? It's just down the line a ways. I think it's called the Concord or the Compton or something sounds like that."

The hotel had every earmark of one of those shady places catering to card sharps, confidence men, and other fly-by-nights. It held no terrors for Bricky though. She had met its type of denizen on the dance floor every night of her life for years past. She went up to the desk with the assurance of one who doesn't expect to be turned away. An evil-looking night clerk with a whiff of stale alcohol on his breath shifted over.

She leaned comfortably over the desk on the point of one elbow. "Hello, there," she said breezily.

He widened his mouth and showed her a space between two of his teeth. It was probably supposed to be a grin.

"What room's my girl friend got?" she said unconcernedly, staring across the mildewed lobby. "I wanna run up a minute and tell her something I forgot. You know, Joanie. The one in the light-green dress. I only just left her this minute in the drugstore, but"—she gave him a snicker—"this can't wait; it's too good. Is she gonna *die!*" she brayed.

"Who's that, Joan Bristol?" he asked, with a fatuous look.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," she rattled off, as if that were to be taken for granted. Giggling, she poked him in the side. "Listen. You wanna hear something funny?" She bent her head over in the direction of his ear, as if about to whisper something to him confidentially.

He inclined his head accommodatingly.

Suddenly, with the typical volatility of the gamine part she was playing, she changed her mind. "Wait a minute. I want to tell her first. I'll tell you when I come down." She took a step away from the desk, but not without chucking him under the chin first. "Stay there now, Pops; don't go 'way." Then, quite by way of parenthesis, "What room did you say it was, again?"

"Four-o-nine, sugar," he said amiably. He even straightened his weather-beaten tie. He took a step in the direction of the decrepit switchboard.

"Oh, skip that," she called out. "She don't have to put on airs with me. Who's she kidding? I know she's two weeks behind in her rent."

He guffawed and sat down.

She stepped into the elevator with an exaggerated swing of her hips, and the venerable contraption toiled upward. The operator seemed to intend to wait for her return, so she got rid of him with a pert, "That's all right. I'll be in there quite some time."

He closed the rickety shaft door, and she turned and walked down the musty dimly-lighted corridor, along a strip of carpeting that still clung together only out of sheer stubbornness.

It seemed like a long corridor, but maybe that was because her thoughts were churning wildly. The door numbers were stepping up on her—409, there it was.

She looked down at the back of her own hand, as if to say: Was that *you?* Gee, you had guts just then! It had knocked just then on the wood, without waiting for the rest of her.

The door swept open and they stood looking at each other eye to eye, this unknown woman and she. Hard, enameled face very close to hers. Hostile wary eyes.

The upper hall at Graves' house came back to her again, the memory of creeping through there in the dark with Quinn, and she knew, without being conscious of it, that she must be smelling the same perfume again.

The eyes had already changed. Hostile wariness had already become overt challenge. A husky voice that didn't let you kid around with it spoke:

"Well, what's the angle? Didja come around to borrow a cup of sugar or didja hit the wrong door? Anything in p'tic'lar in here y'want?"

"Yes," said Bricky softly, "there is."

THE woman must have taken a draw on a cigarette just before she opened the door, and been holding it. Smoke suddenly speared from her nostrils. She looked like someone it was good to stay away from. Her arm flexed to slap the door closed in Bricky's face.

Bricky wanted to turn around and go away. But she wouldn't let herself. She was going to get in there. That door had to stay open. She did it with her foot and with her elbow.

"Take that out of the way," the woman warned in a sort of slow-rolling growl.

"We don't know each other personally," Bricky said, borrowing her huskiest dance-hall tones, "but we've got a friend in common, so that makes it even."

The Bristol woman gave her head an upward flip. "I never saw you before in my life. What d'ya mean, a friend?"

"I'm talking about Mr. Stephen Graves."

A white flash of consternation came over the woman's face. Until now, on a strip of background wall visible just behind her, there had been a vague outline shadow discernible. It now slipped off sideward, disappeared.

The woman's eyes flicked briefly in that same offside direction; then, as though she had just received some imperceptible signal, she said tautly, and with an undertone of menace, "Suppose you come in a minute, and let's hear what's on your mind." She widened the door.

Bricky thought, Here I go. I hope I get out of here alive.

She moved slowly past the other woman, turned aside into a tawdry smoke-stenched room.

The room was empty, apparently. A door, presumably to a bath, was already firmly closed when Bricky's eyes first found it, but the knob had just stopped turning, hadn't quite fallen still yet. If it appeared that she didn't know too much, the door would stay that way, wouldn't open again. Therein lay her cue: how to find out just what there was to know here, and what too much of it was. That door would tell her.

A Gladstone bag stood on the floor at the foot of the bed. The bag was packed but not closed. On top of the bureau, as though the room's occupant had returned in some turmoil, were a woman's handbag, a pair of gloves, a crumpled handkerchief.

The Bristol woman sidled in after Bricky, surreptitiously ground something out under her toe, but then a moment later, as she turned to face Bricky, was holding a half-consumed cigarette between her fingers again. Bricky pretended she hadn't noticed it smoking away on the edge of the table, ownerless until now.

Joan Bristol drew out a chair, adjusted it, swerved it, so that its back was to the closed door. Then she invited, "Help yourself to a seat. What'd you say your name was again?"

"I didn't say, but I'm Caroline Miller."

The woman gave her a smile of disbelief. "So you know some guy named Graves. Tell me, what makes you think I know him? Did he mention me to you?"

"No," Bricky said. "He wasn't doing any mentioning of anybody."

"Then what makes you think I—"

"You do, don't you?"

Joan Bristol moistened her rouge-matted lips. "You been over to see him lately?"

"I just came from there now."

The woman's eyes strayed to some point over and beyond Bricky's shoulder, as if in desperate quest of further guidance.

"How'd you find him?"

"Dead."

The Bristol woman didn't answer right away. A brief spurt of water from a faucet somewhere behind the closed door, turned on, then quickly off again, signaled her.

"Excuse me a sec," she said, getting up. "I must have forgotten to tighten the tap in there."

She sidled around Bricky's strategically-planted chair and slipped inside to the bath without opening the door widely enough to show anything beyond it. She closed it behind her.

Almost before the knob had fallen still, Bricky was up out of the chair. She only had time to go for one thing. She made it the open handbag atop the dresser. Her hand plunged in.

Lipstick, powder compact, the usual junk. Paper crackled against her viciously probing fingers from one of the side pockets. She drew it hastily out. An unpaid hotel bill for $17.89, from this hotel. Some inexplicable instinct cried out to her: "It might come in handy." She flung herself back into her chair, did something to one of her stockings, and it was gone.

AN instant later the door reopened and the Bristol woman came out again. She sat down, fixed Bricky with her eyes.

"What'd you do? Go up there to Graves' place alone?"

Bricky gave her a knowing look. "Sure. You don't suppose I take my grandmother along at times like that, do you?"

"Somebody stop you at the door and tell you? That how you found out? Were there cops outside, people hanging around, lots of excitement—that how you knew he was dead?"

It was like walking a tight rope—without a balancing pole and with no net under you—to answer.

"No, no one was around. I was the first one found him, I guess. I had a key to the house."

Joan Bristol kneaded her hands together with feverish interest. "So I suppose right away you beat it out and hollered blue murder, brought them all down on the place."

The demimondaine sitting in Bricky's chair gave her another of those worldly-wise looks. "What d'you think I am, sappy? I put out the lights and locked up the door after me, and left the place just the way I found it."

"And how long ago was it you were up there?"

"Just now."

"Then I guess that nobody knows yet but you—"

"You and me."

She had a slight sense of motion taking place behind her.

The mirror on the dresser, aslant toward her, showed her the hinged end of the door behind her slowly bending outward.

She didn't have time to turn her head. She only had time to think: I've hit the jack pot. My trail was the hot one; Quinn's the cold.

Something suddenly blanketed itself around her face from behind—a Turkish bath towel wound into a bandage arrangement. She reared up galvanically, and lost one hand behind her, secured at the wrist by some powerful grip. The Bristol woman had jolted to her own feet in time with her, and she secured the other. The two were brought together at her back, crossed over, and tied crushingly with long thin strips of something.

She couldn't draw free breath for a moment. Then a rough hand, heavier and larger than the other woman's, fumbled a little with the towel, brought it down half-face, freeing her eyes and nostrils. The remainder was tied far more tightly, with such constriction at the back of her head that she felt as though her skull was going to be crushed. But at least she could get air.

Bristol, still in front of her, addressed someone behind her back. "Watch her mouth now, Griff. You can hear everything through these walls."

A man's voice growled, "Get her feet—them high heels are barking my shins."

THE woman crouched down and Bricky felt her ankles knock together and some more thin strips whip dexterously in and out around them, lashing them.

Joan Bristol came up into sight again. "What's the play now?" she asked.

The man's voice said, "Don't you figure we ought to—" He didn't finish it.

"Not here in the room with us, Griff. They know we were *in* this room. That's begging for it!"

"Naw, you don't get me," he argued matter-of-factly. He went over to the window, drew the sash up carefully. He edged his head forward a little and looked speculatively downward. Then he turned and spoke to the woman quietly: "Four floors ought to be enough." He motioned expressively with one hand. "The three of us get drinking up here, she goes over to the window to try and open it, get a little air in, it jams and— How many times does that happen?"

"Yeah, but there's always a follow-up. That's no good for us this time, Griff. We'd get hooked here for hours, answering all kinds of police questions, and they're liable to work their way back a little too far."

"What're we gonna do, leave her here?"

The Bristol woman raked distracted fingers through her hair. "Look at the mess y' got us into now," she bleated querulously.

"Well, why the hell didn't you handle it right in the first place, like you were supposed to?"

"I couldn't manage him; he got out of hand. I only went down to the door and let you in, thinking you could throw a scare into him, get him to come across. That didn't mean you had to sign off on him!"

"What'd you expect me to do, when he made a grab at it like he did? Let him take it away from me? I still think the smart thing would be to—"

"No, I'm telling you, Griff; no! That would be the dumb thing to do. Let her chirp after we're gone. It's still only her word against ours. She went up there too, didn't she? She coulda done it just as well as us. Just let's get out of here—"

He flung open a closet door on the other side of the room, looked in. "Let's stuff her in here, ditch the key. It backs up against a dead wall, so she'll never be heard. That ought to be good for plenty of head start."

They lugged her across to it between them, thrust her inside. He rigged up a sort of halter arrangement of sheeting strips, passed it under her arms, wound it around one of the clothes hooks behind her. She was left upright, with her feet to the floor, but unable to shift out from the rear wall of the closet.

The woman said: "Can she breathe in here, in case they take some time to—"

"I don't know. She should find that out and tell us about it afterwards."

They closed the door on her. A sudden pall of darkness obliterated everything. The key was withdrawn. She could hear them for a brief moment or two longer. They were going through her handbag, finding the key to the house.

"Come on," the man said.

"What about that stew down at the desk? He must've seen her come up here."

"Where's that pint of rye? I'll offer him a good-by slug. He always goes around behind the letter boxes to down a shot. You duck out while he's back there, and make like she's with you—talk to yourself, or something."

"What about the elevator man?"

"We'll take the stairs. Come on. You ready?"

"Hey, I'm missing that hotel bill. We've got to settle up before we can get out of here."

"Never mind looking for it now. He can make out a new one for me down at the desk—"

The outer door closed and they were gone.

5.01 A. M.:

Quinn made it to Owen's on Fifty-first Street, in about seven or eight minutes. Owen's had the look of one of the old-time speakeasies of two decades before. It was the ground floor of a brownstone house, and you went in by the basement.

There was a man sitting in a booth by himself, facing the front. His hair was frosting around the edges, but still dark on the crown of his head. He had on rimless spectacles, and they gave him rather a sedate look. Much too sedate to be sitting by himself at a bistro around five in the morning. His hand was curved around a highball. Quinn went over and stood looking down at him. There was a curious moment of abeyance. The man at the table spoke first:

"You're Quinn, I guess."

"I'm Quinn, and you're Holmes."

"How much is your taxi bill?"

"Sixty cents."

"Here's the money."

Quinn came back in again in a moment, and Holmes gestured toward the plank seat across from him. Quinn sat considerably to the outside of it, away from the wall.

"There's a drink for you," Holmes said. "I had to order ahead, so I'd be allowed to stay in here. It's past closing time."

Quinn thought, but without putting much stock into it, Be funny if he'd slipped something into this.

Holmes seemed to have read his mind. "Take mine instead, then," he said. "I haven't put it to my mouth yet."

He drew the other glass away from in front of Quinn, tilted it to his lips, drank deeply.

"Whenever you say," he said ironically.

Quinn looked around him surreptitiously, thinking, I can't do much with him here. I shouldn't have let him pick the background.

Again Holmes seemed to read his mind. "Do you want to come out to the car instead?"

"I didn't know you had one. Why didn't you pick me up with it in the first place, instead of letting me do all this chasing back and forth?"

"I wanted to get a line on you first. I didn't know what I was up against."

Holmes drained his drink to the bottom, stood up, put on his hat with as much precision of adjustment as though he were leaving a business luncheon. He started for the entrance, the invisible reins of the situation tight in his hand.

Quinn rose, his drink untouched. Then he glanced at it. I might need that for what's coming, he thought, I feel sort of saggy inside. He drank it down in two or three long gulps, and then went out after Holmes. In no time he felt better.

The car was a few doors down. Holmes, standing waiting beside it, motioned him in; sidled it into motion. "We can't sit talking in it at the curb at this hour. We'll get a cop down on us, sticking his nose into the car," he said.

"What's wrong with that?" Quinn chopped out.

Holmes said suavely, "I don't know. Do you?"

"I was asking you," Quinn said.

Holmes smiled. The car dawdled westward. Neither of them said anything. Quinn thought, I'll let him begin. Why should I make it any easier for him? Holmes wheeled them through the dark streets at random. Finally he seemed to come to a decision. He turned off at a street that became a ramp, dipping under the East River Drive, and ended on a sort of landing stage just above the blackness of the river. He stopped only after their front tires were tight against the low stone curbing that rimmed it. There was no bulkhead. He shut off the engine and killed the front lights.

"You're pretty close to the edge, aren't you?" Quinn remarked.

"The wheel's blocked. You're not nervous, are you?"

"I'm not nervous," Quinn said flatly. "Should I be?"

Holmes turned his head slightly aside.

"What're you looking at your watch for?"

"I was trying to figure how long ago you met me at Owen's."

"Twenty minutes," Quinn said, "and this should have been all over with by now."

"It's going to be." He hunched forward, with his hands down against the dashboard lights. Paper rustled. "Here's two hundred dollars," he said. "Now give me the check."

Quinn didn't answer.

"Two hundred and fifty."

Quinn didn't answer.

"How much do you want?"

"I want a written confession that you killed Stephen Graves tonight. If you don't give me that, then I'm going to take you and the check, both, to the police."

Holmes' lower jaw kept falling. "No, wait—" he said two or three times over. "No, wait—"

"You weren't up there tonight, Mr. Holmes?"

The lower jaw suddenly clamped tight.

"He's dead up there," Quinn said, "and you're the man that did it. You don't really think I found that check skating around town loose in a taxi, do you? I found it where I found Stephen Graves' body lying sprawled out!"

"You're lying."

"I was up there," Quinn said.

Holmes didn't answer. Again his head turned aside.

"Never mind looking at your watch. Your watch can't save you."

Holmes put it away. He spoke at last. "Yes, my watch can. You're just a kid, aren't you? Gee, I almost feel sorry for you, son. I didn't know you were as young as you are, over the phone."

Quinn blinked.

"You've talked yourself into the grave. If you had just kept your mouth closed, I really would have believed you found that check in a taxi. You would have gone to sleep here in the car. And you would have awakened in a couple of hours beside the river here, *without* the check, but otherwise unharmed. Maybe with a ten-dollar bill in your pocket. Head weighs too much, doesn't it? Keeps toppling over."

Quinn suddenly pushed at it and held it back.

HOLMES smiled a little, patronizingly. "If you'd stuck to your own highball glass, this wouldn't have happened to you. You were suspicious, but not suspicious enough. You took the wrong glass. Mine. I'm a chess player. You're evidently not."

He stopped and watched Quinn. "Tie too tight? That's right, pull the knot down. Bust open the neck of your shirt too. That's right. Doesn't help much, though, does it? Can't keep it from happening. You're going to sleep. Here in the car. You're going into the river. Without a mark on you. I'll take the check off you before you do, don't worry. I'll find it on you. You wouldn't have come to the pay-off without having it on you somewhere. It's stuck in your shoe probably. That's about where your type of youngster would think was a clever hiding place for it."

Quinn clawed for the door catch in a sort of toppling, forward fall. Holmes slipped an arm around under his stomach and drew him back onto the seat again, like a topheavy sack.

Holmes lowered the window on that side. He turned suddenly and caught at Quinn's flailing hand. "What's that you've got? A table knife? What can you do with that? Look how easy I can twist it away from you." He flung it out forward through the side opening. "Did you hear it splash? That's water in front of us. Right over the hub cap."

He held one arm propped against the side of the car, with an attitude of patient waiting. Something like a sob sounded deep down in Quinn's throat. I found out one thing, anyway, he thought foggily. I was on the right track. But I found out too late—

"You won't get away with it, mister," he mumbled drowsily, as his head went down for the last time. "Bricky knows. There are two of us, not just one—"

5.21 A. M.:

She leaned there bound and helpless in the dark closet. They'd never make that bus.

It must be all of five thirty by now. In another ten minutes at the latest she and Quinn should have been starting for the bus terminal.

Suddenly that other door outside had reopened and someone was in the room again. For a minute wild hope flashed through her mind. Maybe Quinn, drawn here by some miraculous sixth sense—

Then a voice spoke, cottony with subdued rage. It was Griff, Bristol's accomplice.

"Why d'n't you think of that sooner, you half-witted dope?"

Bristol's voice answered him grimly, "I would've asked her the first time, only you came out of there too fast for me. There must have been *something* there that tipped her off to me. It's a cinch she didn't pull my name and address out of a trick hat—"

The closet door swung out and blinding light spilled over her. She was loosened from the hook, hauled out between the two of them. The towel gag was lowered sufficiently to enable her to speak.

Joan Bristol raised a hand to Bricky's hair, took a half-turn in it, and drew her head back at a taut inclination. "Now, no stalling. Just what was it over at Graves' place that hooked you onto me? How'd you know I knew him, and how'd you know where to find me? I'm going to let you have it, and I'm going to keep on letting you have it, until you give me the straight goods on it!"

Bricky answered in a muffled but unhesitant voice: "You dropped your hotel bill over there. I found it lying in the room with him."

The blow came with a sound like a paper bag full of water dropping from a third-floor window, but it wasn't from Bristol to Bricky; it was from her own teammate to Bristol.

"Why, you—!" the man grated. "I mighta known you'd do something like that! It's as good as leaving your calling card sticking out of his vest pocket! I oughta slap you down to the soles of your feet!"

"She's lying!" Joan Bristol shrilled, one side of her face slowly reddening. "I could swear I still saw it in my handbag after I got back here!"

"Did you take it out to show it to him? Answer me!"

"Yes, I did—I—you know, as part of the build-up, to show him how bad I needed money. That was at the start, before he got tough about it. But I *know* I put it back again, Griff!"

Bricky shook her head within the man's boa-constrictor-like grasp. "It fell out. It was for seventeen dollars and eighty-nine cents. It had 'Past Due' stamped on it in purple ink."

He gave her a merciless shake. "Did you bring it here with you? What'd you do with it? Where is it?"

"I left it there where it was. I was afraid to touch anything. I left everything just the way I found it."

Bristol closed in again. "Don't take her word for it. She may have brought it with her. Frisk her and see if it's on her."

"You do it. I'll hold her."

Her hands went quickly about their business. Bricky's legs were tightly bound together at the feet. She held them that way. The bill was within the top of one of her stockings, to the inside. The Bristol woman poked a finger down into each at the outside of the leg.

"She hasn't got it on her."

"Then we'll have to go back there and get it! It's a dead giveaway. You chump! I ought to bust your neck lopsided for you!"

The woman was thinking. "Wait a minute. I've got the play, Griff," she said in a rapid, bated voice. "We'll take *her* back there with us, and we'll leave her there with him. Fix it to look like she did it to him. You know—do what you wanted to do in the first place, only do it over there. Give them a double-header to figure out. That way we're in the clear. It don't have anything to do with us."

He thought about it for a minute.

"All right. Fix her up to get her past that desk downstairs. She's pie-eyed, see, and you've got to help her home. I'll still get the clerk out of the way like I told you. Leave her hands the way they are, just loosen her feet so she can move on them."

They were numb from constriction; she couldn't use them at first, even after they'd been freed.

Bristol took her own coat, slung it around Bricky's shoulders, concealing her arms.

"Take the towel off her chin," the man said. "You'll have to. Here, use this on her."

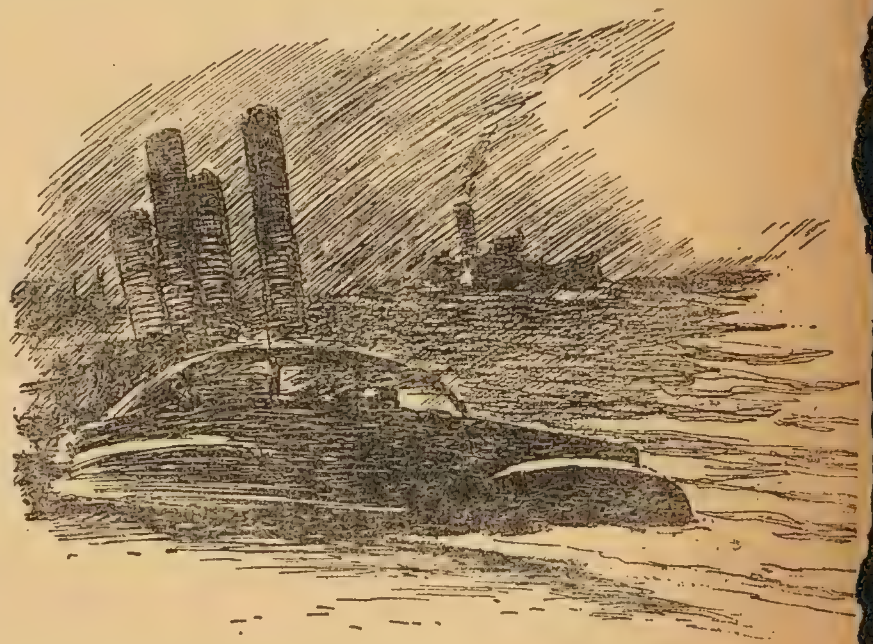
He handed something to Bristol. Something snub-nosed and black. Probably the gun that had been used on Graves. It disappeared under the enshrouding coat, and Bristol's hand ground it hard into Bricky's spine.

"Now wait here with her. I'm going down ahead and get the car out of bed, and get rid of that stew down at the desk. Gimme about ten minutes. Better take the stairs."

The door closed after him. The two women stood silent and rigid, one directly behind the other, the coat hooded between them.

Bristol shifted a little, spoke at last. "That's long enough. Start walking over to the door now. If you let a peep out of you, on the stairs or on the way through the lobby, or outside while we're walking over to the car, this goes off."

They went out of the room and along the musty corridor. Behind one of the doors the loose, tinny jangling of an alarm clock went off just after they had gone a few steps past, and a curious transmitted shock passed from one woman to the other that was almost like electric current passing through the gun for a conductor.



Bricky heard Bristol let out a deep breath behind her and knew how close that accidental thing had come to exploding the weapon.

They turned in where there was a dark-red exit bulb burning, and started down an emergency staircase. Its lower reaches brightened imperceptibly with light from the lobby. They heard Griff's voice, somewhat hollow and resonant in the open down there:

"Take another one. Go on, don't be afraid; that's what it's for."

"Wait a minute," Bristol whispered tensely behind her, and held her motionless at the foot of the stairs. The desk was out of sight from there, around an el-shaped turn. They had to go straight past the front of it, however, to reach the street.

Somebody gave a strangled cough, and Griff's voice sounded again: "Easy, easy. Don't swallow the whole bottle."

"Now," Bristol said. The gun urged her forward as though it were some sort of a handle which controlled her movements.

Griff alone was visible at the desk. The two-headed, four-legged, curiously humpbacked creature that was the two women and a gun, slithered by. They were in the car when he joined them. Bristol had Bricky in the back, the gun shifted around to her side now.

They made the run swiftly. Just before they took the final turn into Seventieth, Bristol warned him in a slurred undertone, as though just the two of them were alone in the car, "Watch it now. Don't pull up unless you're sure."

They turned in and he ran past the house. There was no sign of life, inside or out.

Was he back yet? Was he in there?

Griff swerved in only after they were well past it; reversed and backed; braked finally, but still a good three or four doors down from it. Then they watched again briefly. Nothing.

"Still good for another quick trip in and out again," he murmured, tight-lipped. "Come on, let's go."

Her heart was racketing wildly as they hauled her out to the sidewalk, sandwiched her in between them, and hustled her up the stoop and into the concealment of the vestibule.

"Made it," Joan Bristol exhaled relievedly.

"Where's that key she had on her? Hurry up."

They thrust her inside between them.

THE darkness inside the house was as impenetrable as ever. Griff lit a match; dwarfed it in the bowl of his two hands to an orange-red pin point. He led the way with it. Bricky trudged at his heels, still armless under the coat, the gun still at her back. The Bristol woman came last.

Suppose he was waiting up there in the room ahead, with the lights out? Suppose he heard them, came forward now, saying, "Bricky, is that you?" She would be bringing death upon him. And if he wasn't up there, then she had brought death upon herself. What was the difference either way? It was too late now; they'd missed the bus.

The opening of the death room loomed black and empty before them in the stunted rays of Griff's match. He whipped it out and for a moment there was nothing. Then he lit the room lights, and they shoved her in there with the dead man. Into the emptiness, where there was no Quinn waiting to help her.

Griff said, "All right, now. Hurry up and get it. Let's do what we have to and get out of here fast!"

Bristol scanned the floor, turned on Bricky menacingly. "Well, where is it? I don't— Where'd you say you saw it?" She was still holding the gun.

"Over there by him is where I said," Bricky answered in a listless voice. Then she added, "And you believed me."

"Then you didn't—!" the other woman yelped. She swung toward her confederate. "See, I told you!"

His open hand burst into Bricky's face. "Where've you got it?"

She staggered lopsidedly, then came up again, smiling bleakly. "That's your problem."

His voice calmed suddenly. "Let me have that," he said to Bristol. "I'll do it."

The gun passed back to him again.

"Get away from her. Move over."

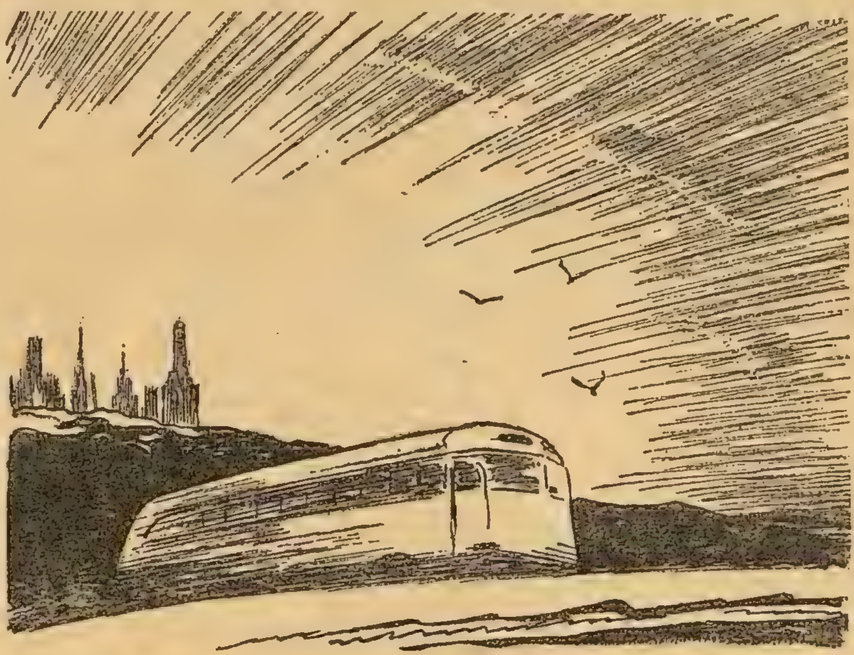
He was coming toward her; to make it a contact wound, so the possibility of self-destruction could enter into it afterward.

She was going to die now. Maybe that was better. It was too late now to take that bus—the bus for home. The clock said a quarter to six.

5.45 A. M.:

That was the last thing she saw. She closed her eyes on it. The roar of the gun jarred them open. She thought it was the loudest thing she'd ever heard. She wondered why it didn't hurt her more. She wondered if that was what death was always like, just that stunned, deafened feeling—

Griff was lumbering around two or three feet in front of her. Was it he doing that, or was it she? He had too many arms, he had too many legs, there was too much of him—



The gun, still streaking smoke, was tilted upward in his hand. Another hand had his by the wrist. The crook of an arm was wrapped around his neck.

The boy next door, fighting for her. Fighting for her—the way the boy next door should.

Suddenly there was a floor-shaking collapse. Two bodies threshing around.

Joan Bristol flashed toward her, an andiron snatched up from before the fireplace raised high above her head.

Bricky slithered one leg out and deftly spoked it between Bristol's feet. The woman went down face-first and the andiron went looping futilely through the air.

Bricky flung herself down on her before she could get up again. "I'll be right with you, Bricky," a winded voice gasped.

Griff was face-down on the floor. He twitched a little. Quinn stood watchfully over him for a second. He had the gun.

"I can't hold her down," Bricky panted.

He got something from Graves' desk, cut her hands free, and then fastened the bands around Joan Bristol's hands.

"Do that, uh, to him too," she gasped.

"You bet." He went into the bedroom, came out with linen stripped from Graves' bed, ripped it and went to work.

"I saw them coming in with you. I was watching from one of the front windows on this floor. The way you were walking between them, sort of stiff, told me they had a gun on you. I backed up into the bathroom and—"

"They did it, Quinn. We got the right ones at last."

"I know it wasn't Holmes. Gee, I had a narrow escape, though—" He stood up, surveyed his own handiwork. "No need to gag them; let them attract all the attention they can. In fact, we'll do it for them."

"Look." She pointed. "Two past six."

"Let's try for it anyway. Let's go down there. Grab your suitcase."

He caught her by the hand, pulled her out of the room after him, down the stairs.

In the hall, he said, "Open the door and stand there. I'll use the phone down here. It'll only take a minute."

He picked up the phone and said, "Give me the police." Then to her, "Hold that door out of the way for me." She pushed it back with her arm and held it wide.

"I want to report a murder. At"—he gave the house number—"East Seventieth Street. You'll find Stephen Graves lying dead on the second floor of his house there. In the same room with him you'll find the two people who did it. You'll find them tied up and waiting for you, if you don't take too long getting there. In the desk, also in that same room, you'll find a special-delivery letter. That'll give you the reason. Oh, and you'll find the gun that they did it with, downstairs in the vestibule, under the doormat. Huh? No, this isn't a rib. Me? Oh, just a—just a fellow who happened to be passing."

He flung the instrument down. "Go!" he shouted to her. He dipped down for a minute, shoved the gun under the doormat, and then went down the steps after her.

"Their car!" she called back, pointing. "He left his keys in it."

He slammed into it after her, swerved it out away from the curb. They went tearing down Madison, almost empty of traffic at that hour. Twice Quinn took a chance, drove through a red light, slackening speed but not stopping. The sky kept getting lighter over in the east.

His hand stole a moment from the wheel, squeezed hers, tight, then went back again fast to the throbbing rim. The buildings kept shooting up taller ahead of them all the time. They shifted over now; they were going down Seventh on their way toward the Thirties. Broadway, on their right, kept edging closer through each successive side-street opening. Then suddenly Times Square sheared straight across their path; was left behind.

Suddenly she was up on her knees, facing backward on the seat, pummeling his shoulder.

"Quinn! Oh, Quinn! The clock on the Paramount says five to six! That one back there must have been fast—"

"Maybe this one's slow. Get down on the seat. I'm going to make a turn."

The razor-edged sharpness of it lifted two wheels clear, and they were in Thirty-fourth. And there it was ahead of them, under way already, the big cross-country bus. . . . It had just finished clearing the terminal ramp as they got there, turned and straightened, and now it was beginning to pick up speed, point westward, headed for the river tunnel, the Jersey side—and home.

He wouldn't give up. He sent the lighter, more maneuverable thing that they were in winging after it. They gained, they closed, they caught up. It slowed ponderously for a friendly red light, and they coasted deftly up alongside of it. They were already out and on the ground before it had quite stopped. They pounded pleadingly on the glass inset of its door. The driver shook his head. But the red light lasted and lasted. Anyone with a heart would have had to give in. He glanced to see if anyone was noticing, and then pulled the door open.

"Why don'tchuz get on where you're supposed to?" he bellowed. "What d'ya think this is, a crosstown trolley?"

SHE went reeling down the aisle, found a vacant double near the back. A moment later Quinn had dropped down beside her, their borrowed car jockeyed over to the curb and left behind, their tickets in his hand.

They were well out in the Jersey meadows, the tunnel behind them, New York behind them, before she'd gotten enough breath back to talk at all.

"Quinn," she said in an undertone, "do you think those two will be able to talk their way out of it? After all, we won't be there to give our side of it."

"We won't have to. There'll be others who can put the finger on them."

"Others? You mean there are witnesses?"

"Not to the murder. No one saw that. But there's one member of his own family, in particular, whose testimony will be enough to convict them."

"How do you know?"

"There's a letter from the younger brother, Roger, back there in Graves' desk, where I told them to look for it. The one I told you was away at college somewhere. It was sent special delivery. Graves must have gotten it sometime yesterday. I came across it while I was waiting for you to show up. In it the kid tried to tip off Stephen so he wouldn't come across if the Bristol woman tried to put her hooks into him."

"How'd he know?"

"He was married to her. But she still has a husband at large somewhere."

"How'd he come to get tangled up with such a bum?"

"She was entertaining at a roadhouse near his college, and he fell for her. She and a former vaudeville partner of hers looked him up, and they found out he came from a prominent family and meant dough. So they took him. The partner made up as a rube justice of the peace, and the kid believed he was really married to Bristol. They took the kid for all they could."

"And then, I suppose, the pitcher went to the well once too often."

"That's about it. All the dough was coming from Stephen Graves, naturally. So when the take started to climb up a little too high, he cut off the kid's funds."

"That blew the lid off."

"They didn't trust each other, she and the partner, and he showed himself around trying to find out what was what. The kid caught sight of him hanging around her dressing room, recognized him, and tumbled to the frame. They lit out just one jump ahead of him, figuring the stunt might be good for one more lump payment at this end before Roger could get to his older brother and warn him. The special delivery from the kid beat them to Stephen by just a couple of hours' time; he was ready for them by the time they showed up."

"I CAN fill in the rest by myself," she said. "I overheard that part of it from them. Instead of getting frightened, he turned the tables on them. The woman went in first to cinch the deal. Graves told her to go to hell, and told her he was going to the police. She lost her head, ran down to the door, and let her pal in. He pulled a gun on Graves. Graves grabbed for it and lost his life."

"And I nearly lost mine."

"Why? What happened?"

"Holmes. He was so scared about that check, that when he found out Graves was dead and he might be accused of having done it, he nearly did the very thing that he was trying so hard not to be suspected of. Murder, with me the object."

"He tried to—"

"He did more than try. He practically had the thing finished. He put something into my whisky, and he was going to roll me over into the river. Your name saved me. I happened to mumble that you'd know he did it anyway; that it wouldn't save him to get rid of me. That snapped him out of it. Instead of shoving me in, he rushed me back to his place and filled me full of black coffee.

"By the time that was over—I dunno—we sort of believed each other. He told me he'd simply been caught short, and to cover himself up he'd palmed the check off on Graves. But he'd raised the money to make it good by the time he went over to see Graves last night. Then he found he couldn't square it because Graves couldn't find the blamed thing. It had fluttered out of the cashbox when I broke into the safe the first time, you remember.

"Holmes left with the understanding that Graves wouldn't prosecute, and that he was to call back again today, when Graves had had more time to look for it.

"Anyway, I let him have the check back. He made out a new one right then and mailed it back to Graves in an envelope. The estate can cash it. . . . And—"

He took something out of his pocket and showed it to her. Her face paled a little at the sight of so much money.

"No, don't be frightened," he reassured her. "It's honest this time. Holmes was so happy at getting out of the mess, he made me a present of this. Two hundred bucks. He said, later on, if I'd like to, I can send it back to him a little at a time.

"It's enough for us to get a new start on. You can do a lot with two hundred dollars in our town. We could make a first payment on a little place of our own and—"

She didn't hear him. Her head had dropped to his shoulder, was rocking there gently with the motion of the bus.

We're going home, she thought drowsily. Me and the boy next door. We made the bus.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

HOWARD SPRING has assembled a curious assortment of characters in his new novel, **Hard Facts.** Some of them—notably Daniel Dunkerley, the blustering, half-educated penny-magazine publisher —might have stepped out of the pages of one of the pieces of ironic realism that established the fame of H. G. Wells. Theo Chrystal, the parson whose heart was divided between his aristocratic patroness and a girl with a scandalous past, is like one of those nice priggish young clerics at whom Anthony Trollope used to poke affectionate fun.

Howard Spring

Elsie Dillworth, the very good girl who had once been a very bad one, would seem like a stock character off the shelves of romantic fiction if not for the fact that the author has endowed her with an impish sense of humor. The same is true of her brother Alec, the embittered young poet who became a literary prostitute so that he could provide a decent home background for her.

Hard Facts was the name of the brash and spectacularly successful paper launched in 1885 by the dynamic Mr. Dunkerley. It's strikingly similar to Answers, the penny weekly that was founded in real life by Alfred Harmsworth, later Lord Northcliffe. For that matter, it doesn't take very deep detective work to find a family resemblance between Dunkerley and the aggressive Mr. Harmsworth. But there's nothing in the portrait that would make him turn over in his luxurious grave; the reader will be more inclined to sympathize with the kindly, crude Mr. Dunkerley than with the literary snobs who were shocked at the mild vulgarity of his paper.

Mr. Spring has drawn the character of Dunkerley with evident relish. It's the outstanding feature of an unpretentious, mellow, and very readable story.

Published by the Viking Press, N. Y. Price $2.50.

IN Little Coquette, Renée de Fontance McCormick tells a nostalgic story of her childhood in France in the 1900s. It's a book that women will enjoy for its charming details of the parties, the clothes, and the social amenities of a lavish era; and men, for the robust characterization of that amiable connoisseur of the good things of life, the Count d'Entremont.

Renée de Fontance McCormick

In many ways Mrs. McCormick's book is a French counterpart of Clarence Day's Life with Father. In this case Father is a gentleman who makes a career of leisure, dividing his time between unruly horses and agreeable women.

In 1914 the make-believe world in which the pampered little girl lived with her delightfully useless father came to an abrupt end. This is Mrs. McCormick's description of him as he goes off to the war:

"Wearing his silver helmet with its long horsetail flying in the wind; in a new and immaculate uniform of the heavy dragoons; with white gauntlets on his hands, father spent his last day saying good-by to former loves. There were so many of them listed on a sheet of paper that he had to make a schedule of how much time to allow each so as not to miss any. . . . Then he took me on his knees and talked to me tenderly, while I clung to him sobbing. 'Biquette, darling, be brave. . . . Don't ever forget to be honest in business matters. Be indulgent with people, and kind-hearted. . . . Only those who do not know how to live do not sin, but I have tried to do the least possible harm. . . . Now I give you my blessing.' "

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. Price $2.75.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

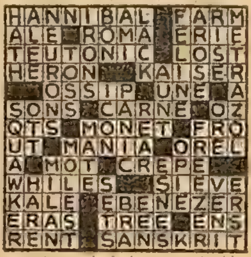
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

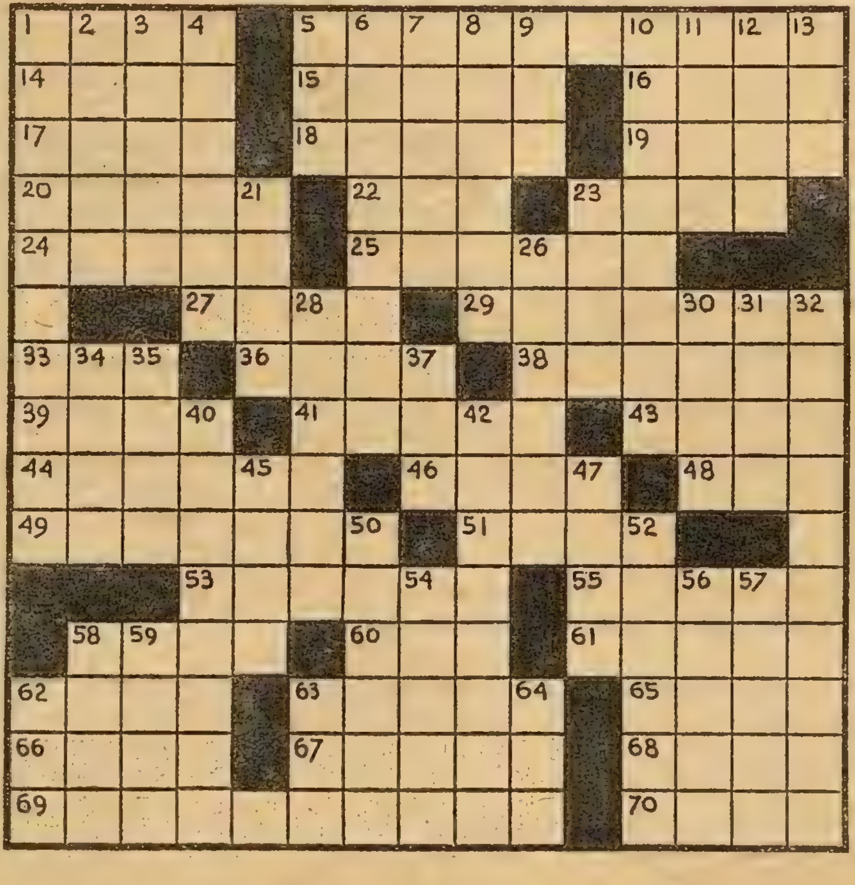
1 This has a hard exterior, but it's just an old softy at heart
5 Ultimate in pigskin luggage, faH style (pl.)
14 Kiri's given name
15 What German atrocities do
16 Kind of life a druggist leads
17 Hotspot for the kneady
18 Ugh! Heap high price ceiling on him! Ugh! Scalpum landlord! Ugh!
19 This will continue to be green this fall
20 Seat covers
22 Thingum, Latinum
23 Three pips
24 Snail, stepped on and anagramed
25 The language of numbers
27 Unmix
29 Retreaded cavalry hoss
33 Hope this becomes a wasm in the postwar world
36 It may be high stepping but it's just a heel with a good old sole
38 Less prone to hang one's clothes on the floor
39 This is fed to kitties
41 What rabbits do faster than run
43 The hall of Hibernian song
44 Panty-shirty for Hirohito
46 Inferior men
48 Hippopotamus under deflation
49 Mozart got a bang out of these
51 The flower of your eye
53 There's no accounting for these
55 Married twenty-five years
58 Food with sound effects
60 Rheumatic Lovers Oscillate
61 Indian River folks go way down upon
62 Me and you, with intestinal fortitude
63 Oscar, the swishy scribe
65 Arizonans have a sense of this
66 Rain rarely falls in this hotspot (anag.)
67 It gets darned good and balled up
68 A horse better would give everything he had to quit this way
69 The King of Kibitzers
70 Dips

VERTICAL

1 Chungking pie lifters
2 French skunk
3 Place filled with bullrushes
4 He preys and preys, but is just an insect at heart
5 Air-cooled fabric
6 Wrong-number giver
7 Elevated snorebox
8 The man Mussolini never was
9 Hitler Loves Enemies
10 Portable heating system
11 What makes Hedy Lamarr heady?
12 Floating sinkers (U. S.)
13 This is pretty tricky
21 Schnozzola elevator
23 The Old Man with the Scythe
26 The Saturday knight's Saturday night
28 Doodlebugs (slang); results of breeding a man with a monkey wrench
30 State of the nation
31 The man Mussolini almost was
32 Hammy sad sacks
34 Greyhound bus with whale blood
35 Gal Lily Pons sings about
37 Beveridge's beverage
40 What our engineers toss lightly across the broadest rivers
42 Sketchy in a jerky way
45 Tidey word
47 Relaxes it on wood
50 Hit the breeze and fail to make a hit
52 The immortal Tom
54 Gal's name
56 Isn't it colorful!
57 Ant
58 The boys in the Pacific say there's nothing to it
59 War's most shameful battle
62 Song of the bottle
63 Woozy Shane Imbecilities
64 Compass point


HANNIBAL■FARM
ALE■ROMA■ERIE
TEUTONIC■LOST
HERON■■KAISER
■■OSSIP■UNE■A
SONS■CARNE■OZ
QTS■MONET■FRO
UT■MANIA■OREL
A■MOT■CREPE■■
WHILES■■SIEVE
KALE■EBENEZER
ERAS■TREE■ENS
RENT■SANSKRIT

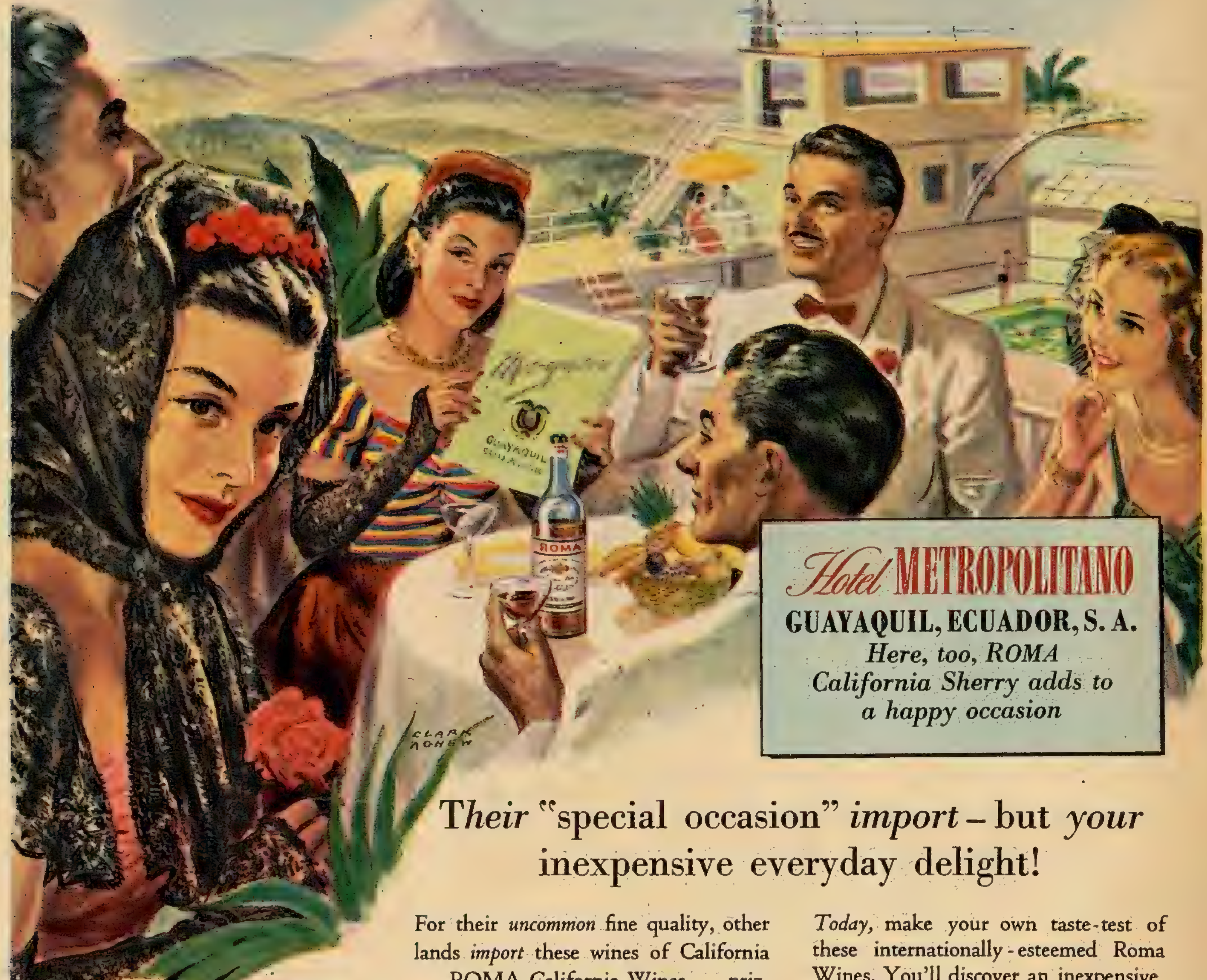
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

ACROSS THE EQUATOR—WITH ROMA WINES

Made in California for enjoyment throughout the world



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Their "special occasion" *import*—but *your* inexpensive everyday delight!

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Serve Chilled

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ASK YOUR JEWELER!

INTERNAL BATHS END YEARS OF DISTRESS

Baffled at 47—Feels Like a Young Man at 77

Imagine how thrilling it must be for a man, feeling half-sick, half-alive for years, suddenly to find himself restored to new happiness and vitality. How wonderful he must feel to realize at last he may be able to say good-bye to the headaches, biliousness, sluggishness, that all-in feeling, due to chronic constipation suffered through many years. But such a man was Leopold Aul and as explained in his own words, "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. 'Why don't you take Internal Baths?', he asked, 'they did wonders for me'."

What Is An Internal Bath?

Thereupon Mr. Aul began investigating Internal Baths. He found that a bonafide Internal Bath is the administration into the lower intestine of pure warm water—Nature's greatest cleansing agent—to which is added J.B.L. Powder. Through the use of the J.B.L. Cascade, five quarts of the cleansing solution is sent gently swirling throughout the entire length of the colon. In just a short time your impacted colon is thoroughly cleansed of its whole foul mass; the putrefying, delayed waste is loosened and washed away. Often the relief is immense—often a new sense of vigor and well-being sweeps over you.

Naturally, Mr. Aul did buy a J.B.L. Cascade. It proved a turning point in his life. Gone, according to his testimony, was the worry and distress that had hitherto overshadowed his whole life, sapped his ambition.

Read Mr. Aul's Astounding Letter.

"I am now 77 years young, have owned a Cascade for over thirty years. When I first started using the J.B.L. Cascade I was a victim of constipation and at my wits' end as to what to do about it. Tried most everything that was recommended and prescribed for me for years without results. I now feel that Internal Bathing was responsible for bringing back my health and for keeping it ever since. I use the Cascade occasionally now, but I would not part with it for $1,000. Have sincerely recommended it to everyone suffering from the ill effects of constipation."

(Signed) Leopold Aul

SEND FOR THIS *FREE* BOOKLET

Investigate yourself the merits of Internal Bathing. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below and receive, absolutely FREE your copy of "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This instructive 24-page booklet may open your eyes to many surprising facts about constipation and its many attributed ills; reveals, too, how many thousands of Internal Bathers have gained new health and vigor through this drugless treatment. MAIL YOUR COUPON TODAY.

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LETTER HOME

Continued from Page 19

else act thataway." He thought about his blue-eyed Jennie and wondered if women were the same anywhere. Would she, when they were married—would he, for that matter!

He considered going back to his letter and decided that he had better get back to the field. If the man wasn't there, he'd fine him when he came back.

But he was already there, working, when Banty reached the field. The day went with its usual irritable swiftness. There was plenty of work to do on the field, getting the planes that were held there for repair into shape. He had a dozen Chinese workmen under him who worked well and badly at the same time, well at what they understood, and badly when they tried something they did not understand. Everything they did had to be examined lest there be a point at which their ignorance might cause a fighting flier's life. Banty spent his time going from one Chinese to another. He stopped suddenly and yelled.

"Hey, you! That rivet don't go there!"

The man looked up. It was the wife-beater.

"Oh it's you, hey?" Banty roared. "Clumsy again, hey?"

He saw that the man was trembling and sweating, and he stopped swearing. These Chinese were like women, he thought half scornfully, always taking everything so hard! Why, the fellow was afraid of him!

"Get out of my way," he growled, and pushed the man aside. But his heart was turning soft in him. They tried hard enough, these fellows. But why wouldn't they ask when they did not know, instead of going on and making their damned mistakes? Suppose Roger had taken this plane out tomorrow? He had to watch everything.

By the time he had the thing righted his heart was butter. He clapped the slender downcast young Chinese on his bare back. "You talkee my," he said loudly, "when you don't know," he added. Even his pidgin English was limited. The man poured out a stream of softly voweled sounds. Banty shook his head. "I dunno," he said. "It's all the same to me." The man looked helplessly at his fellows.

"Get to work!" Banty yelled.

HALFWAY through the morning he had a short time for rest. "Maybe I kin git that darned letter wrote," he muttered, and went back to his room. Skeesicks was still asleep. Must be the kid don't get enough sleep at night, he thought. The room was insufferably hot and Skeesicks woke up as he stood looking down at him. He climbed solemnly out of bed. He was barefoot and he held up his right foot. The bottom of it was black, but he pointed at it with his tiny forefinger.

"T'un," he said.

Banty picked him up and felt the tough little pad. There was a swelling—he could feel it. He got his tin basin and some water and washed the foot tenderly, and when it was sufficiently clean he saw a large splinter. He had seen plenty of men cut and mashed into pieces, but his blood chilled at the sight of the angry spot in the baby's foot. "You'll have to come to the hospital, Skeesicks," he said gently. "I can't take that out. It would spoil my dinner."

He carried the baby downstairs and across the drill field over to the one-story hospital building, and there he wandered until he found a nurse. "Can you take a

(Continued on page 60)

BUY WAR BOND

The American Way

This is the United States of America . . . united to preserve the independence of every American.

Every American wants his own home, good schools for his children, a church for his spiritual needs and civic leaders who inspire confidence and respect. He wants an income as big as his ability and his will to work can make it.

He knows that normal purchasing by Americans like himself sustains prosperity but that when Americans like himself buy less, production falls off, payrolls decrease and living standards are lowered. When times are good, savings go into savings banks, insurance premiums and investments. The savings of Americans like himself are the capital which maintains industry and enterprise.

Americans like himself are the labor, the consumers and the capitalists in America . . . they are all three . . . and this fact assures their independence.

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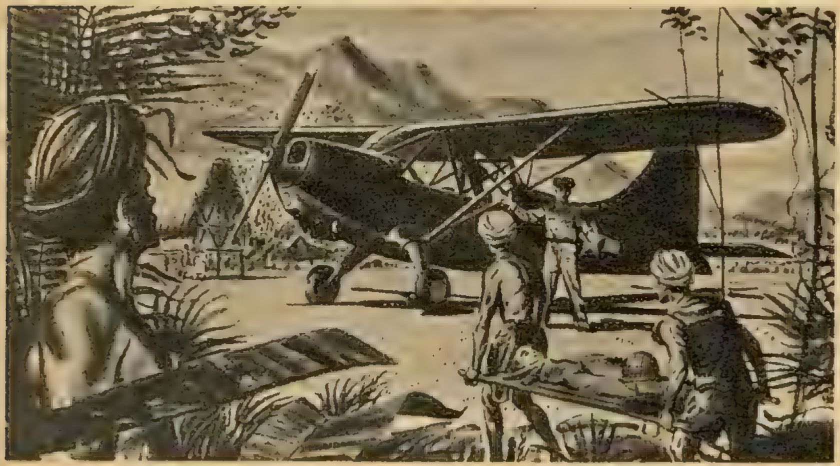
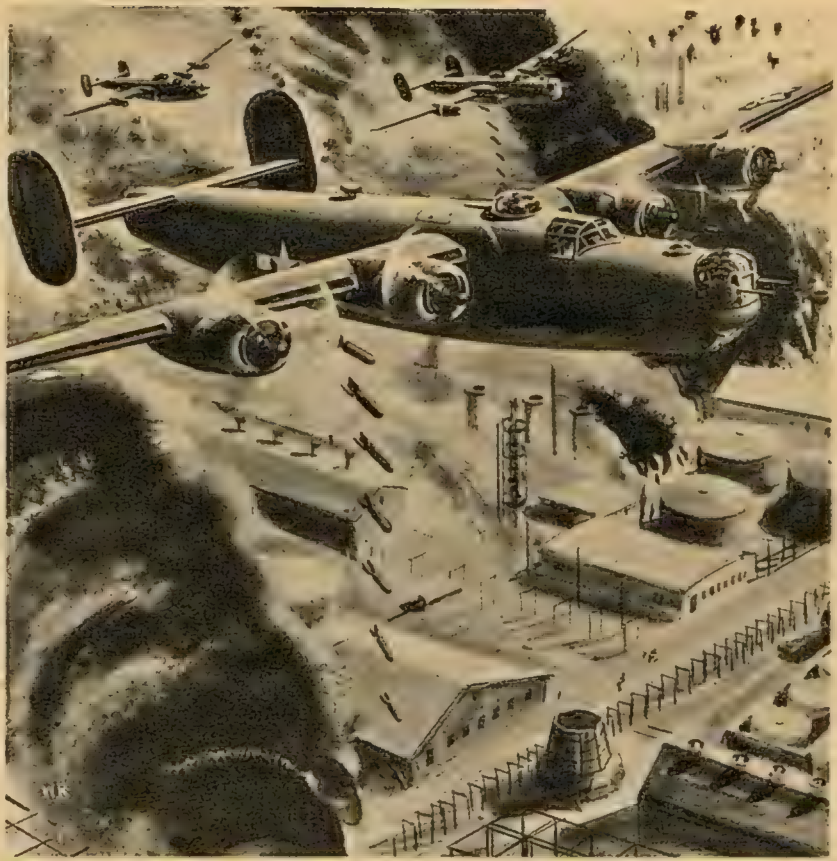
TIRES • TUBES • SUNDRIES & RUBBER ACCESSORIES

9 QUESTIONS for everyone whose

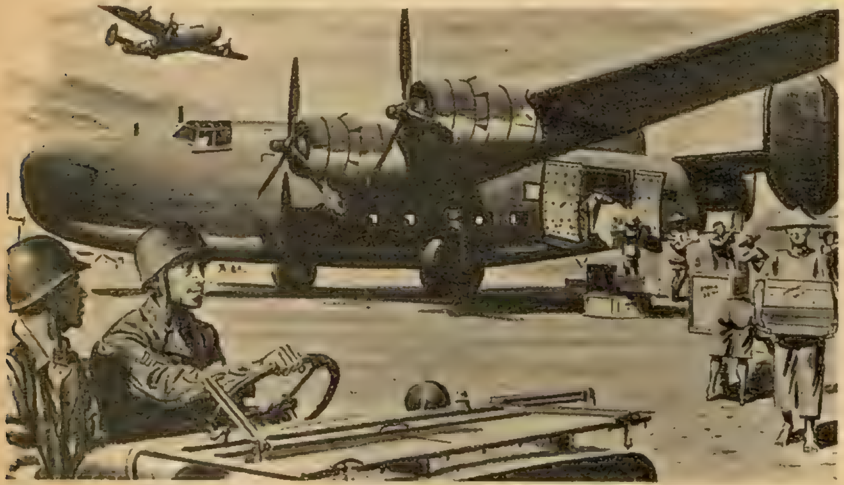
IF YOUR BOY wears flight-crew wings on his chest . . . or the ground-crew wing insignia on his shoulder . . . you can be certain that his batting average on this quiz would be 100 per cent. Before you look at the answers (*lower right corner*), read the captions under these nine pictures and see how many of the planes *you* can identify correctly . . .



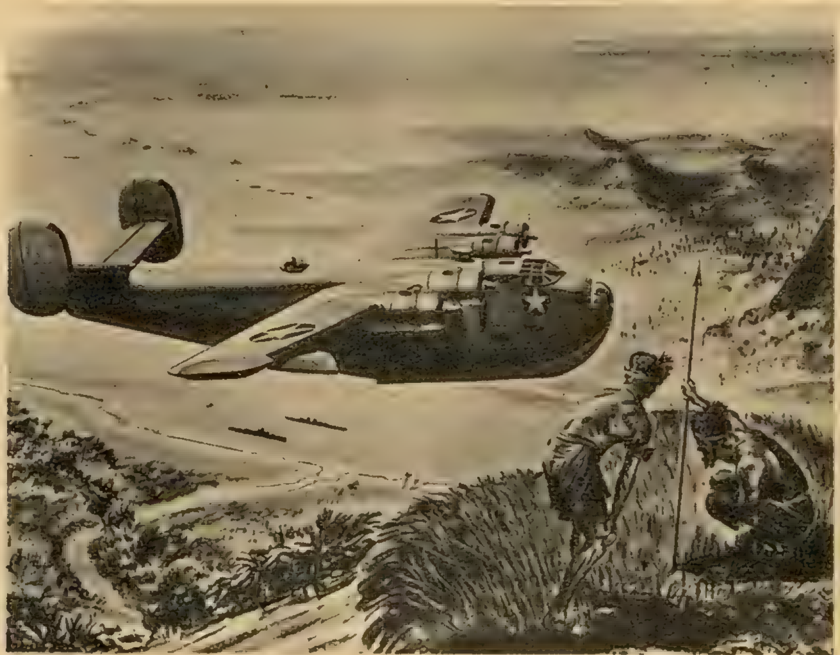
1. Because it can take off even from a highway or cow pasture, this tiny Consolidated Vultee plane is used as a flying ambulance, speeding wounded men from jungle clearings to base hospitals. As an observation plane, it can hover in the air at very slow speeds, is used as "the eyes upstairs" for our artillery units and for directing tanks in action. Can you name the plane?



2. This 4-engine, long-range Consolidated Vultee bomber has made many a newspaper headline. It has bombed Axis targets from Berlin to Truk . . . was the first to strike at the Ploesti oil fields . . . has blasted that and other vital targets again and again. Can you identify this ocean-spanning heavy bomber?



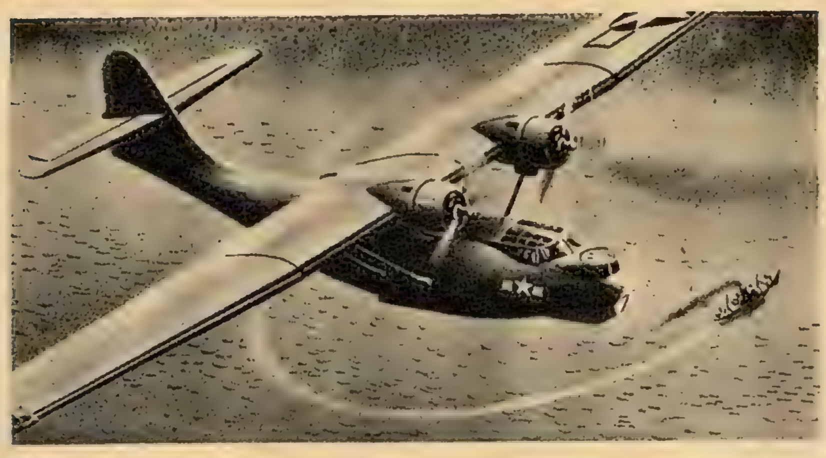
3. Shuttling military supplies and personnel around the world, this cargo-carrying version of the famous Consolidated Vultee long-range bomber has flown from California to Australia and back in only 95 hours and 20 minutes . . . flies regularly from the U. S. to India . . . and over "The Hump" to China. What is its name?



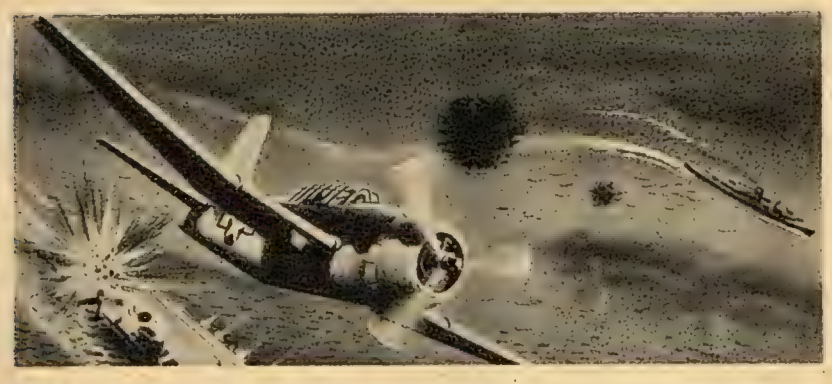
4. With its crew of 10 men, this huge 4-engine Consolidated Vultee patrol bomber has played an important role for the U. S. Navy. As spacious as a railroad car, it can carry a 15-ton cargo, has a galley and sleeping quarters for its crew, can stay aloft more than a whole day at a time. Do you know this plane?

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

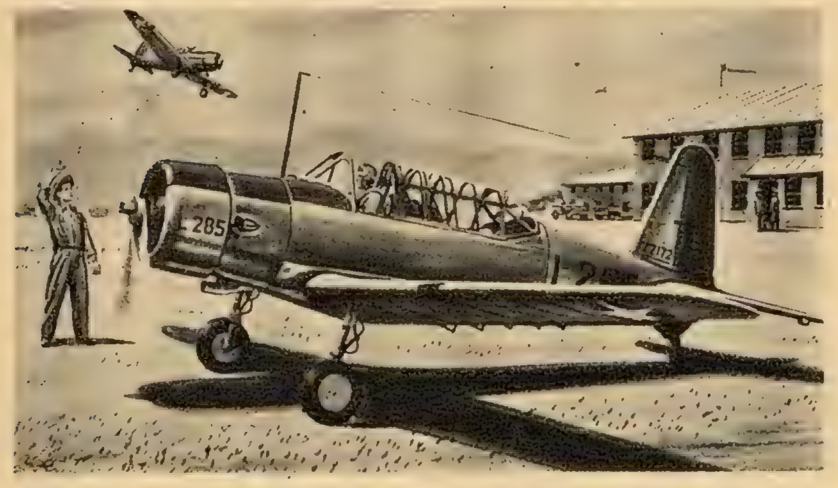
boy wears Wings



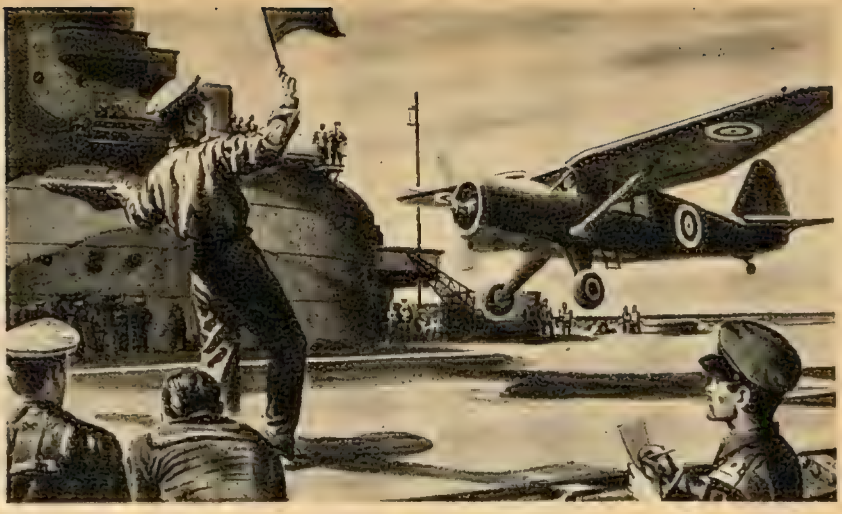
5. Tracking down the German battleship, *Bismarck*, was only *one* illustrious episode in the war history of this famous twin-engine Consolidated Vultee patrol bomber. It has also doubled as a torpedo plane, cargo carrier, an air-crew rescue plane, and even as a dive bomber! Can you name it?



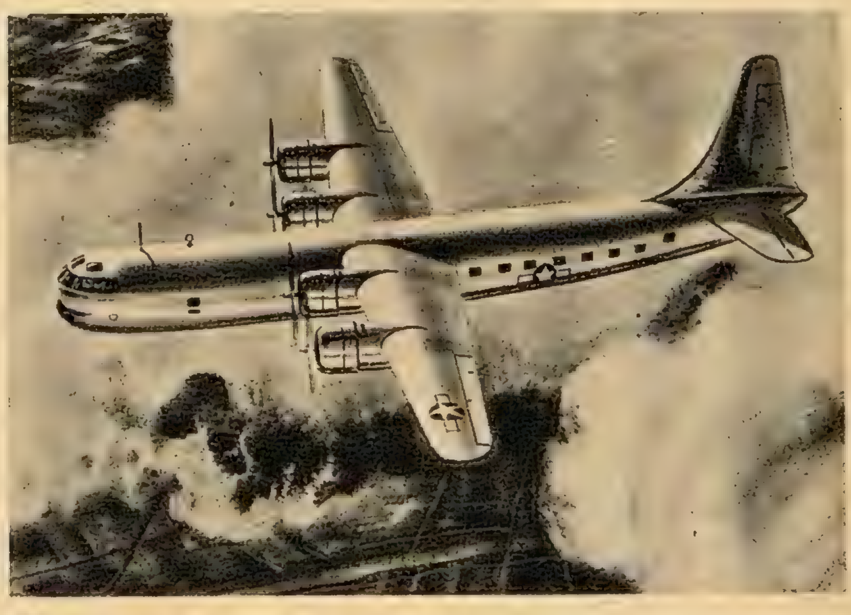
6. The Japs, especially, can attest to the deadly accuracy of this hard-hitting Consolidated Vultee dive bomber. Unique hydraulic brake flaps on the wings enable the pilot to aim his bombs with amazing precision control during the dive. What is the name of this plane?



7. Your boy — like most of today's military pilots — probably received his basic flight training in this Consolidated Vultee two-seater. Its power, flying characteristics, and general behavior aided him in graduating to the advanced type of plane he is flying today. What is this basic trainer's name?



8. This one may stump you. It is a high-gull winged monoplane, designed and built by Consolidated Vultee. It is used for teaching British Royal Navy fliers, operating from aircraft carriers, how to navigate. Can you name it?



9. Born of war — peacetime transport tomorrow. Someday you may be one of 48 passengers who will fly nonstop from the U. S. to Britain, or across the Pacific, in the luxury version of this new Consolidated Vultee air transport. Do you know the name of this new airliner?

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Sonora Records
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(Continued from page 56)

splinter out of my kid's foot?" he inquired.

She shook her head. "Not now, Banty—a boy's trying to check out on me in the ward and I have to hang on to him. Later, maybe."

"I'll wait," Banty said. He sat down with Skeesicks in his lap, but it was not more than a minute before the nurse put her head out of the door. "Here, you," she said. "Come and help."

He set Skeesicks down carefully. "Sit there till I come back," he ordered. Then he tiptoed into the ward and stepped behind a screen. The doctor was there and the nurse. They were giving a blood transfusion.

"We've run short," the doctor said. "What's your blood?"

"Ordinary B," Banty said.

"It'll do," the doctor said. "Roll up your sleeve." He rolled it up and sat on a stool while the doctor plunged a thick needle into his arm. The man on the bed did not move. He was a pale thin young fellow whom Banty had never seen. There were thousands of fellows here from all over the States and he saw new ones every day. Here he was, giving his good blood!

"That'll pull him through," the doctor said softly. "Look, nurse—isn't he—"

"He *is*," she whispered. "God sent you, Banty."

"Like hell He did," Banty grumbled, rolling down his sleeve. "I come here because of a splinter in a kid's foot."

"We'll pull it out," the nurse whispered, "in a minute—in a minute."

She's in love with him, Banty thought.

WITHIN a very few minutes the young fellow's eyelids were quivering and his lips showed a stain of red.

"When you need blood you need it quick," the doctor said. He looked tired himself, but less tired than he had ten minutes ago. There was something life-giving about pulling a man back from death.

"You feel all right?" he asked Banty.

"Sure," Banty said, "but I got to get back on the job. What about this yere kid I got waitin'?"

"I'll attend to him right away," the doctor said. So they went out into the hall, and there Skeesicks was, nursing his sore foot in both hands. The doctor took it and pursed his lips. "That ought to have been tended yesterday," he said, "but we'll see about it."

It was only a matter of a moment and a cry from Skeesicks. The infection was nasty. "I'll take his temperature," the doctor said. There was a slight temperature. "Leave him in the hospital a bit," the doctor said, "though God knows we have no room for kids."

"I'll take him," the nurse said. "Our thanks to you, Banty," she said. She had been crying, he saw. "That fellow in there," she said, her eyes brimming again—"it means a good deal to me that he is going to live. Thanks, Banty."

"Don't mention it," he said.

He waited until he saw Skeesicks in an empty box with a quilt folded in the bottom for a crib. "I gotta get back to the field," he said. "They'll be firin' me." He leaned over the baby and saw intense anxiety in the black eyes. "Don't you worry," he said. "I'll be back, kid."

"Where's his mother?" the nurse asked.

"He's got nobody but me," Banty said, "and it's mighty inconvenient for me. I gotta find him a mother somewhere."

He raced back to the field now. It was high noon and at any moment they ought to be seeing the silver planes coming home over the mountains. There was no sign of them yet. But the ground crews were waiting. He saw the sullen young wife-beater there too, standing with his head turned away and his arms folded.

Still sore, Banty thought, but what the hell!

He stared anxiously into the purple-blue sky over the hills. Suppose Roger didn't come back—suppose any of them didn't come back! Every day there was this horrible hour of waiting, when nobody knew what to expect.

Someone touched his shoulder. It was the young husband, and a stranger stood beside him, a polished young Chinese in a Western suit and a pair of spectacles. He spoke English with a pure Oxford accent.

"This workman," he said, "he wishes to resign from his job."

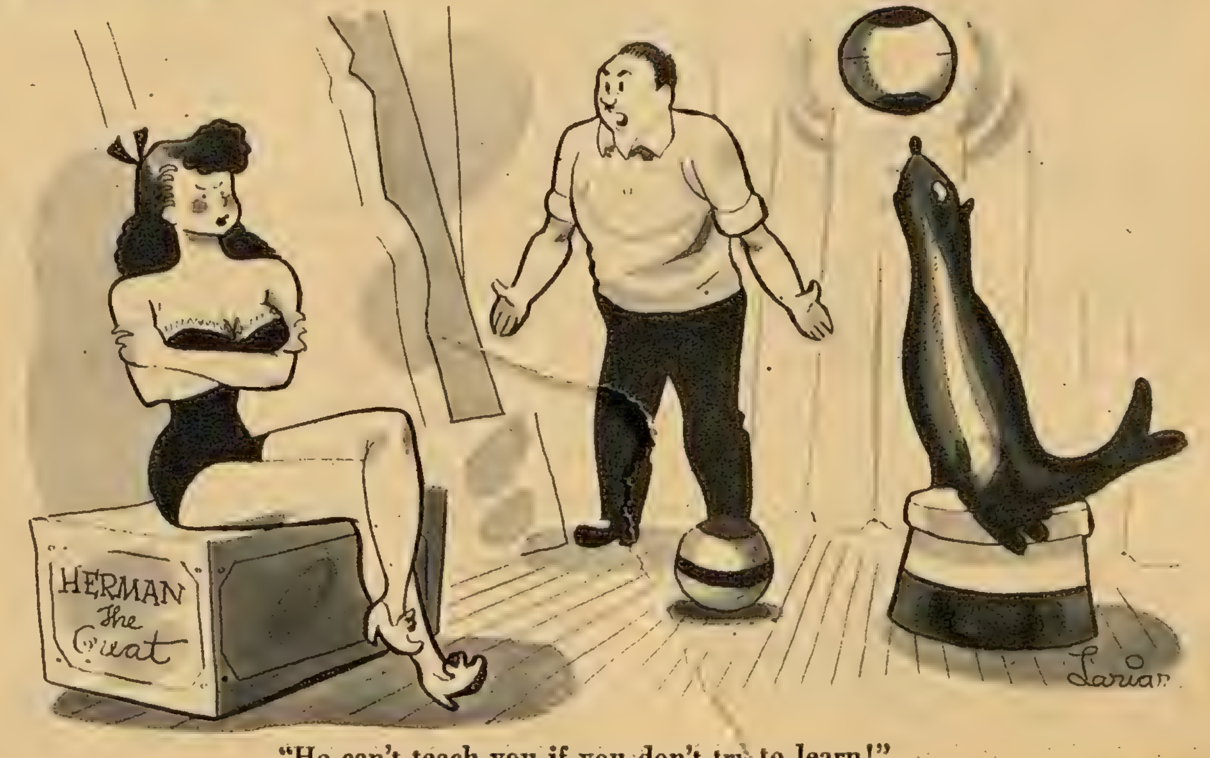
"Let him," Banty said, staring into the sky.

"He says you interfered between him and his wife this morning," the Oxford accent went on.

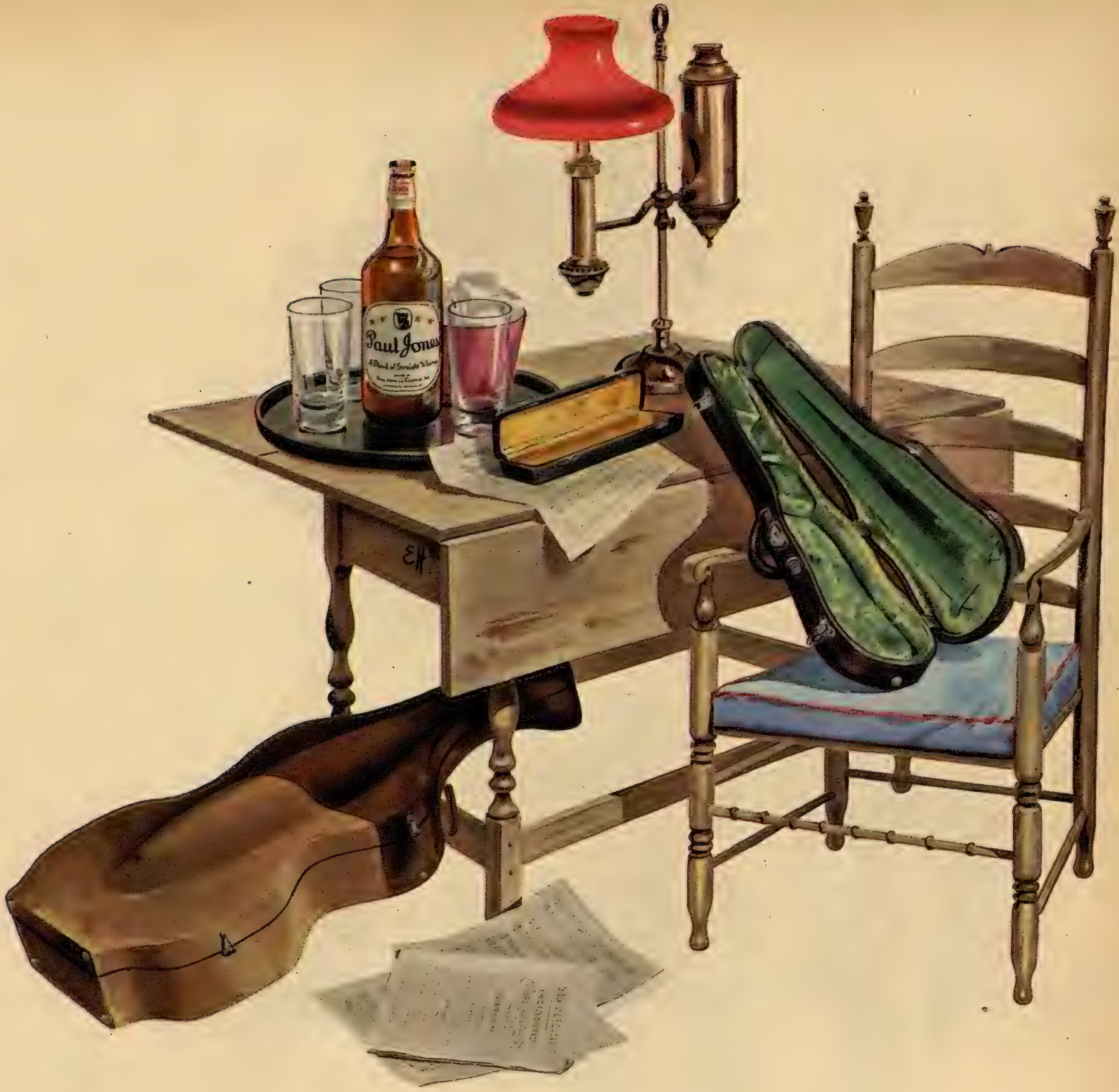
"He was for beatin' her to death," Banty said, his eyes not moving. There, where a hill split in two, Roger's plane ought to be coming—if it were going to come! "Don't take no risks for them devils," he had besought Roger often enough. "Don't try to get the whole shebang in one day. There'll be other days." Well, he didn't

(Continued on page 62)

THE HOME FRONT



"He can't teach you if you don't try to learn!"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ALE
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(Continued from page 60)

know how he was going to stand the pace if there were. But that was the way in a war. You didn't know how you were going to stand the days, but you did.

"He was beating her because she has no sons," the Oxford accent went on.

"Can she help it?" Banty demanded. "Our women can't, and they're about the smartest there are. Besides, what the hell? There has to be girls, too, don't there? The man's fired anyways. He's a lunatic."

"YOU don't understand our Chinese customs," the Oxford accent said a trifle more sternly. "To interfere between husband and wife—now she is very proud and she will not obey him. She says the American protects her. That is you."

"I'll always punch a man that's trying to kill a woman, you tell him," Banty said earnestly. "It's the American way."

These things the Oxford accent translated, to hot replies from the young husband.

In the midst of his anxiety a grin came out on Banty's face. "He wants a boy, does he?" he remarked. He forgot for an instant the laggard planes. "I gotta boy I don't know what to do with—a nice one, name of Skeesicks. She can have him—that is, if she's good to him. I'll watch how she is with him before I settle it."

This, it seemed, produced consternation. The young husband's jaw dropped. Then his mouth closed. A gleam came into his eyes. Banty looked at him. It was not a bad face, he decided—hot-tempered, but open and honest. The girl had looked clean, too, and pretty. What was a scrap? He and Jennie had had them and would have them again. Maybe some day he'd even want to pull Jennie by the hair. A man never knew.

"He says that not having a son makes him much trouble just now," the Oxford accent said. "His father is old and wants to die, because the war makes him very sick, but he cannot die without a grandson."

"This afternoon," Banty murmured—"that is, if Skeesicks' temperature is down."

At that moment the silver planes came over the hills. He saw instantly that one was limping far behind. He ran along the field, wild with anxiety. Yes, it was Roger's plane—but it had got home!

"You swell fella," he kept muttering.

But Roger had no more than just made it. The plane dropped and they ran toward it. It was Banty who saw that Roger was wounded indeed. He had fainted as he let go the controls, and now he hung inert in his safety belt.

Banty swarmed up the plane and pulled him out. No sign of blood, he thought, and then he saw the small black hole through Roger's cap.

"Gangway there!" he yelled.

He carried Roger in his arms, his head against his shoulder, and laid him gently down in a waiting stretcher. All his heart went after him as they bore him away, but of course he had to stay and see his job finished.

The devils had winged the plane all right—one of the engines was dead. How Roger had managed!

"Swell fella," he kept muttering.

It was late afternoon before he had time to get over to the hospital and ask about Roger. "How's my pal?" he asked the red-haired nurse.

"Nobody knows yet," she said. "He hasn't come out of the coma."

"What's the damage?" Banty asked.

"Don't know yet," she said.

He went in to find Skeesicks then, and found him sitting up, his head quite cool. Skeesicks was all right anyway. "Guess maybe I'd better take you along," he said.

"You'd better," a brown-haired nurse said. "He's good, but nobody has time for him."

"Come along," Banty said.

He hugged the little boy in his arms. "I guess nobody has time for you, Skeesicks," he said. "Me neither. I guess I better just give you to those two."

He went out of the gate then and around to the street where the two had been fighting. They were placid enough now. He went in the open door of a court set in ruined buildings, and they were inside, sitting at a table, eating rice and cabbage out of bowls with their chopsticks. There was a nice-looking old man with them. Banty carried Skeesicks in.

"Here's your kid," he said. "Leastways, I give him to you. I don't hardly have time for a kid."

The man had explained, for the girl showed no surprise. She laughed and held out her arms. Skeesicks clung to Banty for a long moment.

"This is your new ma," Banty said.

The girl said something, words clustering about a single word: "M'ma."

The baby listened, then unwound his arms and held them out to her. She took him and set him on his knees and stirred her chopsticks in her bowl and found a bit of green cabbage and put it in his mouth. He chewed solemnly but eagerly. Then he picked up the bowl with both his tiny hands and held it to his face. The three of them laughed at that, and the girl pushed the rice into his mouth with her chopsticks.

"Gosh, the kid's hungry," Banty cried. "I forgot to feed him at noon, what with the splinter and the fight and all—and then Roger. I'm not fit to look after a kid. I can't put my mind to it. Well, so long, Skeesicks. I'll be over tomorrow."

But the baby's face was still hidden behind the bowl.

He went back to the hospital then, unable to stay away, and found the red-haired nurse again.

"You can come in," she said. "He's conscious. But he's hit bad."

"Too bad?" Banty asked anxiously.

"Who knows?" she said.

He tiptoed in and found Roger lying with drowsy open eyes. "Hi there, pal," Banty said.

Roger's lips moved.

"The old plane is shot pretty bad, Roger," Banty said, "but I sure am goin' to get her all fixed up for you. I'm workin' on her myself. I ain't goin' to let one of the other fellows touch her for us. Everything's goin' to be O. K."

A smile touched the tense lips.

"O. K., Roger? You hear me?"

The lips quivered.

"You'll be goin' over them hills again, Roger."

"Sure," the single word came from his lips in a weak sigh.

"Sure, sure," Banty said, and rushed away to keep from weeping.

The day was over at last, as all days had to be. He went back to his room. The other fellows had already turned in, although there was still half an hour before taps. Then he saw his letter, just as he had left it.

"Gosh, I gotta finish that letter," he muttered.

He took off his coat and shirt and sat down and squared his elbows. His tongue came out, and he began to write.

"Well, folks, here it is night and another day gone like all the others. Everything happened and nothing out of ordinary as per usual."

He paused, staring at the whitewashed wall two feet from his face. It had been

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a day like any other—there were life and death every day. Every day planes came home limping over the hills—or they did not come home at all. This had even been a lucky day, "kind of," he conceded to himself. Anyway, Roger was alive and Skeesicks was in a home again. He sighed and put down his pencil.

"Heck, how can I tell 'em?" he muttered.

He put the pencil and paper into the drawer of the rough table and went out into the night. It was clear and warm and the stars were huge and golden, hanging like oranges up there. Gotta let 'em know I'm O.K., though, he thought. His mind flew over the seas to the little town where his folks lived, and Jennie. They had lived there always, next door to the general store his grandfather had kept and now his father had. He had never slept on a railway train until he went to camp. Here he was in China!

HE went over to the canteen and opened the door. A yawning Chinese clerk waited there for taps.

"Hey," he said, "I want to send a cable."

The clerk pushed a pad of blanks toward him and a stubby pencil. Banty stood leaning on the counter and chewed the pencil. It cost a lot to send a cable, he knew, but anyway it was quicker than a letter.

"Hell," he said aloud to the Chinese clerk, "what'll I say?"

The clerk woke up and leaned forward easily. He was kind and good-tempered.

"Most time fella say love and kisses," he said.

Banty considered this. All right for Jen, but would it do for the folks?

"Hell," he said at last, "it'll have to—I can't think of a thing."

So, wetting the end of the pencil, he wrote down heavily: "Love and kisses to all, Banty."

And when he had sent the words winging round the world, home, he trudged back to his cot again and took off his uniform and his leather boots and went to sleep in his underwear. Outside the mosquito net the mosquitoes were singing voraciously, but he had got used to that now. He gave a thought to Skeesicks. Tomorrow he would go over and see him, come hell or high water—God, take care of Roger and make him come out of it all right—but I'll fix the plane myself.

THE END

YANKS ABROAD: FOR MEN ONLY

Continued from Page 34

intermittent gusts of wind sometimes exceeding 100 miles an hour, tear the doors off jeeps, scatter like splinters the metal framework of partially completed huts, and whip the icy ocean into a blinding spray reaching far inland.

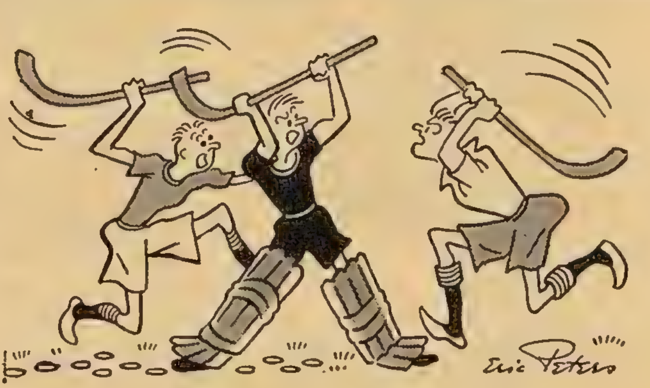
A story is told about the Aleuts, a mere handful of hardy whale and seal hunters, who were moved back to the Alaskan mainland when the war began. The natives, so the story goes, invented an ingenious device for measuring wind velocity during williwaws. They tied an iron ball to an anvil, hung both where they could be seen from the huts, and figured they had a good blow when the ball and anvil were "flying" horizontally.

Of less dubious origin is one shore-based sailor's story that he returned from standing night watch to find a two-by-four blown through the metal hut wall and lying across his pillow. It is not uncommon to be leaning at an acute angle into a gust of wind that suddenly gives out, leaving the victim flat on his face.

Although skiing is excellent on the treeless hills and mountain slopes, "sacking-in" (G. I. lingo for staying in bed, asleep or not) is a more popular winter occupation. When roads become virtually impassable, and hut roofs must be cleared off to prevent drifting snow from caving them in, magazines are worn to tatters, letters are reread countless times and African dominoes rattle far into the night.

Because of a special jog in the international date line, Yanks in all the Aleutian islands live in the same day as folks back home, though they are several hours behind. While people in the States are eating lunch, the master-at-arms is rolling Aleutian Yanks out of their bunks.

Each day fades into the next with monotonous similarity, but Sunday church services help to make that day different from the rest. More than 150 soldiers, sailors, marines, and two nurses squeezed into a new chapel hut for its Easter-morning christening. There is no dressing-up for church. Officers and men, Negro lads and Filipino mess stewards worship together in their muddy Army shoes, work-worn blue dungarees, or mud-splattered khaki trousers and laundry-faded



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

DISKUSSION: Argument on a hockey rink.

SOUP-PERFLUOUS: What goes on your vest.

ALF ALPHA: A Greek farmer.

CALMPOUND: A sedative.

FATERNITY: College society where they spare no expanse.

MENNOWS: Adult minnows.

ALTOMETER: For measuring the height of a low voice.

GAM-BASSADOR: Marlene on a good-will tour.

AIRY-KIRI: Suicide in a Zero.

NAUGHTUMN: No fall.

blue or khaki work shirts open at the collar.

It is possible to come back from America's shadowless islands of the North Pacific with a ruddy tan, so much have the Army and Navy done to compensate for nature's shortcomings. Most bases now have ultraviolet sunlight rooms as part of the gymnasiums, and it's not uncommon to see the pink peeling face of a man who thought he couldn't get enough of the precious stuff.

Many gymnasiums are housed in "elephant huts"—overgrown Quonsets, two stories high. They offer handball, basketball, and badminton facilities, together with steam baths and rubdown rooms.

Giant elephant huts also are used for theaters. At one advance base the new theater is complete with terraced seats, multicolored interior decoration, indirect lighting, organ, and modern stage. Most neighborhood movie managers would be proud to have a place as modern. And they'd think they were in Utopia rather than the once-deserted Aleutians if they could see the block-long line waiting for the 1.30 P. M. daily matinee. At some bases there are several movies to choose from every day.

Libraries are kept well stocked with current and classical reading, and at the metropolis of the chain there are record concerts and evening classes in typing, shorthand, French, Russian, music composition, chemistry, and mathematics.

Network dance programs, rebroadcast from the States by the Aleutian radio station, can be heard on blaring radios in PXes and ships' service stores where fifty Yanks stand in line in the fountain rooms for a dish of ice cream or their favorite soft drink from the island's bottling plant. One large business has a jazz band and even a concert band for Sunday-afternoon musicales.

But it is only at big bases that life is so civilized. On many tiny islands there are little stations where men live and work for a year, sometimes two, in colorless metal huts, going back and forth between bunk, work, and mess hall, with nothing to break the dreary monotony except occasional movies, the gym, fishing, or a trip to the beer hall.

THERE are no lonelier Yanks than those little groups of soldiers and bluejackets manning hidden gun emplacements and weather stations way back in that endless void, the empty Aleutian hills.

A few evergreens have been imported—the first to take root, after much coaxing and a generous dose of fertilizer, in the dusky brown tundra where the only vegetation is a coarse dark grass and a few forlorn buttercups, larkspurs, and violets.

Yanks don't feel a bit strategic on Attu and other western islands where they're closer to Tokyo than to Seattle and farther west than Midway. They count the days on these unnatural islands, where one can read a newspaper outdoors at 11 P. M. on the longest day of the year, where a few foxes and ptarmigans are the only animal life. The question "How long you got left, mate?" invariably brings a prompt answer that is precalculated each morning upon rising.

Often, when a plane lifts up into the air after a few hours at a lonely little island, there are a few lucky G. I.s aboard who are going back to trees, sunshine, bright lights, and women. If you have a Yank among those back on the landing strip, enviously watching the disappearing plane, you needn't worry about his wanting to stake out a postwar Aleutian homestead. And you may be sure he's safe from women while overseas. Disgustingly safe.

THE END

THE SKY'S HER LIMIT!

Continued from Page 13

always gets a toothache. That is from a tiny gas bubble which lies under an improperly placed filling, and you murmur uncomplimentary things about dentists. At 23,000 feet somebody says, "Look!" and you see a big blue blob on the front of the white shirt of an important visitor. You *must* remember to make people take fountain pens out of their pockets.

Half an hour later they finally tell you they've had enough, so you descend. As they reach 10,000 feet they notice that it is getting warmer. Even in a room-temperature flight it gets comfortably cooler above 10,000 feet. In a refrigerated flight the low temperatures chill very quickly. The special costumes for these trips begin with men's long, 100-per-cent woolen underwear. Then there are electrically-heated socks and boots and gloves, and a massive electrically-heated suit. There are zippers and snaps and more zippers, and by the time you are in the suit you are drenched with perspiration. Then you put on a helmet and your oxygen mask and your earphones and an electrically-heated cover for your oxygen tube.

As you exhale, the moist air rises, covering your eyelashes and eyebrows with thick white frost. Blinking won't help your eyebrows, so you pull your helmet lower. Very soon the cold begins to invigorate you, the suit feels lighter, your companions joke, and for the first time you know that everything is really all right. Once you sang Down by the Old Mill Stream at 30,000 feet.

The two men in the center of the chamber are engineers, testing a new instrument. They hover over it, serious and intent, motioning to their fellow engineers outside the chamber, who peer through the porthole windows. That is *the* test. Half an hour ago this black-hooded machine performed well as it sat, cozy and warm, in the center of a well-ventilated room. Now it purrs noisily, sputters. One knob has frozen and both men working together can't turn it. That is bad. But the machine is still humming. A light flashes and the engineers stop for a moment, make an adjustment, and continue. One of them steps back and pushes the oxygen valve on his chest. Then he does it again, and again.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, sure." But he seems to be blinking. You look at his face. All you can see is a thin strip across his eyes where the cold has turned the flesh red and white. You can't tell if he needs oxygen by looking at that, so you turn his valve on. A moment later he brightens.

"Sa-ay, how did you know I needed that?"

You tug at his mask, test it to see if there is a leak, motion him back to his job and watch him more closely.

Today? Tomorrow? You don't know what they will bring. The chances are that you will never have trouble, but you know you must be ready for it.

Some day soon the little black instruments being tested in our laboratory will take their place in Flying Fortresses, Liberators, and other aircraft, and will play their part in wreaking havoc on the enemy. What is more, contributions for the great postwar future of aviation will result from this work. That is why, among ourselves we call this our "high-altitude lab." And I wish that just because other people call it a high-altitude *chamber*, they wouldn't call me a *chambermaid!*

THE END

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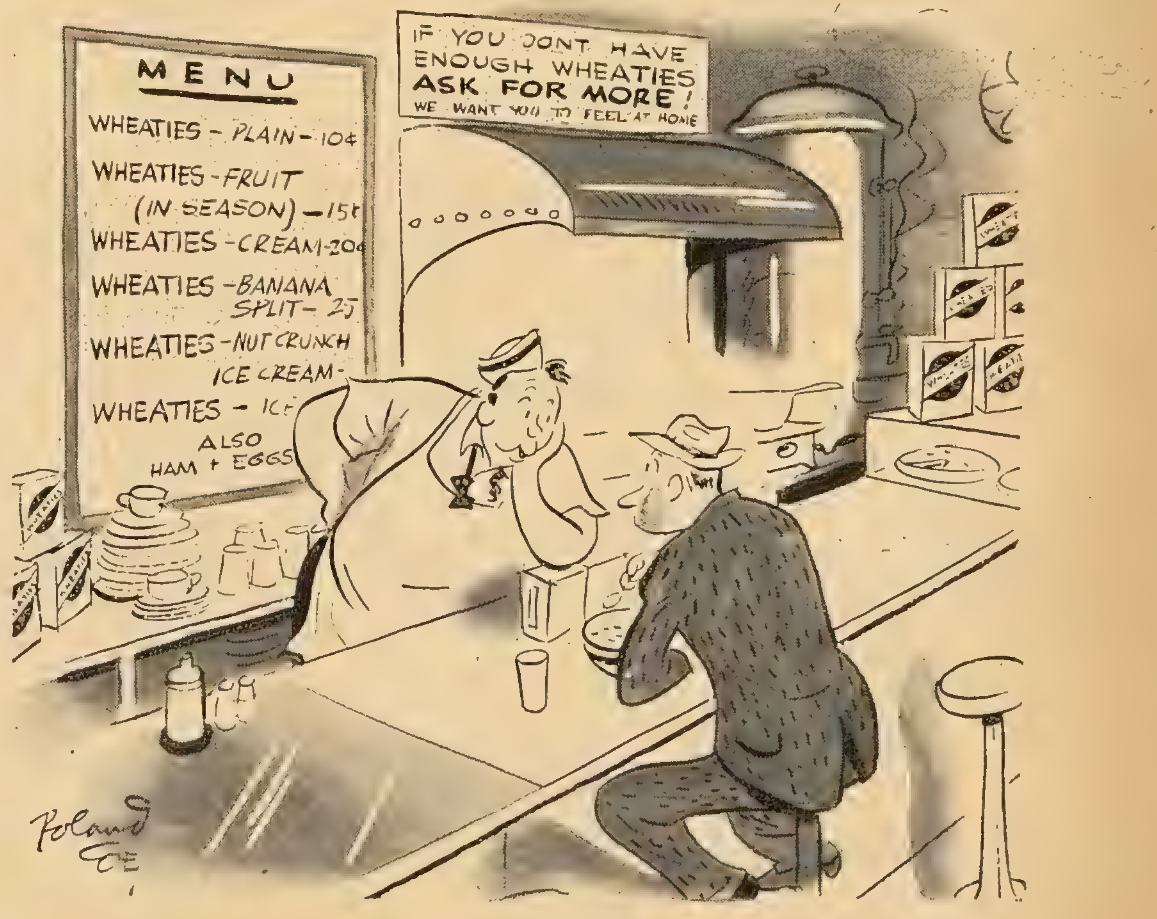
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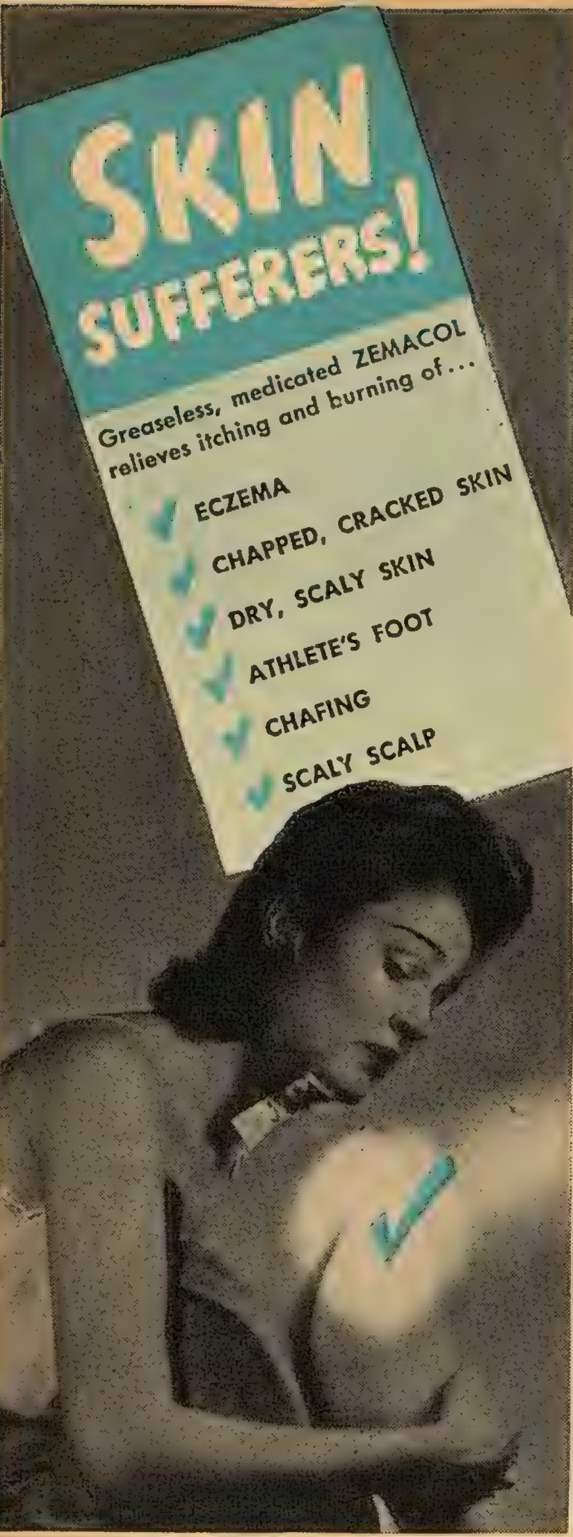

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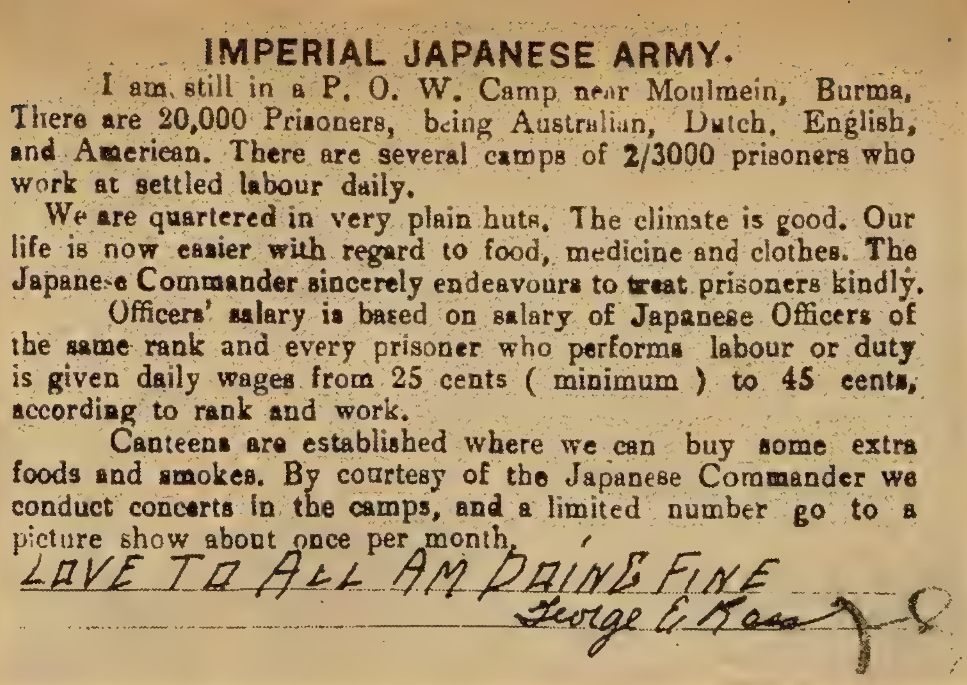


IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY.

I am still in a P. O. W. Camp near Moulmein, Burma, There are 20,000 Prisoners, being Australian, Dutch, English, and American. There are several camps of 2/3000 prisoners who work at settled labour daily.

We are quartered in very plain huts. The climate is good. Our life is now easier with regard to food, medicine and clothes. The Japanese Commander sincerely endeavours to treat prisoners kindly.

Officers' salary is based on salary of Japanese Officers of the same rank and every prisoner who performs labour or duty is given daily wages from 25 cents (minimum) to 45 cents, according to rank and work.

Canteens are established where we can buy some extra foods and smokes. By courtesy of the Japanese Commander we conduct concerts in the camps, and a limited number go to a picture show about once per month.

LOVE TO ALL AM DOING FINE

George E. Ka

"DEAR MOM: DON'T WORRY—"

Continued from Page 29

dead, they may have escaped. Military officials wait for accurate information, and meanwhile the men are simply "missing in action." Some of the men, if taken prisoner, may get word out to their families before the War Department gets a report on them. That, of course, is so much the better for the family's peace of mind, but the War Department should not be blamed for not having given out the information first.

"Killed in action" is tragic information to a family, but sometimes such a message happily has turned out to be wrong. One serviceman reported killed months ago recently celebrated his birthday in a hospital in America. Following a bomb explosion, his buddy, entrenched beside him, had "come to," to find nothing but tons of rocks and wreckage where he had been lying. "Killed in action" was the logical conclusion. But the boy had been blown free of the debris, was captured by the enemy, and later repatriated as an exchange casualty.

Major General Allen Gullion, founder of the Prisoners of War Information Bureau at the beginning of the war, was himself a victim of one of these errors. Some time ago his son was reported killed in action. But several weeks ago the son's name turned up in a report from a German prison camp, and a hurried cable to Geneva confirmed that he is alive and well.

HERE'S what happens when one of our men is taken prisoner. Upon capture, the detaining power must report his name and serial number to Geneva, whence they are relayed to Washington. The War Department wires the family this much information. But because his first internment is in a temporary or "interrogation" camp, the family cannot yet be given an address to which to write him or send packages. When he is moved to a permanent camp, however, he is again reported to Geneva, thence to Washington again, and the Bureau writes to the family, telling his location, explaining how letters and packages should be addressed, and enclosing parcel labels and special tobacco labels. The tobacco labels, under arrangement with the tobacco companies, entitle the family to buy cartons of cigarettes at cost-less-tax, amounting to about $1.40 for three cartons. Smoking tobacco is purchased on the same reduction plan.

Upon capture, the prisoner of war receives the Red Cross "capture parcel" containing warm clothing, smokes, vitamins, razor, soap and towels, chewing gum, mending needs, and simple first-aid items. When he arrives at the permanent camp he receives the Red Cross medical kit which contains self-treatment medical supplies. Each week he also receives the Red Cross food parcel of biscuits, dried fruits, oleo, powdered milk, tinned meats, coffee, cheese, and concentrated vitamins.

Sick prisoners receive special parcels containing more highly concentrated foods, real butter (preserved in tins), and extra vitamins. These standard parcels are designed to furnish approximately 14,000 calories a week—enough to keep a man alive if he receives no other food. The detaining power is obliged, under the Geneva Convention terms, to furnish its prisoners its own standard Army rations. But the German rations are only 1,500 calories a day, as compared with our American Army ration of approximately 3,500.

The warehouse at the enemy camps in which these packages are stored all have two locks. The German officer in command holds the key for one; the American serviceman who has been appointed by his group holds the other. On the day of issue each week, each man has to open his lock before the parcels can be given out.

THE director of the Prisoner of War Division of the War Department says the messages from our captured men are almost 100 per cent cheerful and optimistic. Not a gripe in a carload, he reports.

"Wait for me" is the simple plea that appears time and time again in letters from married men to their wives. "I feel fine" and "Don't worry" are standard. "See you when the armistice is signed" is familiar, too.

Many of the letters contain real humor. One Air Forces colonel who had cut quite a figure in all previous flights had the tough luck to be shot down and captured by the Germans on his very first mission. His maiden letter home from prison camp signed off: "Old Flash-in-the-Pan Hank!"

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Dean Swift was once asked to preach a charity sermon. It was intimated that a brief appeal would be preferred.

Entering the pulpit, he said, "My text is, 'He that giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord.' Brethren, you have heard the terms of the loan. If you are satisfied with the security, put down your cash." That was all. The collection was a record one.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A WORD TO THE WISE

Continued from Page 25

ridding ourselves of all the mental quirks and slants and prejudices.

It can be done. The discipline itself may sound disappointingly simple. But its constant and conscious application to everything we think or say, read or hear, is neither simple nor easy at first. And only by its constant use until it becomes almost second nature can it teach us the art of straight thinking.

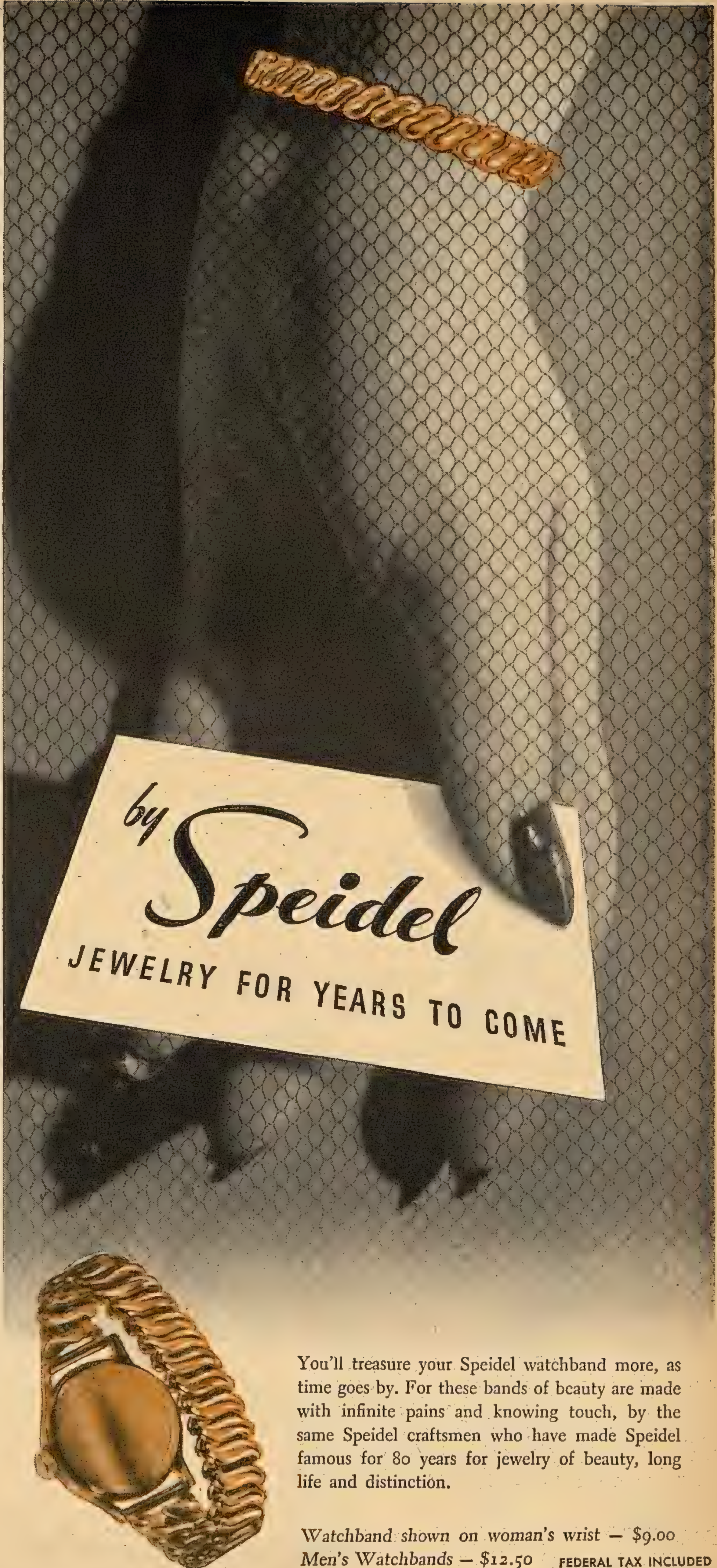
The first thing to do is to beware of every word you use or anyone else uses—and to remember constantly that the word never *is* the thing it is used to represent. You should remember this particularly about *general* words that are used to represent a whole *class* of things or people or ideas or such (book, Irishman, republic). For such words do not even *represent* accurately any *one* of the things or people or ideas or such in the class. What each represents is a generalized abstraction, an image, in the user's head. And, once used, the word rings a responsive bell in every hearer or reader, and in each a unique, and perhaps quite different, image is set up. The word "woman" will produce in a thousand different people a thousand different images.

Get the habit, whenever a word comes into your head, of *indexing* and even *dating* the word before applying it to any specific thing. Like this: If someone refers to a certain congressman, don't react automatically and unthinkingly: "Congressmen are fools (or wise men), so this fellow must be a fool (or a wise man)." Stop and think, instead: "Congressman 1 and Congressman 2 and Congressman 3, etc., are fools (or wise men). But this is Congressman 139. My abstract image of a congressman may well not fit *him* at all." Or if you happen to know something of the past record of Congressman 139, don't even think, on that basis alone: "Congressman 139 is a fool (or a wise man)." Think instead: "Congressman 139 in 1937 was a fool (or a wise man). About Congressman 139 in 1944 *I don't know.*"

PERFECTLY obvious and ridiculously simple. Yet how many people "love poetry" or "don't trust colored servants" or "believe in modern education"—and then act in specific matters on the basis of these word abstractions alone? How many people think unhappily of themselves as stupid or selfish or cowardly because of some stupid or selfish or cowardly act of several years ago *which they would never repeat today?* How many people will vote for (or against) Mr. Dewey simply because he is a Republican and they like (or dislike) "Republicans"? How many people want (or don't want) Mr. Roosevelt as President in 1945 solely on the basis of what he was or did in 1933 or 1937 or 1941?

The habit of indexing and dating can be applied not only to specific factual things in the outside world but even to word images themselves. Smith and Jones will not wrangle long over whether or not the present administration is destroying "free enterprise," whether or not the Republican Party is run by "stand-patters and reactionaries," once they realize that what Smith means by "free enterprise," by "stand-patters and reactionaries," is something quite different from what Jones means—and may even be different from what Smith himself meant in a book he wrote two years ago.

Nobody has ever made this clearer in a single illustration than did Abraham Lincoln. "We all declare for liberty," he once said, "but in using the word we do not



You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

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all mean the same thing. With some the word liberty may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself and the products of his labor; while with others, the same word may mean for some men to do as they please with other men and the product of other men's labor. Here are two, not only different but incompatible, things called by the same name, liberty. And it follows that each of the things is, by the respective parties, called by two different and incompatible names—liberty and tyranny."

This awareness that words are never things will make much of what we read and hear in the political field sound silly and essentially meaningless, as much of it is. Typical is the term "peace forces" (for international security) in the Republican platform—a term which brings forth abstract images so widely different in different men that both extreme "nationalists" and extreme "internationalists" are satisfied by it. Clearly the term cannot conceivably represent any specific or semi-specific or remotely specific arrangement. And when Mr. Roosevelt speaks of "an international organization" complete with "adequate forces to meet the needs of preventing war," but quickly adds, "we are not thinking of a super-state," he too is being bemused by words which are quite unrelated to facts. Word-slavery follows no one-party line.

There are other quick aids toward straight thinking. Remember always that no two things in the world are exactly alike—not even identical twins—and that it is therefore never safe nor certain to come to conclusions about Thing A from your knowledge of Things B, C, and D, even though they may seem to be similar. What you want every time are the facts about Thing A—or Candidate A.

Remember always that *nobody* knows *everything* about anything in the world, that all the available facts about anything are therefore perpetually incomplete, and that conclusions based on those facts may therefore be wrong. Of course we all have to draw conclusions from what we do know in order to live. But an awareness of the inevitable incompleteness of your knowledge will save you from many misjudgments, disappointments, and blunders—in the political field and elsewhere.

But, above all, beware of words. Our whole culture, our whole civilization, is built around them. Yet, like all of man's inventions, they hold, when abused, incalculable powers of harm and destruction. Hitler's book and Hitler's speeches were far more potent weapons than all his tanks and bombers. And the catastrophe they created would never have occurred if the people of the world—in France, in England, in this country, even in Germany—had been able to think straight enough to evaluate Hitler's words properly and react to them intelligently before it was too late.

THE END

LATIN AMERICANS DON'T LIKE US

Continued from Page 17

of the most serious facing us today. The lack of frankness—on both sides—has made it worse.

Some of our diplomatic representatives in Latin America have attributed this growing anti-U. S. feeling to the Nazis and the Spanish Falangist propagandists now carrying on for them in many places in the Americas. Herr Doktor Goebbels' agents are still very active in Latin America, not only in Argentina, where they still work openly, but in Chile and Bolivia and Brazil and Mexico and all the other Latin republics from which they've been officially and ceremoniously tossed out.

But passing all the blame for anti-U. S. reaction to the Wilhelmstrasse boys is an overly easy way of trying to simplify an exceedingly complex problem. No, the fact that Latin America doesn't like us is more than Nazi propaganda. The growing admiration for the Argentine regime which I found among certain officials and others in Chile, Peru, Mexico, Ecuador, and elsewhere was based not on their love of any military dictatorship, but on their respect for any Latin country which stands up to Uncle Sam. Latin America, in fact, never was really crazy about us, despite the protestations of long-standing friendship heard at flag-flying sessions here and there around the hemisphere.

I recall my surprise at discovering, on first going to Buenos Aires, how outwardly European many of our hemisphere cotenants were. They sold their products to Europe, sent their sons to school there, borrowed their way of dress and many of their inspirations from across the Atlantic. The thousands who migrated to Latin America from Europe kept their ties with the old countries far longer than our immigrants.

For a long time we were interested in Latin America principally as a place which supplied coffee and cocoa and certain other raw materials we needed, and which could buy some of our products, generally the second-grade variety. Dollar diplomacy and bigstick handling of our affairs to the south started us on the roller coaster so far as Latin America was concerned. Exploitation in the banana republics of Central America, the mines of Chile, the oil

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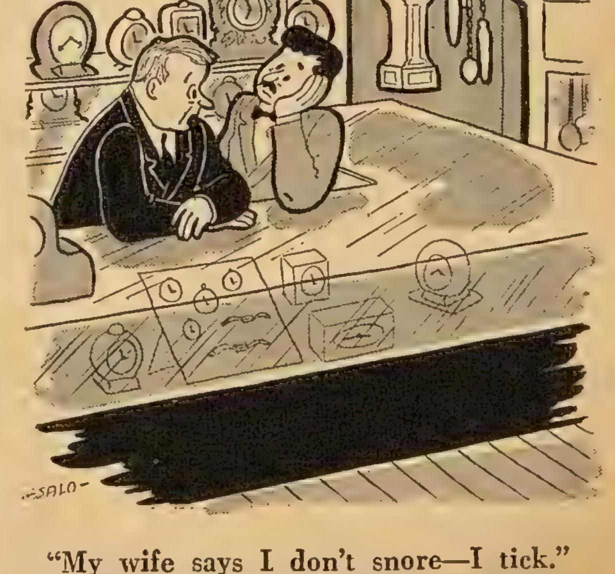

"My wife says I don't snore—I tick."

"What have I done now, or is it onions?"

fields of Mexico and elsewhere, added impetus.

Then President Hoover inaugurated the Good Neighbor policy. Under F. D. R. that policy—loose as it often was—made progress. At first it was slow. Eliminating distrust and suspicion and hard feelings built up over generations wasn't easy. Had it not been for the war, progress might have continued steadily. But our own enemies, who made Latin America a war front even though they never were able to carry through their plans for physical invasion, were organized and prepared far better than we. They took advantage of our every mistake—of our diplomatic policy, which Latin Americans still can't understand; of our bad manners, of which the Bolivar incident is just a minor sample; of an economic crisis for which neither we nor Latin America were prepared; and of a good deal of phoniness in our too-quick "discovery" of Latin America at a time when we needed her most.

LATIN AMERICA'S dislike for us would be regrettable but hardly critical if it were merely indicative of wartime jitteriness. Unfortunately it is a lot more serious than that. What is happening down there affects not only our Good Neighbor policy, but the whole course of our future relations in the Americas and elsewhere. If, say the realists, we can't woo and win Latin America right in our own back yard, how are we going to win the rest of the world?

What have we done that the Latins haven't liked?

As Americans, we're likely to overlook the fact that we're a big, powerful country, while many of the republics of Latin America are small, weak, backward, and, in our eyes, of comparatively little importance. Yet Latin Americans—the Argentines first, but the Mexicans and Brazilians and Peruvians no less—openly feel that they're every bit as important as we are. Furthermore, and not unnaturally, they think they should have fully as much to say about matters of mutual concern. As a practical matter, despite Pan-American meetings and consultive get-togethers, it doesn't always work out that way.

In prewar hemisphere conferences, the principle of collective security of the Americas was agreed upon by all the nations of the Americas. But following the attack on Pearl Harbor, our diplomatic approach was based not on the idea of the Americas as ships in a convoy sailing together for mutual protection, but of every-

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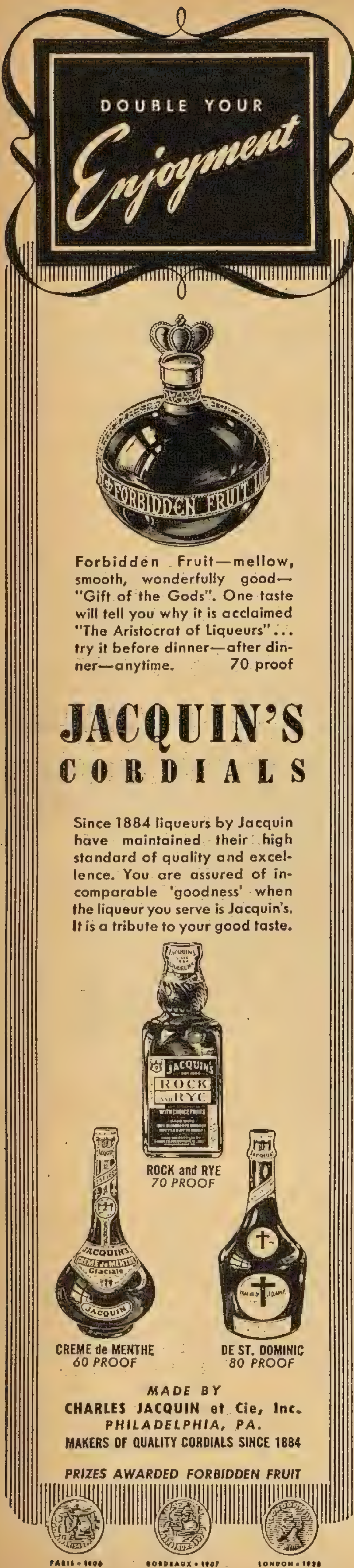

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body in the same boat. That didn't take into consideration an almost jingoistic national pride which runs high in Latin America; a love of independence which often shows itself in strange ways; above all, a desire of Latins to live their own lives, regardless of our altruistic improvement schemes. Right from the beginning Argentina and Chile openly balked at co-operation which cost customers, and some of the other republics privately shied back. Eventually the latter came along, some impelled by fear of the economic squeeze, others stimulated by promises of goodies in the way of lend-lease and other help.

There was precious little love here. Always it was a case of *our* war in which the Latin nations were somehow tagging along. The same idea showed itself in the question of U. S. military bases in Latin America. That's an extremely hot question down there. Bases, first in the countries around the Panama Canal and later in Brazil, on the Pacific coast, and elsewhere in the hemisphere, were established for the mutual protection of the Americas. They were officially joint enterprises with the countries involved, but because we had the men and the equipment and the money, they were mainly a U. S. project and Latins never were sold on the idea that they weren't 100-per-cent *gringo*. Had there been real co-operation, the Latins' feeling that they were just on the side lines might not have developed. Now, with the war in Europe drawing to a close, many Latin Americans fear we plan to retain control and even establish new bases. The Argentine militarists, even before they came into power in June, 1943, constantly stressed this theme. The worry is just as strong, if less vocal, in Brazil, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, and Central America. To Latin Americans, *Yanqui* bases means *Yanqui* imperialism, and to them one is just as bad as the other, regardless of our intentions. Latin America is not convinced that we don't intend to stay.

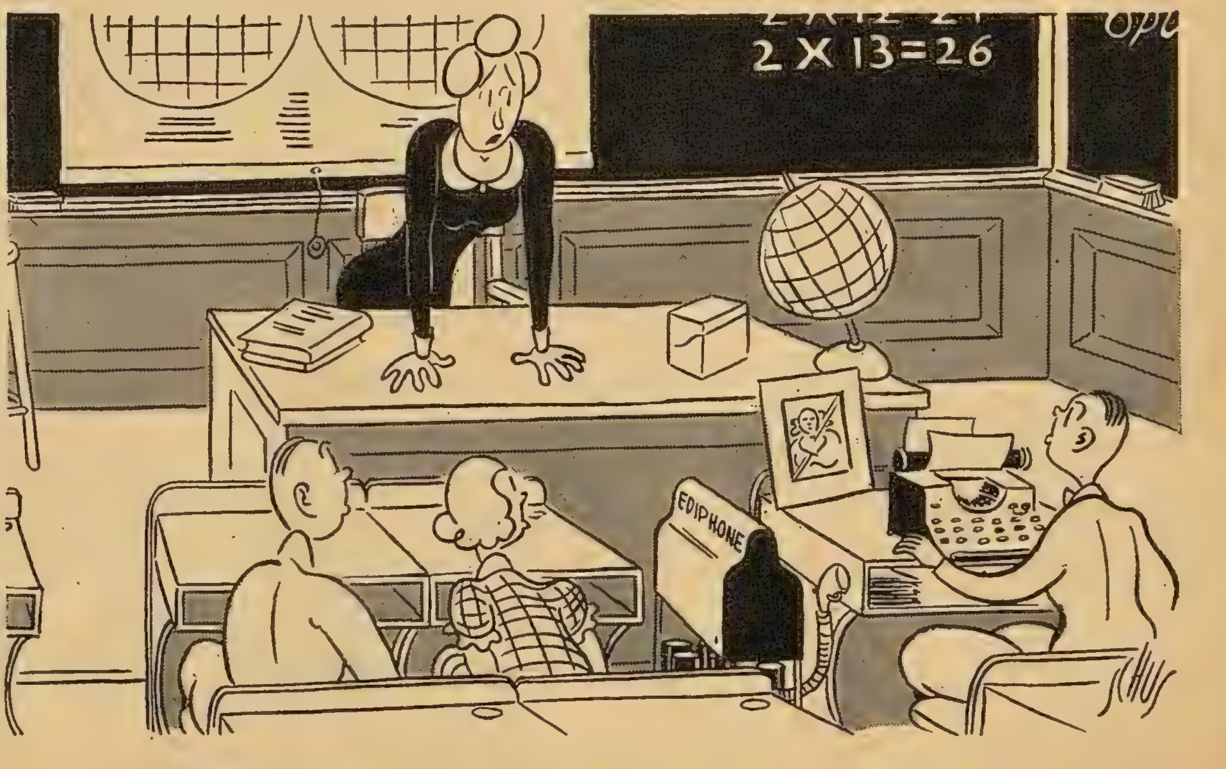
With bases have come U. S. troops—more of them to Brazil than to any other hemisphere republic outside the United States. At first they were welcomed. Most Brazilians understood the danger from North Africa. But as the North African campaign was won, their patience began to wear a little thinner. It still wasn't their war, despite the sinkings of Brazilian ships and the training of Brazilian troops. All they could see was that the *Americanos* had more money and better uniforms, that they had taken over the best hotels, that prices were soaring, that there was no gas because it was needed by the Army. Shortages developed—no more tires, no new cars or refrigerators. European markets were cut off. "The foreign army has everything; the average Brazilian has nothing." In the United States, most people understood the why and wherefore of rationings, shortages, and such things, but in Latin America they were just sacrifices without our stimulus of really feeling the reasons for which we were fighting.

Much of the lend-lease aid, for which Americans think we are getting *vivas* in Latin America, has produced a similar result. While it has pleased most of the governments, the new jeeps and tanks and planes and guns haven't made the average Latin any happier. In many countries, especially in Central America, in Peru, and in Paraguay, the arms have been employed less for hemisphere defense than for the local bosses to keep any pro-democratic revolt planners from getting ideas. And most Latin Americans are certain that we're going to present them with a bill for whatever we've doled out. That has made them uneasy and distrustful, too.

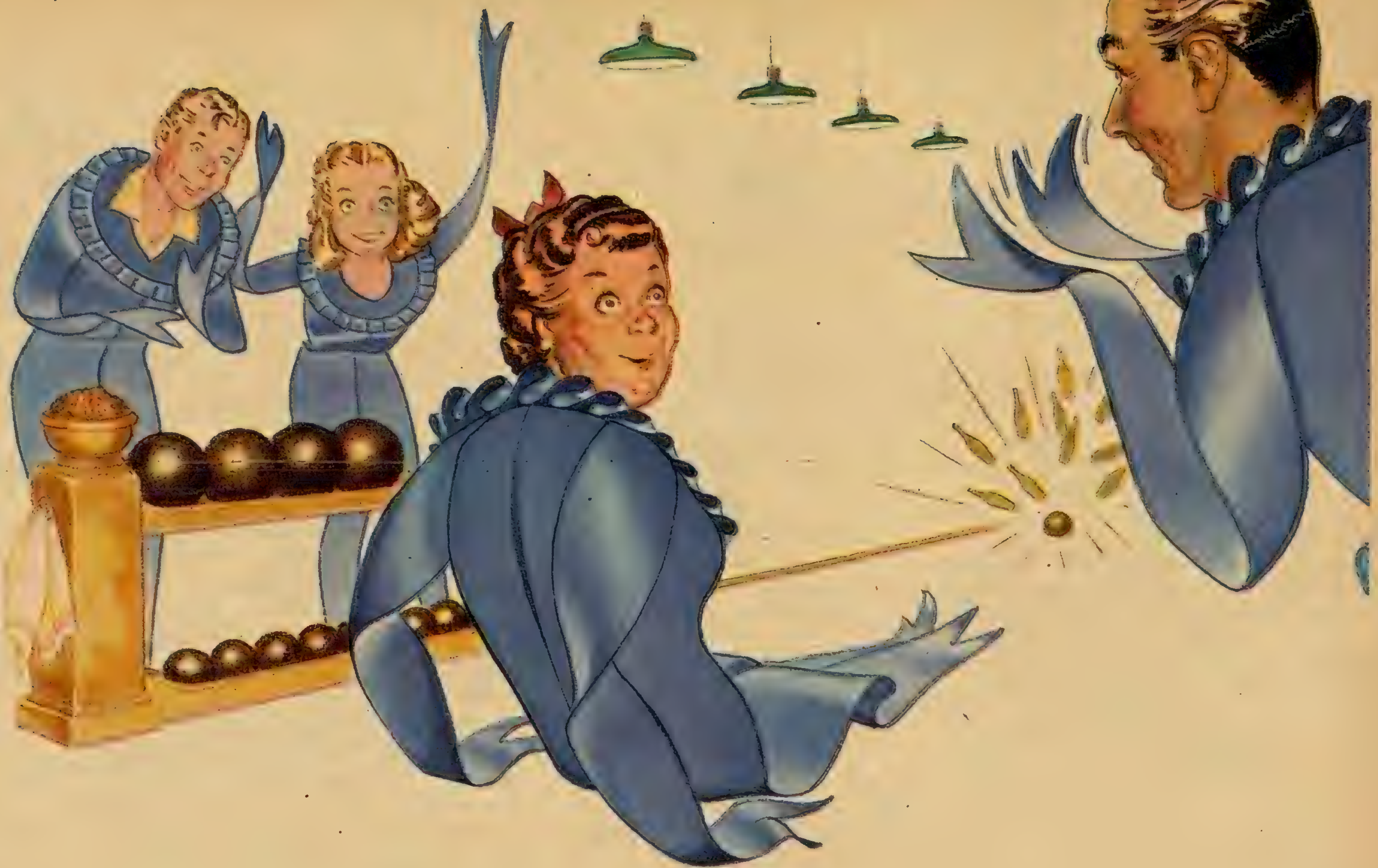
LATIN AMERICANS are given to figuring on a what-is-this-going-to-mean-to-me basis. Therein lies an important clue to what's under the surface south of the border. Our entry into the war cut most of Latin America's lucrative business with Europe and the Far East. Lend-lease help came along, but instead of many markets, Latin America found she had only one—the United States. Even purchases made by England and the other allies were regulated through joint buying commissions, so that there was no more competitive bidding to keep prices up. Here again things went well at first. Argentina was still doing business with the Axis, and although the Allied blockade halted German and Italian ships, Franco's Spanish vessels came through to Buenos Aires and trade went on. Other Latin products were in demand, and in many cases we were willing to underwrite expansion operations without asking too many questions.

But, economic warfare being no small item in winning the war, Washington stepped in. There had been little preparation and it soon showed. Our black lists of those considered enemies or enemy agents in Latin America appeared. There was an immediate howl. Many who shouldn't have been listed were. But

(*Continued on page 72*)



"Tell your father *he* started school with only a pencil box!"



Call it sheer luck—or whatever you like,
But Mrs. Carruthers came up with a strike.

Now Mrs. Carruthers was new at the game,
And yet she scored X's in frame after frame.
And despite her exceptional avoirdupois,
Her bowling drew bursts of applause from the boys.

Her footwork or form didn't faze her a bit,
As she knocked out a spare—or a difficult split—
For Mrs. Carruthers' incentive was clear . . .
The prize was a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer!

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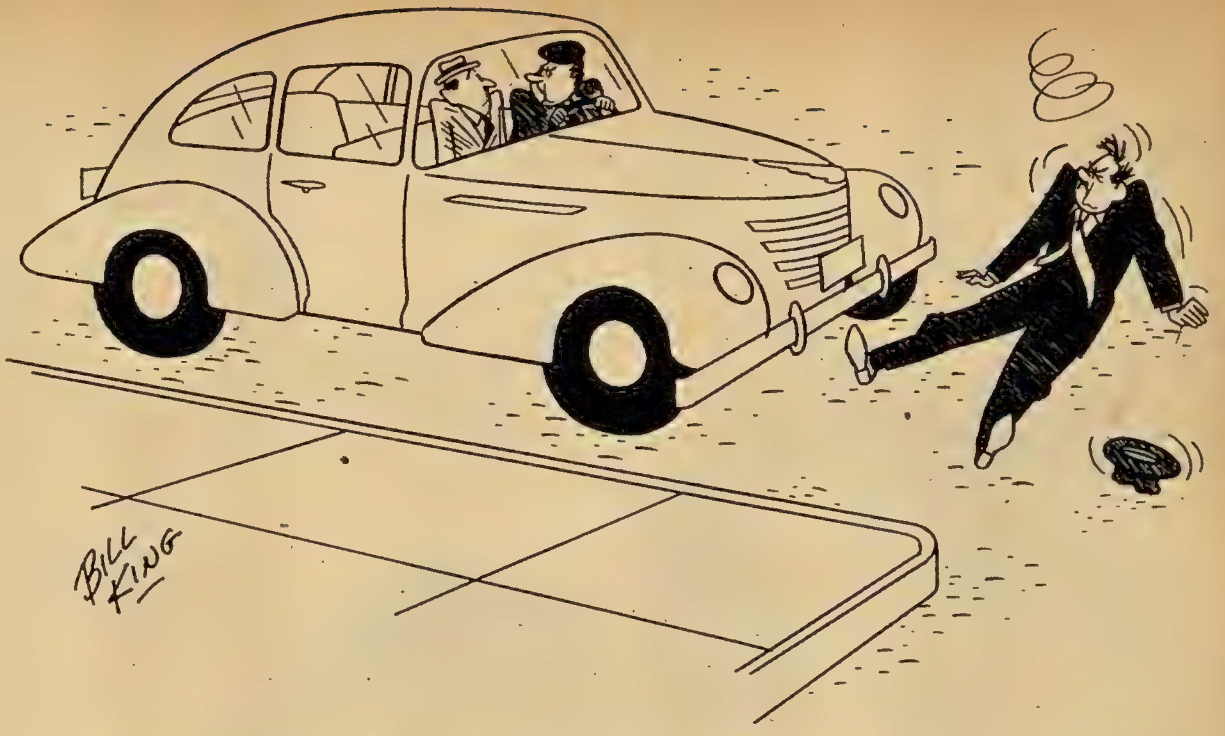
(*Continued from page 70*)

everybody, both those who had a legitimate kick and those who hadn't, complained just the same. No effective propaganda campaign accompanied the blacklisting, and the Germans (who always posed as Dutch or Swiss) and the Italians (who posed as anything) and others who found themselves tagged and identified used their cover-ups and stooges to create the impression that the black list was something dreamed up by Uncle Sam as a weapon to boss Latin America. Of course the list was necessary. But it wasn't pleasant and it wasn't *sold* to Latin America effectively.

They had precious little to say about all kinds of other economic controls imposed by Washington on Latin-American imports and exports. Many a U. S. business man has complained about red tape at home. Consider, then, how it strikes a Latin American to have to fill out forms and obtain application approvals at the American Embassy in Bogotá or Montevideo or Quito—especially when he discovers that he now has a lot of extra work to do for the very little business he's permitted by the "Colossus of the North."

To say that many of those sent down to handle this job were unprepared and lacked even the slightest knowledge of how to get along with Latins is putting it mildly. In some countries there was a nucleus of experienced American business men on hand, but in many others almost everyone came down green.

Then, too, all kinds of new missions and agencies were Clippered south to hurry up and produce all kinds of supplies. Rubber missions went to Brazil and Peru, wolfram missions to Chile and Bolivia, special development commissions to Ecuador, and so many kinds of missions to Mexico that extra office buildings had to be taken over to house them. Often all this was done with little tact or understanding.



"Good heavens, it's Mr. Apgar! Now I suppose we'll have to offer him a lift!"

Even under the best of non-wartime conditions both the control program and the development projects would hardly have won any Gallup popularity polls in Latin America. As it worked out, the result has been the building up of an ever-stronger feeling against us. Take the case of a Bolivian tin-mine owner who is urged to drop everything and start going after wolfram. "It's needed for the war effort—price is no object," he's told. Switching from tin to wolfram production costs a lot of money, plenty of effort. But it's done. Then when shipments are ready to begin, the Metals Reserve Corporation in Washington discovers that now it doesn't need any more of the stuff. The Bolivian is left holding the bag, and the workers are told it's all due to the United States.

This has happened more than once—with Chilean nitrates, for which effective substitutes are now being found in the States; with Brazilian rubber, which started off as a huge project but never got beyond first base; with light-weight balsa wood in Ecuador. I pointed out to some Bolivians and Chileans that the blame wasn't all on us; that they went into their expansion programs with the idea of quick profits based on our rush needs. "*Si, señor,*" they replied; "but that was a legitimate reason."

BUT, regardless of where the blame lies, the fact remains that Latin Americans, subtly aided by the Nazis and the Falangists and the Nationalists, are piling it all up on Uncle Sam's doorstep.

It's hard to explain convincingly how we've tightened our belts and rationed ourselves when Chile and Peru and Colombia and Mexico discover that prices for everything they buy from us have gone up while they aren't getting any more for their products. Much of this rise in prices is traceable to profiteering by Latin Americans themselves, but many Latins find it easier to blame the *Yanquis.*

While I was in Ecuador, a sugar shortage developed. Later investigation revealed that local speculators had cornered the market and were holding out for higher prices. But popular belief, subsequently linked with Nazi-inspired Ecuadorians, insisted it was due to the fact that everything had been bought up for American troops stationed at the Salinas base and elsewhere in Ecuador. Many eventually learned the true story, but not half as many as heard the false version.

The economic irritations caused by the war may, of course, grow less after Hitler is out of the way. But the prospects aren't bright. Latin America, knowing that many of her products are in direct competition with ours, expects, or rather hopes, to resume selling to Germany, Italy, Japan, and the rest of the nondemocratic world. Latins are convinced, however, and not without a good deal of reason, that we don't propose to allow products that might, say, help Japan to rearm, to be sold without our

(*Continued on page 74*)

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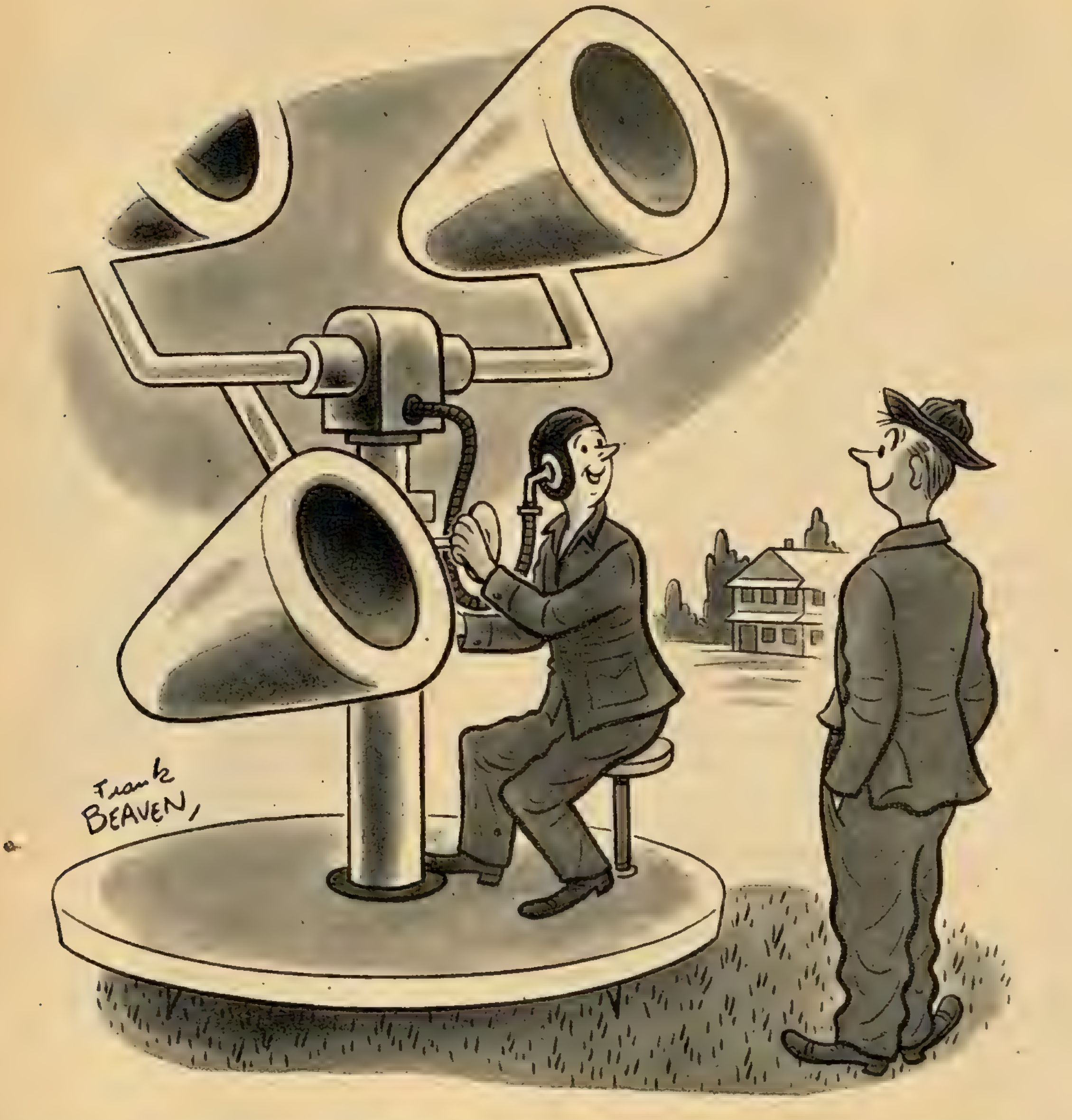
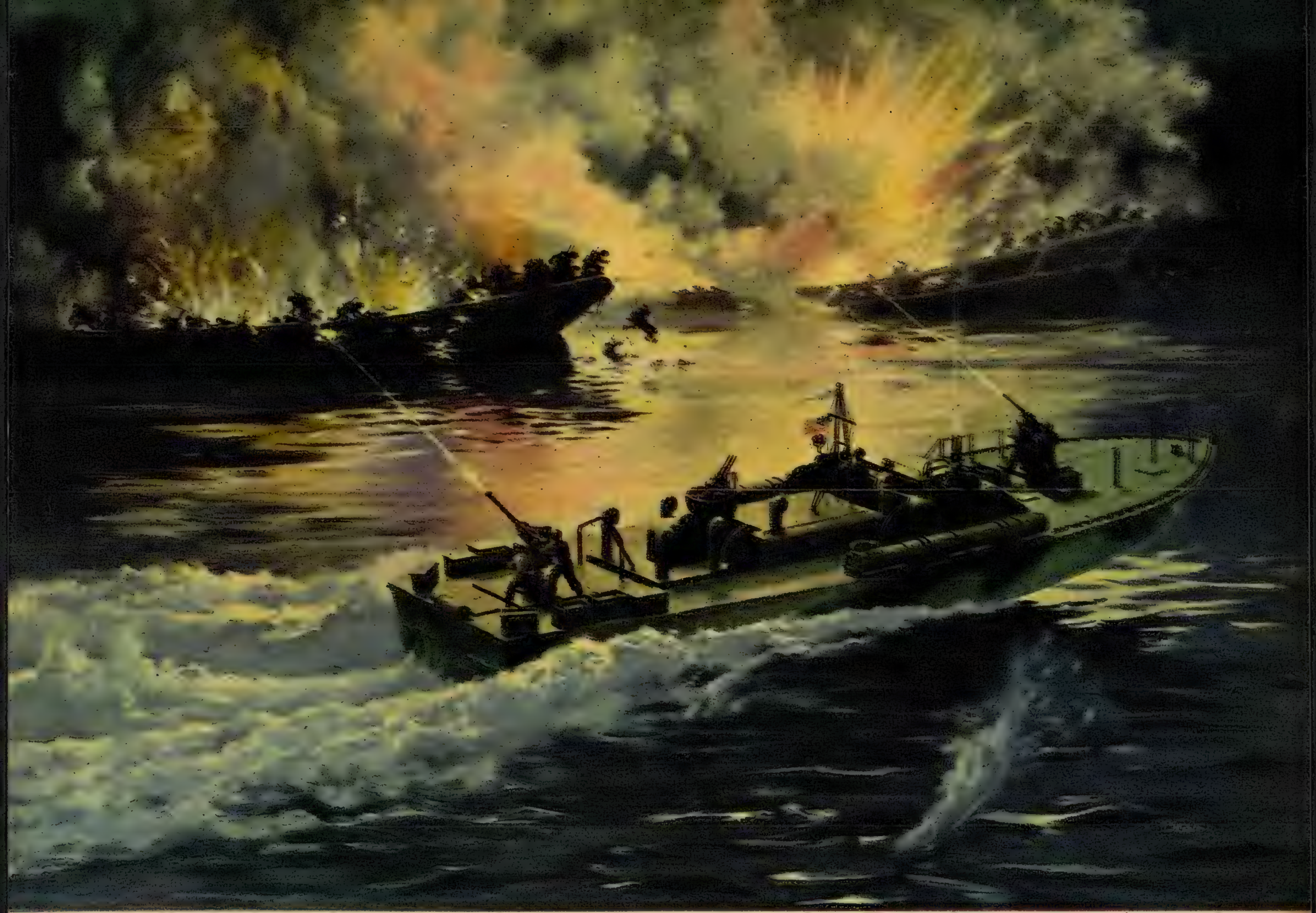


"I can hear the boys over at the barracks opening bottles of Pepsi-Cola!"



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And blasting barges is but one of many jobs done by the men aboard Elco PTs. They speed torpedoes to the mark to sink ships many times their size. They carry commandos on slashing hit-and-run raids. They led the great Invasion, by screening the minesweepers that cleared the Channel for Allied landings.

The fighting officers and crews of these "light naval units" have shown their stamina, quick thinking and valor time and time again. Silent partners in the deeds that bring them fame are the maintenance men—the "ground crews" of the PT service. Without their skillful testing, tuning and repair—often under crude conditions—the PTs could never retain their dazzling speed and agility throughout long months of grueling duty.

As we at Elco keep PT production rolling we're spurred on by the knowledge that each boat we build will some day help to add fresh triumphs to the already glorious record of the PT service.

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(Continued from page 72)

control. Since they feel they are having little part in determining what that control will be, this isn't too happy a prospect. In a sense, all the small nations of the world have the same problem—but in Latin America it's more serious, for we are dealing with our own hemisphere.

Many Latin Americans, having seen how prosperous Argentina has remained while defying the United States and playing both sides against the middle, turn not against Argentina but against us because they feel we've made them the suckers. This is especially true in Chile and in Uruguay. Both say they've given up their natural resources to aid the war effort, yet have little or nothing to show for it.

The inconsistencies of our policy may not be as apparent in Washington as they are in Latin America, but Latins don't forget them one instant. To them, although we sign an Atlantic Charter and fight for it, we seem to accept authoritarian governments in some Latin countries simply because they conform in outward appearance to our way of things. They cannot understand why we recognized Argentina's puppet president General Pedro Ramírez and refuse to give the nod to a Farrell. They don't savvy why we recognize Franco, who was openly pro-Axis, yet keep the Bolivian majors on tenterhooks for so long. Our playing along with certain Central American strong-arm dictators hasn't won us any friends, either.

This very lack of policy has often made it difficult for organizations like Nelson Rockefeller's energetic Office of the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs to do any effective job, particularly since, despite the title, scores of U. S. agencies working in Latin America are far from co-ordinated. Much of the effort has resultingly been concentrated on "selling" the Latins on the war effort, which now bores most of them; on the postwar future, which doesn't sound at all definite to them; and on hemisphere co-operation, which, to many, means that non-co-operative Argentina gets all the benefits while they get all the headaches.

That the effort has been worth while from a purely military point of view must be admitted, for we did succeed pretty effectively in physically checkmating the Axis. But the problem ahead is a lot deeper. Instead of better neighbors who might have come out of the common fight, we now have more and more nationalistic-minded republics to the south, more and more anti-U. S. feeling, and less and less prospect of real hemisphere harmony.

Admitting that the Latins have often been no better neighbors than we, Latin Americans—and *Yanquis* who have lived and studied and worked in Latin America—agree that our policy must be brought out into the light and restudied, that Good Neighborliness must be broadened to extend from people to people rather than, as now, simply from officialdom to officialdom. Democracy as we know it has rarely existed in Latin America outside a few countries like Uruguay, Costa Rica, Chile, and Colombia. The fabulously rich cattle-raising *estancia* owners, the coffee and banana and other *hacienda* proprietors, the mine and oil and other feudal barons of the old Spanish-descended Latin families have often been at the bottom of much of the resentment against us.

Now is the time, the people of Latin America believe, for a less hurried two-way wooing and winning and binding of the hemisphere. For the people of Latin America, *Señor y Señora* Juan Q. Pueblo are, down deep, the same as our people—Americans.

THE END

YOU HAVE SUCH A BOYISH FACE!
DON'T LET THAT STAR BLADE SHAVE FOOL YOU, SISTER!
6NX PROCESS
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE
4 for 10¢
STAR
SINGLE EDGE

THE CIVILIANS OF SAIPAN

Continued from Page 21

kimonos, and proceeded with an elaborate coiffure while the unsuspecting marines watched and grinned. When all was done, they laid their combs carefully on the ground, faced the marines on the hill, and bowed slightly. Then they joined hands again, and with the utmost composure walked over the cliff and plunged into the sea.

This sort of thing became commonplace as the Japanese troops were pushed back to the mountain beyond.

In a steep hillside facing the sea, about 200 yards from the cliff, a Japanese sniper was holed up in a cave. He was shooting at a group of marines about 1,000 yards away, up the coast. From above his cave, five or six marines were trying to dislodge him, dropping grenades and lowering satchel charges.

Then into the level space between the sniper and the sea came a strange party—two women and two men, apparently husbands and wives, two boys of ten or twelve, and an old man.

They stood at the very edge of the cliff, gesticulating, apparently discussing the manner of their suicide. When their argument had gone on for some minutes, the sniper took a hand. He shot one of the women and, an instant later, one of the boys. With arms and legs flung out, their bodies dived into the sea.

The others were stunned. As they stood uncertainly, the sniper suddenly found the cave too hot for him, and he dashed toward the people at the cliff, bending low and weaving. Marine bullets caught him, and the marines leaped from their cover and ran toward the people.

Before they could get there, the second woman and one of the men jumped into the water. The others were seized, prevented from killing themselves, and led protesting into custody.

THOUSANDS of the civilians went into the many caves on the island. Often there were as many as 300 in a single hole underground, without food or supplies. In many cases Japanese soldiers were with them, though there was no evidence that the troops had forcibly herded their people into hiding.

We set up powerful loudspeakers and got Chamorros and half-breeds who spoke Japanese to talk to them, urging them to surrender. They were promised safety and medical attention. Many had been wounded in the shelling from both sides. Often long files of civilians did come out of the caves, hands up, looking stupefied. But many refused the invitation, and the dull crump of suicidal exploding grenades came out of the cave mouths instead.

The Japanese civilians did not engage in guerrilla sniping at our troops. Certain detachments of their organized Home Guard did join the regular soldiers to oppose our advance up the island, but not one instance was reported of a civilian, man or woman or child, lifting a hand to harm our men. In the eyes of our soldiers, this made their behavior all the more weird and senseless. The marines could have understood civilians shooting at them from windows and caves—and getting killed for their pains. They could not understand the deliberate rush into death.

There seemed to be a mixture of impulses: the fear of falling into our hands and being tortured, plus the belief that capture would be disgrace. In all respects, the women were more determined in committing suicide than the men—the civilian men, that is, not the soldiers. Some men watched their women leap into the sea,

"Does this answer your last question?"

then stripped themselves to show they carried no weapons and walked forward to surrender.

There is one final point which is equally difficult to understand. When these civilians are brought into custody, they seem to give up at once the notion that they must kill themselves. Military prisoners will try to commit suicide, at least during the first two or three days of their captivity, but the civilians seem to have a different idea.

A certain number, it is true, seem to regard themselves as finished, done for and dead spiritually—but curiously absolved of the need to destroy themselves physically. Others seem ready to undertake an entirely new life, and join in eagerly to help make their fellows comfortable. The nurses and doctors turn to the treatment of the sick and disabled. They bathe the children. And when they ask for needed articles or instructions they are as likely as not to turn on the typical Japanese smile.

The most potent factor in convincing them that we don't intend to torture them is the attitude of our enlisted men toward their children. The marines and soldiers, thousands of miles from their own kid brothers and sisters, give the doll-like offspring of the enemy presents, teach them games, and pick them up and carry them if they seem too tired to walk.

It is a touching sight to see a grimy, tired marine pick up a little lad, dry his tears, and talk to him: "Hey, bud, you'd better pull out of it. Come on, now. It ain't so bad as all that. A guy like you ought to get a grip on himself. . . ." The Japanese mothers and fathers and aunts look on with amazement.

Still, we haven't solved it. We cannot tell, even now, how much leeway we may give the Japanese civilians who did *not* manage to kill themselves.

On Saipan, as everywhere else, we have to build important military installations, and we can't risk sabotage by civilians. We know that the Japanese cannot be trusted, but we have no place large enough to put them and forget them. On these islands of the Marianas we have to watch them vigilantly even as we give them every chance to resume a normal life.

For such reasons, if we can subdue the Japanese Empire without making all its civilians our prisoners, we may avoid 80,000,000 headaches.

THE END

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OVEN BAKED BEANS
IN TOMATO SAUCE
HEINZ 57 VARIETIES MADE BY H.J. HEINZ CO.
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One of the 57 Varieties

CLOWN

Continued from Page 23

it. "I know. I will make you out a hussy," Bingham said, his voice thick. "Mike, I—"

She looked up at him out of her clean blue eyes and all the fight went out of him.

He moved forward and held her against the door and he kissed her quite conclusively.

"I shouldn't have come."

Mike said, "I hoped you'd had a good time."

"That's the trouble, I did. Too good a time."

"But—but that doesn't quite total four from where I sit. You aren't secretly a husband, perchance?"

"No, Mike."

"It is a girl though, isn't it?"

He met her eyes squarely and a reply was unnecessary.

Mike Land walked past him to the little coffee table, took up a cigarette and lighted it. Bingham did not move from the door.

"I'm leaving Friday, Mike," he said; "catching the two-ten for Great Lakes. I'm going into the Navy."

Mike looked out of the window, holding back the curtain with her hand. "I wish you all the luck."

He wanted to go over there, to touch her. He said, "Thanks for the grand party, Mike. And so long."

He closed the door gently behind him as he went out.

AT the station it was raining. Bingham bought a magazine and turned under the long canopy before the trains, and there she was.

"Hello." She smiled in her shy, free manner.

She was wearing an old trench coat and a felt hat pulled down against the rain. She carried a brown-paper bag.

Lord, Mike, that outfit! He grinned, pleased to see her again.

"I wanted to say good-by," she said. "The other night—I'm sorry for the childishness."

"Never regret, Mike. There are too many things. . . ."

She smiled. She held out the paper bag. "Chicken sandwiches. Mother used to fix 'em whenever I went afar. Just something left over."

Bingham took the bag. He did not think they were something left over.

"Bing, she's so very—lovely?"

He saw Elyse in his mind, the long grace of her, the perfect features. "Yes," he agreed.

The conversation ran out here. There were small sounds, hollow, unrelated, the sounds of a great railway terminal. Mike took off her hat and slapped the water from it against her trench coat. Her hair was dark red, wind-blown.

"I'm really not much count, Mike. A failure, in a way. There's only one thing I can do—play football. I'll be too old for that soon. I'll be out in the cold after the war."

"You?" Her look was incredulous. "A man who breaks his wrist and goes on playing—half a game against the Bears with a broken wrist! Making them all laugh with a broken wrist!"

He smiled grimly. "They don't pay off on that stuff. That's extracurricular; that's kid stuff."

People were getting on the train and it was time to go. He tilted her chin up with his fist. "No—no, Bing." She stepped back and touched his arm. "Good-by."

Bingham paused at the step, looking back, and lifted his hand. She looked a child in the immensity of the station. He went into the car then and thought of Elyse on the way to Great Lakes.

DYSON faked a sweep and handed the ball to Clutterly, All-Star quarterback, and Clutterly backed up and tossed a bullet into the flat that was good for thirty-three yards eventually. Noise boomed through the stadium, and the Sailors were in trouble again.

On a half-spinner, Dyson fed to Nonbeck of Holy Cross, who tried to circle left end. Big Jake Lesinski hit him. There was a heavy breaking sound and Nonbeck let go of the ball.

Bingham was on it instantly, the soggy leather a rock against his belly. Four men piled on, roughing him, clawing for the ball. But the ball was a part of him by then.

He got up and heard his name go back across the stands. There was something missing, though. Incomplete. Once more he sensed the expectancy, the waiting for him to cut loose with something hilarious. Even now they expected it, trusting him and waiting to laugh.

Sammy Wick said, "All right, it's now-or-never time."

Trumbull, a great bunch of man, bent the orange line for three yards. Then Sammy Wick himself, slipping off-tackle and not finding a hole, and calling a spot pass to Bingham on third down.

The pass was high. Bingham caught it on the tip of an upflung hand. Someone hit him and he pivoted, off balance, and kept going. Hands tore at him and tore free. He heard the dry harsh sound of rent cloth. His knees slammed a man full on, and the turf came up and struck him in the mouth.

Bingham rose unsteadily. Nonbeck of Holy Cross did not.

"Oh-oh," said Bingham, and knelt beside the prone one, who managed a tight grin. "You are not soft," he said, as two bulky linesmen lifted him and carried him from the field.

Bingham went back to where the Sailors were. He was very dirty with the mud. The fabric belt of his pants, ripped half away, dangled futilely.

It was beginning to snow again, great slushy flakes that hung in the air. Bingham watched them in a detached sort of manner and dropped onto the ground, no longer caring about the wetness.

IT had been like coming home last night—coming back on campus. The old familiar buildings and the trees, bare and dark-moving against the dark sky, and dead leaves rattling dismally across the walks, with only the faces changed now.

Nostalgia filled him as he walked along, a kind of aching emotion within that he was ashamed of somehow, so that he walked very swiftly to the big white house on Rampart Road. But Elyse was not at home.

The pre-game crowd at Sollie's was strange to him now; he knew only a few. Even Sollie was not there, the bartender informing that he was down with the flu.

Bingham took off his bridge coat and looked around. He went into the back room and did not see her at first, and then discovered her in a rear booth half hidden by others in her party, by a blond shorn youth who smiled at her incessantly.

When the music stopped he crossed the floor. "Hello, Elyse."

There was the briefest hollow pause. She looked up evenly, betraying nothing. "Bing!"

She introduced him around the table and he shook hands earnestly, retaining

(Continued on page 78)

Hydraulic "nerves" and "muscles" for superhuman tasks

How is a huge, 16-inch gun turret on a battlewagon swung into firing position? . . .

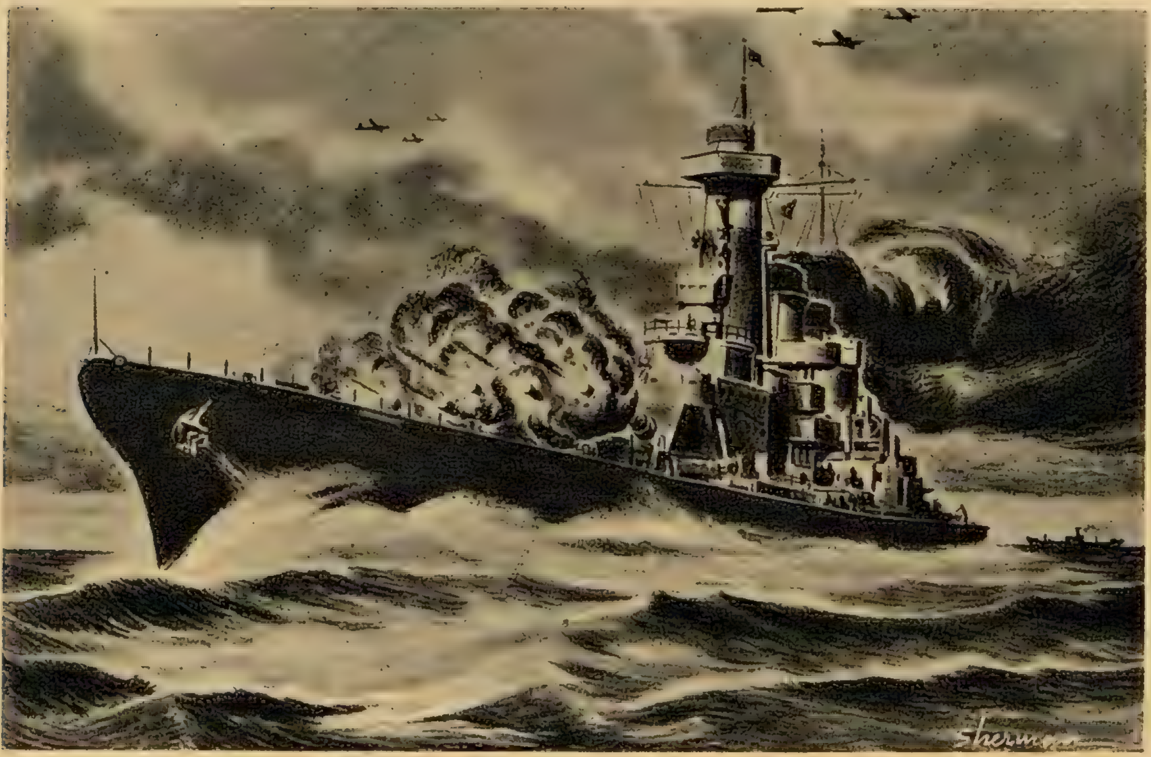
How is a big 90-mm. antiaircraft gun kept trained on its fast-moving target?

These and other tasks of warfare are too tough for the controlled muscle power of mere man. So they are performed by made-to-order "nerves" and "muscles" of steel and oil, using the principle of *hydraulics.*

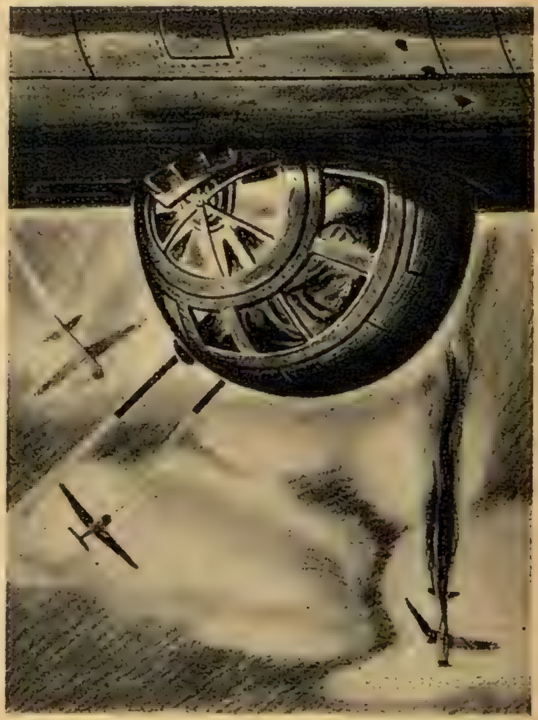
Hydraulic "nerves" and "muscles" can move and control many hundreds of tons at the touch of a finger on a lever. *And do it smoothly, quickly, and with hairbreadth precision.*

Even before the war, Vickers, Inc., a division of the Sperry Corporation, had years of experience in applying hydraulic power and control to industrial devices, and to Army and Navy weapons.

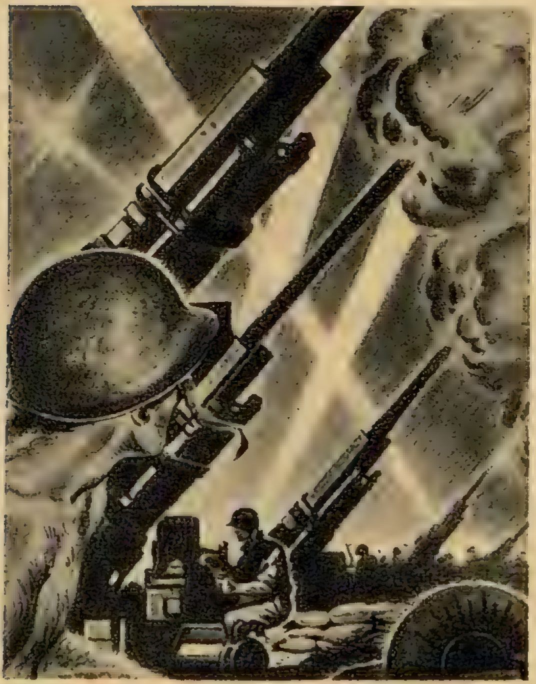
Wartime brought additional assignments. Here are a few of the tasks which these man-made hydraulic nerves and muscles perform . . .



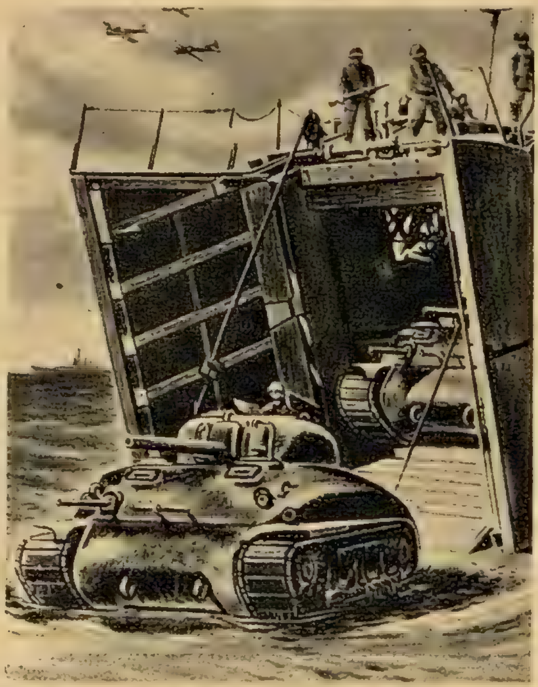
They spin the 1550-ton turret on a battleship. This means training and elevating the monster 16-inch guns mounted three abreast in a heavy, armored turret. Precision, speed, and dependability are vital. The hydraulic drive is one reason for our Navy's deadly gunfire.



They turn the belly turret of a Liberator. It takes plenty of muscle to rotate and elevate a belly turret against the terrific wind pressure. So the "muscles" and controls are hydraulic—and they do their job smoothly, instantly, accurately.



They keep ack-ack guns on the target. In response to firing data transmitted by the Sperry Antiaircraft Director, our Army's 90-mm. antiaircraft guns are instantly and automatically positioned on the target. The hydraulic control mechanism which swings and elevates these guns responds to a movement of *one one thousandth of an inch* of the controls.



They open the mouth of an LSM. When it's time for the bow doors of a *Landing Ship Medium* to open, it's time for action. Positive, dependable operation may be a matter of life or death. This heavy job is entrusted to Vickers hydraulics.

WHILE THE applications of hydraulics to our modern weapons of war are the more spectacular, Vickers equipment is performing equally important tasks on the production front.

Giant presses, ingenious and intricate machines for making munitions, standard and special machine tools, and oil-well machinery are but a few examples.

When Victory permits, Vickers precision hydraulic equipment will aid in the manufacture of hundreds of postwar products.

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BELLE BAKER • JOE FRISCO
GALLAGHER & SHEAN (Jack Kenny & Al Shean)
VAN & SCHENCK (Gus Van & Charles Marsh)

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

(Continued from page 76)

none of the names beyond the moment. The juke box began again.

"May I?"

Elyse looked toward the shorn one, who smiled quickly and said, "Of course."

It was like the old days then, the long supple warmth of her against him, the naturalness of it all. This was as it should be, he thought, for always and ever and ever, amen.

He was not subtle. There was no time for subtlety. He said, "Marry me, Elyse. We've wasted three years, but we'll make 'em up. It's not too late."

"Still the clown, aren't you?"

"I never was intentionally."

Her laugh was low, throaty. "No, not much. It was always just the things you did—and said. Oh, no, you weren't a clown."

Bingham was silent.

"You knew how I felt about pro football and the clowning business," she went on, the golden hair brushing his cheek. "Quite apparently it mattered not a damn to you how I felt. You went away—"

She broke off when the music stopped, and started back to her table, then paused and turned back. "A wife must eat, you know, and have a car perhaps—and bonnets. You'll not play football forever, Bing."

"No. I've made a lot of contacts, though."

She smiled. "As ever, Bing. But remember this: your contacts must eat and buy bonnets too—and cars perhaps."

And that was the end of it. He took a cab back to town. The wind had shifted into the north. There were flecks of snow in the night.

So there would be no more clowning, he thought—ever. He would show her tomorrow, and afterward, sometime, he would see her. That she too had been unable to forget, he was certain.

E. J. Foose of the News was in the lobby. "Mike's here," he said. "Mike Land."

"That so?" said Bingham, preoccupied.

"She's covering the game as a spectacle," E. J. Foose offered. "As Mr. Average Fan in section G, row 44, seat 7. Good idea. She made them send her. Mike gets pretty much what she wants."

"Yeh," Bingham replied absently. "Yeh, I guess she does."

SAMMY WICK was saying, "You all right, Bing?" and they were all looking at him. So he said quickly, "Oh, sure . . . sure," and took the seat of his pants from the soil.

"O. K., we shoot the bolt now. The end-around. She's in your lap, boys—the whole damned show. So block for all that's there."

Bingham counted to three and pulled fast out of the line. He saw the fullback plunge into center, faking well, and Sammy Wick with the ball hidden, pivoting.

The ball slapped him just over the groin and he left it there, low, until he was past the end, shifting it then to the crook of his arm. There was a pile-up and a hole, if you could call it that, and he drove strong through the hole and felt hands slip off him.

There was but one thing now—to keep going. There were obstacles in orange jerseys. He broke clear of them with an awful ripping sound and almost fell as he caught up his pants with his free hand and side-stepped a too-eager halfback.

The stadium was a gigantic disk of sound. Screams and hysterical cheers and then laughter breaking in a mighty peal over all. It was what they had been waiting for the long afternoon.

Bingham had planned this, of course. He had delayed until now to make it very good, and he had succeeded. Oh, you Bingham!

He thought of Elyse when he heard the laughter and realized then how difficult it was to escape from it.

He was Bingham, the clown. Whatever he did was funny to them. It was near tradition now.

The safety man loomed up, grotesquely splattered with wet earth. Then, behind, Bingham heard Sammy Wick's, "Hup-hup!" and with a little flip tossed back the ball and rolled into the man, one hand still clutching his pants.

Thunder came down. The Sailors formed a tight ring and Lasky trotted out and swapped pants with Bingham, and again the laughter from the stands, genuine, deep-bellied, supreme.

O'Mear came in to kick the point. O'Mear had a beautiful talent for this, but the ball was a slimy soggy thing. It slithered off maddeningly to one side and the collegians still held an edge. But the Sailors were going now. The score and the levity had brought them back. They stopped Dyson cold, and Sammy Wick ran his punt back to the forty-one.

The pants, Bingham thought—that was an accident. She could see that. He could explain that away. It would take hard work now, though, and finesse. And now he must be doubly cautious.

THE Sailors made a first down. They made another, and the golden minutes dripped away to but a solitary one by the clock. It was then that Sammy Wick dropped back and chucked a long one down the middle to Bingham, who took it in full stride and saw the safety man dead in his path.

Bingham checked himself rapidly, changing pace, coming almost to a halt. Instinctively then, without thinking, he beckoned with his hand for the man to come on, and laughter broke anew from above to ring cleanly through the afternoon.

The defensive man hesitated, bewildered, finally coming forward in a diving, groping tackle. In that instant Bingham's mind went free, cast off the shackles of behavior, and he was once more the Bingham of old, the natural clown.

He smiled—the whole assemblage saw him smile—and with a deceptive skip-step eluded the tackle. A halfback hit him from behind on the seventeen-yard line.

There was time for a play. O'Mear asked that the ball be wiped off. Before the referee could comply, Bingham, in all sincerity, had wiped it clean with the tail of his jersey.

The laughter warmed him now and he put his hands on the pads at his hips and thought of a girl. She had red windblown hair. . . . She was kneeling on the seat of a car. . . . She was smiling, wrinkling her nose at him, carelessly slapping the rain from her hat. . . . "—playing half a game with a broken wrist! Making them all laugh with a broken wrist—"

This girl was proud of him.

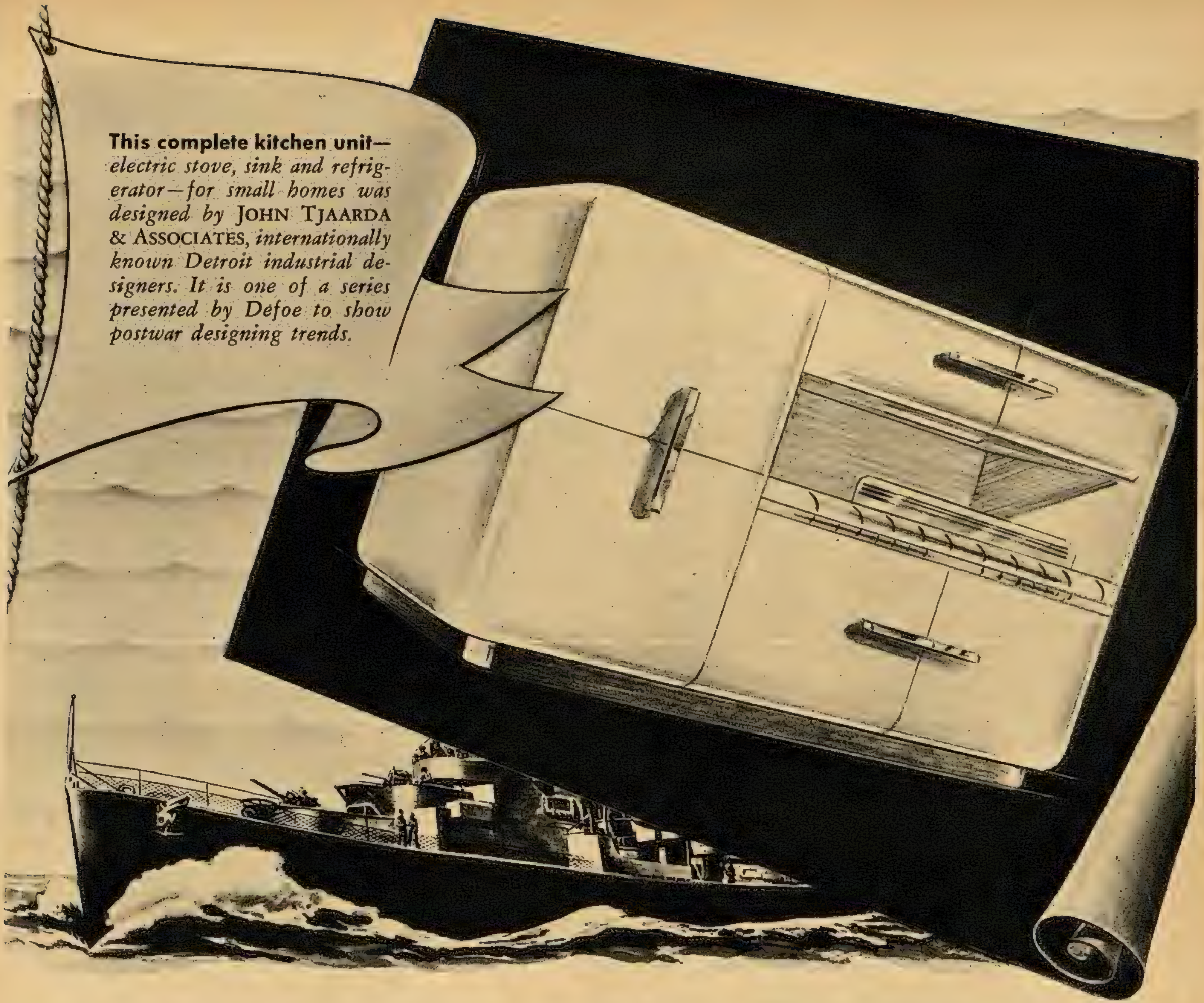
O'Mear fell back. It was child's play, because he could not miss two in a row. The ball was placed and he booted it high between the posts, and that was the ball game.

Bingham went over to section G. He saw her right off, stepping down across the seats in a forthright and most unladylike manner. He signed scraps of paper and programs while he waited.

Then she was beside him on the grass, looking up and laughing, and there were tears on her face.

"Mike," he said. "Mike . . ."

THE END



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WHERE YOU WANT IT, UNCLE SAM

Continued from Page 31

tween twenty-one and thirty-five; minimum height of five feet three inches; maximum weight of 145 pounds; good physical condition and, above all, neatness and intelligence. Somewhat to everyone's surprise, there was a welcome flood of applicants, most of whom were successfully trained in a field where the "No Admittance" sign always had been up for women. Despite early wisecracks by some of the bred-in-the-gas-fumes boys long accustomed to handling big jobs on the highways in all kinds of weather, the girls have performed nobly in their drive-away deliveries of all types of military vehicles. One glance at the trim, neatly-uniformed feminine figures, and the once common simile, "burly as a truck driver," goes the way of Hirohito's fleet.

IN matters of supply to the armed forces, Army and Navy experts work hand in hand and jointly with all forms of transportation. Fluidity, flexibility, and speed are determining factors in the choice of a method of transport to do a specific job. An outstanding example is the "consolidating stations," a freight-forwarding system that was nonexistent before the war—the pride and joy of General Williamson, and an organization that has contributed its share of miracles. Time was when a tremendous bulk of less-than-carload (l. c. l.) freight was moving "all rail." This meant that because of frequent stops to unload only a portion of the freight, an l. c. l. transcontinental shipment took nearly as long as would a shipment from San Francisco to Australia. The theory of "consolidation" was to prevent haphazard treatment of government freight through a multiplicity of channels, and to speed up delivery of l. c. l. shipments. Gigantic warehouses were established at New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, East St. Louis, Atlanta, Memphis, San Antonio, Ogden, Oakland, San Francisco, and Seattle.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Have you heard the one about the maniac whose trouble was a cat in his tummy? The feline, he told asylum attendants, tore around inside and clawed him something fierce. One day the poor fellow got a real pain—a bad appendix. They operated, and the surgeon figured maybe this was the chance to cure the patient completely. He sent out for a cat—a black one—and when the nut came out of the ether the doctor held up the animal and said, "You're all right now. Look what we got!" The patient took one look, grabbed his tummy, and howled, "You got the wrong cat! The one that's been bothering me is a gray one!"—Irving Hoffman, in the Hollywood Reporter.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Within a radius of 600 miles, and farther if necessary, truck operators were called on to bring in the less-than-carload and less-than-truckload shipments to be consolidated into full carloads and shipped by rail or water to whatever destinations the war needs dictated. There were two important results. Transcontinental time on l. c. l. was cut one third, and truck operators who brought their loads to the stations found that more often than not they received return loads as part of the distribution activities of the stations.

In effect, consolidating stations are gigantic reservoirs of all manner of war matériel, with rail, marine, air, and truck transportation combining to serve as pipe lines to the fighting fronts. In the seven million square feet of storage space in Chicago, for example, you probably could find most of the items needed by Task Force 58, by General MacArthur's fighters, by the 20th Air Force and its Superfortresses. The constant and terrific pressure of this flow of supplies is indicated by the fact that from 110 to 125 loaded railroad cars leave Chicago every day. This is a severe drain on the reservoir, which always must be kept filled to the brim, a job that falls to the motor trucks. In the Midwest they bring in 95 per cent of all the tons of commodities needed to replace those shipped out of the Chicago station every twenty-four hours.

AT first this proved something of a bottleneck, for daily arrival of 550 big over-the-road giants overtaxed even the ample accommodations of the unloading platforms, and long delays tied up equipment that should have been moving freight. Army-Navy traffic officials located a vacant field offering plenty of maneuverability for trucks and trailers and built a long platform. Empty trailers were backed, hub to hub, on one side, drivers were told to park their loaded trucks on the other, and hard-working crews transferred freight from loaded trucks to empty trailers, which then were hauled by Army tractors to the warehouse as unloading space there became available. This freed the over-the-road vehicles, and drivers found they had just eleven minutes to gulp their cup of coffee instead of the two to three hours formerly required for unloading and turn-around.

This astonishing celerity in unloading likewise is reflected in the freedom from congestion at important overseas shipping ports like New York, which was a freight-jammed international headache in the last

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war. Control of freight moving to all ports of embarkation is an Army Transportation Corps function. The commanding general, New York Port of Embarkation, for example, is responsible for loading all War Department and lend-lease freight into both Army ships and vessels assigned to the Army by the War Shipping Administration.

These days the dockage facilities for convoy ships are carefully analyzed, the amount of available labor is checked, and when everything is ready, the trucks are turned loose on the job and the million and one items move rapidly from consolidating stations to holds of the waiting ships. Indicative of the smoothness of these trucking operations is the fact that in the Port of New York the truck turn-around time is only twenty-three minutes.

The trucking industry has earned its laurels from the Navy, too. Rear Admiral William Brent Young, S. C., U. S. N., has said: "Without truck transportation the supply system would break down. Seemingly impossible tasks have been assigned domestic truck lines under the pressure of war necessity. Those demands have been met. Accomplishments have been prodigious." The Navy buys $45,000,000 worth of transportation services a month, and approximately 10 per cent is allocated to trucks.

•

ONE of those "prodigious accomplishments" began with a telephone call late on a winter Saturday afternoon from Washington to the office of a Boston truck operator. An aircraft carrier in a Virginia port must be supplied with ammunition. She was sailing in thirty hours. It was a two-truck job, but a long haul, so relief drivers were ordered to report for duty along the way at designated points of pick-up. The police systems of the states through which the trucks would roll set up a continuous chain of escort units. At seven o'clock that Saturday night the two vehicles roared southward out of Boston, and exactly twenty-seven hours later the job was completed.

Another time the same truck operator's no longer startled ears heard a message that in ten minutes he must be ready to haul an emergency shipment of 500,000 pounds of high explosives to vessels waiting at a port of embarkation. He did it, but he's still a little on the vague side about just how it was accomplished.

Wherever possible, the type of vehicle best suited for the business at hand is utilized. For instance, if a number of small items must be gathered from several sources in Detroit, light pick-up trucks are used. At the other extreme were the enormous gun mounts which had to go from a New England manufacturer to a shipyard. Because of their height, they were hauled on special low-bed trailers, and to avoid the difficulty experienced in the Turnpike tunnel, a reconnaissance car equipped with a seventeen-foot pole preceded the loads to check clearances.

Then there are the specialized services of the tank-truck operators, one of whom keeps sixty pieces of equipment rolling with loads of 3,500 to 5,500 gallons of aviation fuel for military fields. Another hauls 320,000 gallons of oil or alcohol daily, while a third assures a steel mill of continuous production by delivering 250,000 gallons of fuel oil every twenty-four hours.

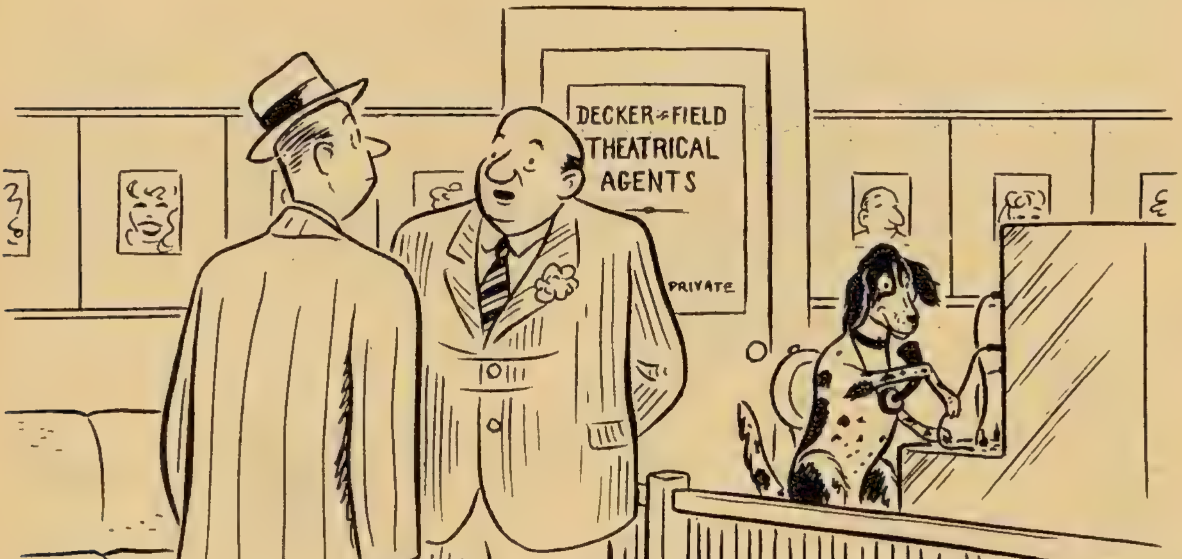
All over the countryside the trucks of America are at war. Yet, with all the freight they are carrying, a figure that would have been considered fabulous three years ago, the motor lines are not getting rich out of the war. Far from it. Labor costs have increased. Tires are far more expensive. Vehicles are worn, in many cases beyond the point of profitable operation, but they must continue to roll, for there are not enough new ones to replace them. Further, motor carriers pay more than a million and a half dollars a day in special highway taxes, besides their regular business taxes.

Back in the days when America's motorists could roam at will over the highways, many an otherwise upright citizen had unpleasant things to say about trucks and truck drivers. Few of those remarks were justified, for the industry's safety record was, and still is, an enviable one, and its place in the transportation scheme even then was essential. Today it is vital.

The Army's deputy chief of Transportation, Brigadier General Robert H. Wylie, told the motor carriers: "Wars are not won by men or nations that lay hold of good reasons to explain their failure. They are won by people who seek out undreamed-of ways to do jobs that seemed impossible. History will judge all of us —just as history judges commanders and soldiers in battle—not upon the adequacy of our alibis, but by the results we achieve."

Based on results, the trucking industry of the United States will rate a high place in history's annals.

THE END



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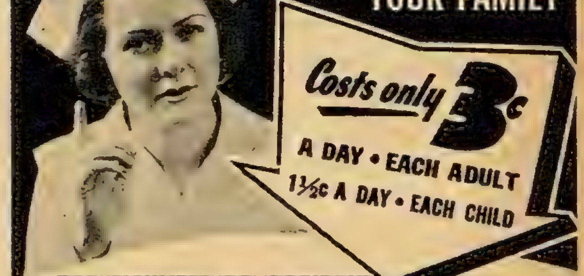
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WISH YOU WERE HERE

Continued from Page 33

off each other like a couple of billiard balls. So we laugh, silly, like people will when such things happen, and we both reach again and this time I win. And the blonde mentions it's a wonderful crisp fall day, and I say it certainly is. There is a drugstore next to Nussbaum's and a big sign on the window advertising hot chocolate (ten cents), and just then I happen to think again of Wilfrid, and I don't know what comes over me, but I park the carriage in front of Nussbaum's, and the next thing I know the blonde and I are having ourselves twenty cents' worth of hot chocolate. And then we go back to Nussbaum's, all very innocent and just neighborly, the way people are in Brooklyn.

But I duck her inside, because I feel a reluctance to having this blonde seeing me buy ten cents' worth of pink ribbon, and in fact all guys I know object to buying stuff like this for their wives.

So I buy it from Mr. Nussbaum, and push outside, and there is the carriage with the back to me, and I start shoving it, and there is no sound from inside and I figure Peanuts is catching herself some shut-eye.

I amble along the street thinking of nothing much, and finally I figure I better take a gander at Peanuts to see that she has not kicked off the blankets.

So I go around front to take a peek, and then practically collapse, because the baby carriage is emptier than Ebbets Field during the last World Serious.

"Help!" I scream. "Kidnapers!" And the first thing, I am surrounded by a mob and a cop comes up and says, "Move along," and the mob pushes closer and shouts, "Let the law through!" and somebody on the outside who can't see is shouting, "Give him air!"

I calm down enough to explain to the cop what the situation is, and then he gets excited himself and says, "At what time was the crime committed? From what address did the kidnaping take place?" he says. "Did you receive any threatening notes or observe any suspicious characters? Were there any identifying marks on the child?"

"Do you think we had her tattooed?" I scream.

"Don't get historical," says the flattie.

And finally he decides he had better ring the precinct, so he does same and listens a minute and gets red in the face, and then hangs up and says to me, "Go home."

"But listen—" I say.

"Go home before I run you in for vagrancy."

So home I go, wondering how I am going to break the news to Sally, and practically frantic and running the last two blocks with the baby carriage bumping along in front of me, and I tear up the front steps and say, "Sally, I've got terrible news. I've—"

And then I stop, because I hear a sort of a *bong, bong* that is very familiar, and I take a peek in the living room and almost go nuts, because there is Peanuts sitting on the floor banging on the club aluminum.

"A blonde brought her home," says Sally. "She said you picked her up near Nussbaum's."

"I was polite, nothing else!" I yell. "Did the blonde swipe the baby?"

"She brought her home in her carriage. It's on the front lawn."

And I take a look, and there are both carriages and they look just the same.

"Lots of women these days," says Sally, "use baby carriages to bring their groceries home in. So you have a stolen carriage there. You've been wanting to go somewhere on this vacation, now you can go to jail."

"It was an accident," I say. "It was Peanuts' fault, anyway. She threw a rattle—"

"Stop right there," says Sally. "At least be man enough not to blame an innocent baby."

"I never gave her my address," I say. "How did the blonde bring her here?"

"She took her inside the store and Mr. Nussbaum recognized her. So she brought her home to you, you great big handsome lady killer. She said you bought her a hot chocolate. She thought you were cute. She doesn't know you like I do. I suppose you brought something home for me to drink."

"Well," I say, "I—"

"I wouldn't drink it, anyway," she says. "Go back to your blondes, you gigolo."

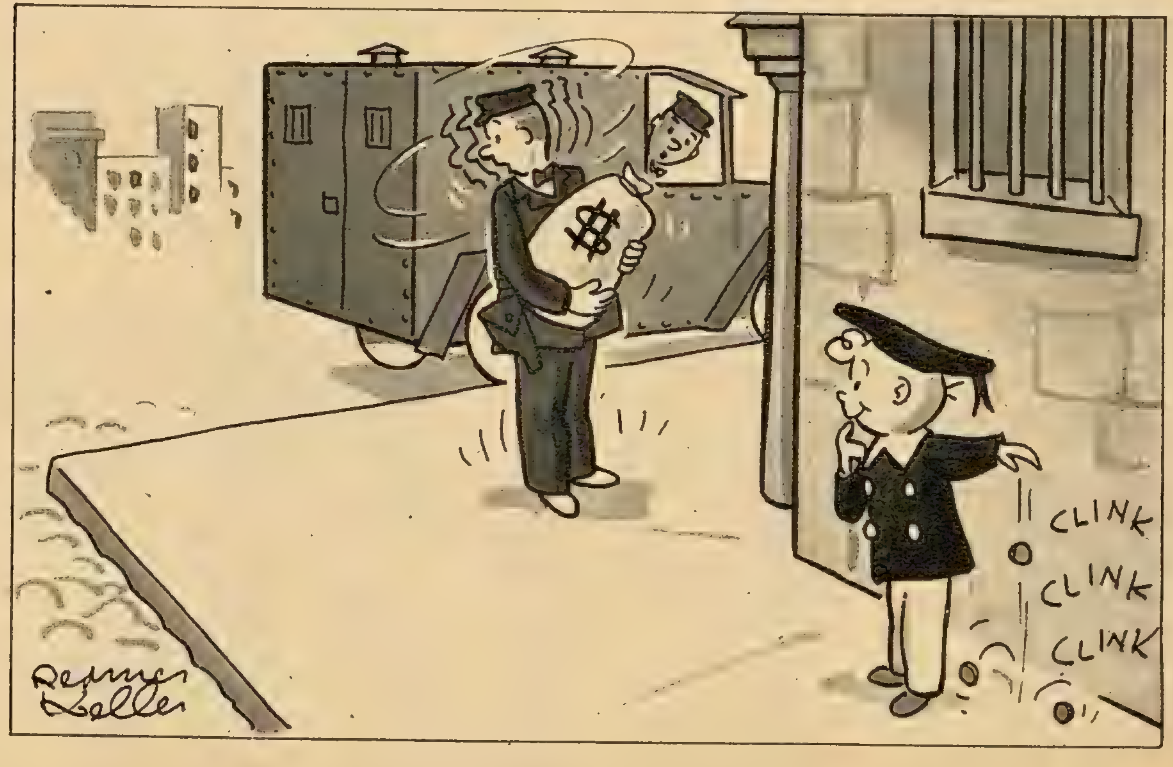
"Well," I say, "how about that Wilfrid? Maybe if I hadn't been around this morning you'd have asked him in for coffee."

"Maybe I would," she says. "If you want to know, once I did."

"Now it comes out!" I yell. "I slave in a war plant all day and you sit around and have coffee klatches with delivery men!"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous," she says. "It was just once, when we had that snow-

HARDTACK



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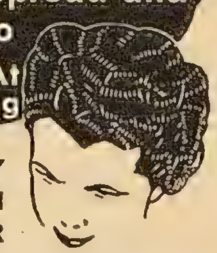

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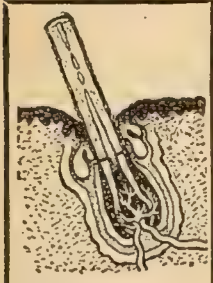

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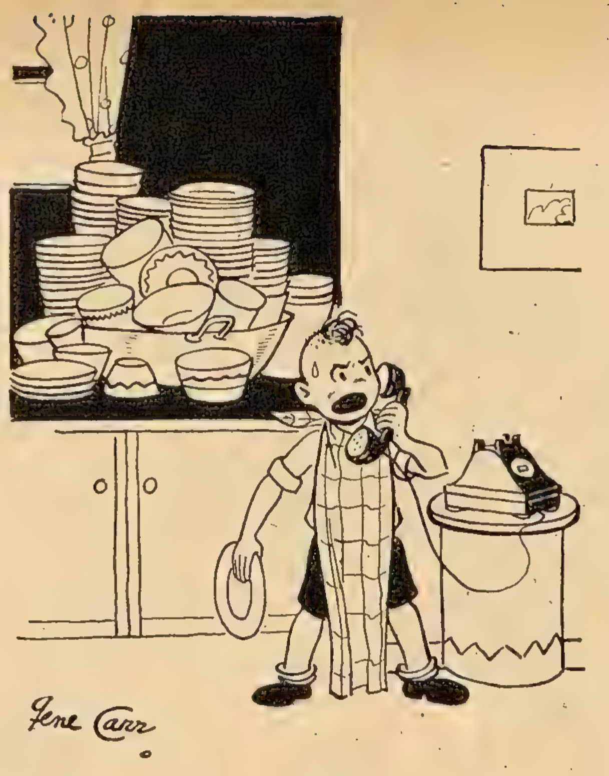

"Hello! Child Labor Board?"

storm last winter, and he was blue with the cold."

"If I'd come home and found him sitting in that kitchen," I say, "I'd have warmed him plenty."

And with that as my final word, I go outside and take the carriage back to Nussbaum's, and a fat lady is there, and I apologize, and she shouts that she has a notion to sue me and I should care if she does. And I walk the streets thinking about Wilfrid and all the times I sit down at the breakfast table and enjoy his crumb cake and if I ever eat one again I hope I choke.

Finally I go home again and we have dinner and Sally is thinking about the blonde and I am thinking of Wilfrid, and the only thing we say is, "Pass the salt," and after dinner we do the dishes in grim silence, and then go in the living room, and sit there like two dummies at a wake.

And I think that I do not blame Sally for being mad about the blonde, so I say, "Want to go to the movies?"

"No, thanks," says Sally.

So we sit there, and maybe an hour later Sally says, "Like to play some gin rummy?" and I can see she would like to make up, but I have been thinking of the delivery men who come to our house, and the light man, and the water man, and wondering if they all come in for coffee, so I say, "No, thanks."

Then finally I throw the magazine I am pretending to read on the table and go upstairs. I get out the suitcases from the hall closet and put them on the bed, and I am packing my suitcase when Sally comes upstairs, and later she tells me that she is worried I am so quiet, she thinks maybe I have come up to hang myself with remorse.

But when she only sees me packing a suitcase, she is not scared any more, and instead of throwing her arms around my neck, she says, "Where do you think you're going?"

"On my vacation," I say. "A guy needs a vacation. That's our trouble. Pack your bag and one for Peanuts."

"Not so patriotic any more?" she asks me.

"They never said nothing against riding a subway," I tell her.

She just stares at me for a minute. "Where can you go on a subway?" she says.

"I got it all figured," I say. "We're going to New York. We'll stay at a hotel."

(Continued on page 85)

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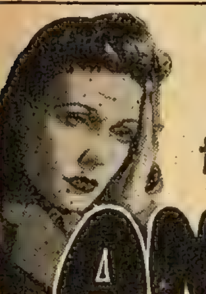

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Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

IN A NUTSHELL: A dashing girl about town, whose night life and domestic problems got too much for her, went to a well-known psychiatrist and complicated things further by falling in love with him even faster than he was able to disentangle her original set of confusions. Now she insists that he is her pin-up man and she is his pent-up girl.

MODEL MOTHER: A large New York department store gave its fall fashion show for the press at a 9.30 A. M. breakfast, which seemed a shade too early for most of the fashion writers, though the hour did not impair the looks of the clothes or the models who enchanced them. Prettiest model was Peggy Horan, mother of two daughters, one three years old, the other nine months. Not an ounce had been added to her slim hips, or a line to her amiable face, a fact which is pretty discouraging to the average woman who feels motherhood is an excuse for superfluous pounds. Most flattering fashion in the show was the tunic silhouette, which was especially smart in a black wool suit with jet buttons slanting from neck to left hip, where the knee-length coat tied with a big self-fabric bow. Jet buttons also trimmed the wrap-around skirt. Nuttiest fashion was a black dress which would have been completely inoffensive but for the slashes about the hips through which some prankster had threaded a band of zebra-striped fur just where it would do the most harm. Gayest fashion was a very full short black satin-taffeta peplum ablaze with large fake stones, to wear over either a plain black afternoon or evening dress for giddy occasions. It gave a ballerina effect, though the store commentator called it a "lampshade peplum." Most adaptable fashion for women who like to make over skeletons in their closets was the two-tone suit. One brown wool skirt was worn with a bittersweet wool jacket whose lapels and cuffs matched the skirt. A spangled ascot gave the suit sufficient glitter to attend a cocktail party, while a beaver hat and muff added real elegance for Big Moments. Most uninhibited color combination was a purple dinner dress adorned with a green bow at the calves of the legs, and topped off with a red satin ribbon worn around the model's neck, while a garland of shiny grapes and leaves roosted on her head. My guess is, the detachable bustles shown on a number of dresses are meant for slim figures, and would be better left in the bureau drawer by the Average Momma.

HOLD ONTO YOUR SHIRTS: The shortage of help in the stores is such that if you don't start your Christmas shopping early, you may find yourself clinging to the counter, waiting to be waited on long after stocks are so depleted there will be no point in your waiting.

To give you a rough idea of the situation, here's what one large New York store felt called upon to do early in September. It appealed to all employees to recommend friends for five-days-a-week jobs, with ample awards for acceptable material. Every employee who recommends a friend for a job at which said friend remains for at least four weeks gets two fifty in war stamps for each recommendation, *plus* a ten-dollar bonus after making a fifth successful recommendation. The crying need, of course, is for help through the Christmas shopping season, so the stamp and cash offer is not a permanent arrangement. The store points out that it employs people at 340 different kinds of jobs, in the wistful hope that its regular family of more than 10,000 will manage to unearth additional thousands who actually want to work and get paid for it.

REFLECTIONS OF A TWO-YEAR-OLD

Mom claims, if I keep slamming doors
And bouncing saucepans on the floors,
She'll go completely "loony," so
I'll fling one more, that I may know
Just what she means, because, you see,
That word's a brand-new one to me.

TOO TRUSTING: The paternal OPA is concerned about a survey which indicates that 57 per cent of women purchasers make little effort to check ceiling prices. While it is true that most merchants are honest, it follows that they won't be offended if women co-operate with them in the gigantic task of keeping abreast of the changes in prices and points. And it is extremely healthy to expose the merchant who is deliberately trying to pick the consumer's pocket.

We heard of one housewife who won a verdict of fifty dollars in a suit against the proprietor of the meat concession in a store where she said she was overcharged thirty-two cents for one pound eleven ounces of boneless chuck. . . . Housewives, intent on freshly ground steak, have the right, under OPA regulations, to pursue the butcher right into his refrigerator if they choose, in order to see that he grinds fresh meat. If they trust him, he may do his grinding without chaperonage, but New York's Department of Markets has ruled that the butcher must post two or more signs saying:

"We invite you to watch the grinding of your meat."

(Continued from page 83)

"To New York!" she says. "Sleep in a hotel when we got an empty house costing us thirty-six a month only forty minutes away!"

"Listen," I say. "It's all in your mental attitude. You lived in Ohio or somewheres like that, you'd love to spend a vacation in New York. We will live in luxury."

"It's crazy," says Sally, but I can see she is getting excited. "We can't take Peanuts to a hotel, in fancy dining rooms and places like that, and what would we do if we went to the theater nights? If I am going to New York," she says, "I will not sit in a hotel bedroom every night and play gin rummy. I can do that in Brooklyn. I know," she says. "We'll leave her with mama."

And she looks at me. "Don't say anything nasty about mama," she says. "Mama takes care of her beautiful."

So she rushes downstairs and phones her old lady and comes back and says, "Mama says we're nuts, but have a nice time and send her a post card with an X."

So we finish packing our suitcases, and Sally has to telephone Helen Ramsey, and the telephone wires burn up all over the neighborhood after Helen hears the news, and the next morning mama comes over and Sally shows her where everything is, and gives her menus for Peanuts, and we kiss her and go outside with our suitcases and start walking toward the subway, the chances are, looking like two dopes.

Everybody yells good-by and Helen Ramsey shouts, *"Bon voyage!"* and I guess they are needling us. But no matter what anybody says, a guy needs a vacation sometime. But I do feel a little silly, at that, and then Sally says, "Henry, this is the first time we ever left our little baby," and she busts out crying before we reach the corner and has to run back to Peanuts and kiss her again.

And we get on the subway and the people riding it look like people always look on a subway, and Sally squeezes my arm and says, "It's like our honeymoon," and it is, at that, and every time we come to a subway stop I make believe it is not a subway stop but a strange city we are passing through, and we are both pretty sentimental when we get off the subway in New York.

And we walk down the street arm in arm and go in a hotel, and it is full up, and we go in another one and the clerk shakes his head before we get halfway across the lobby, and Sally has lost her tender look. "Well," she says, "I suppose we can sleep on the Staten Island ferry," and she goes "Boo-hoo," right in the middle of Broadway, and people look at me like I am a wife-beater.

But we manage to get a room at the next hotel, and when they consent to let us in, Sally whispers to me, "Don't put down we're from Brooklyn. It'll seem silly."

By the time this sinks in, the clerk is handing me a fountain pen like it is a priceless jewel and the house dick is hanging around waiting to put the bite on me if I try and steal it, and I write down "Henry Winkler & Wife," and I don't know what to put down for the town, and I dare not stall because nobody forgets the name of the town he lives in, and I write down the first thing that pops into my head, and it happens to be Bad Axe, Michigan, which our firm once does business with a guy in this town, and it is the kind of name nobody will forget.

So we walk away from the desk and a bellboy maybe a hundred and ten years old carries our bags up to our room and puffs so much I help him out and give him half a buck into the bargain.

And as soon as the old geezer backs out and closes the door Sally takes off her hat and looks at me and shakes her head.

"Henry Winkler," she says, "sometimes I think I never will understand you."

"What did I do now?" I say. "You mean my giving that guy half a rock—"

"No," she says, "not that. Bad Axe, Michigan."

"It's probably a nice place," I say.

"I believe it," she says. "But couldn't you have thought of a more romantic name? Oh, well," she says, "it's a lovely room."

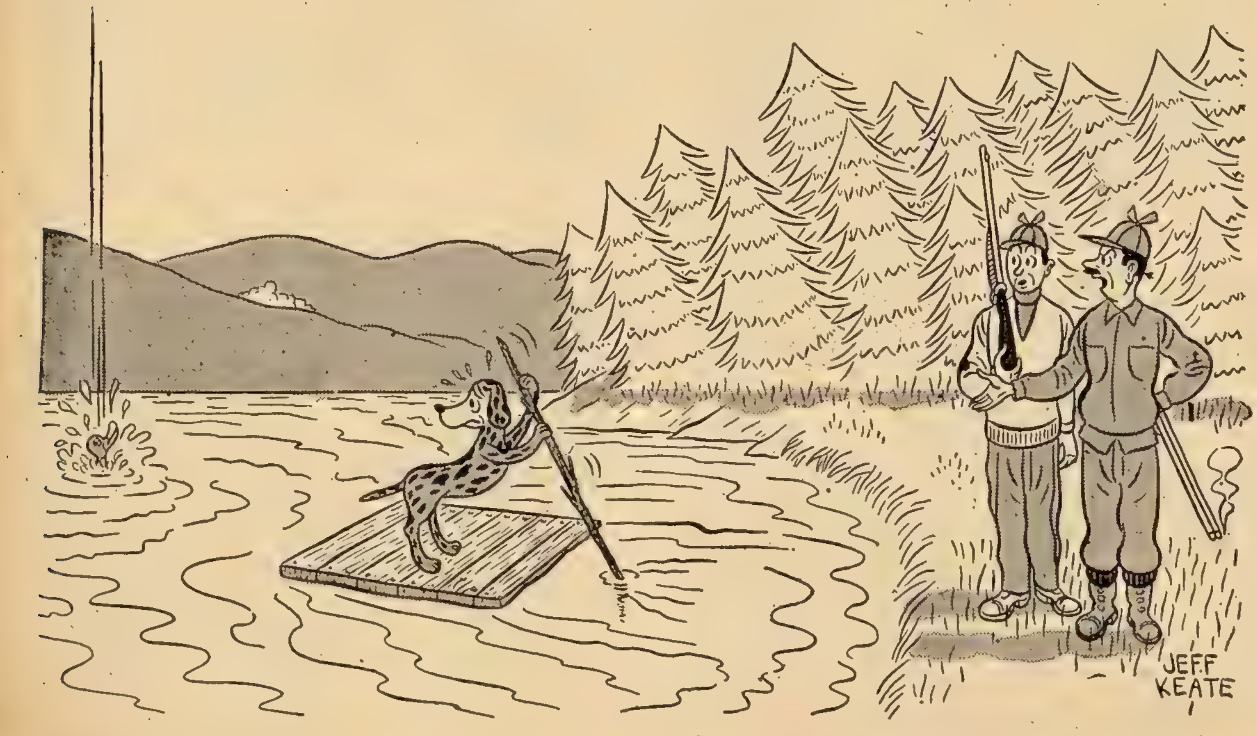
"For eight bucks a day," I say, "it ought to be lovely." But it is nice, at that, with a radio, and we turn it on and get music, and we are up high enough to get a little breeze, and we look down at the people, and I put my arm around her waist and it is like old days.

In fact everything is swell until we go down for lunch, and I go down a couple minutes before Sally and as I step out of the elevator a fat guy rushes up and shakes my hand, and says, "Guess where I live!"

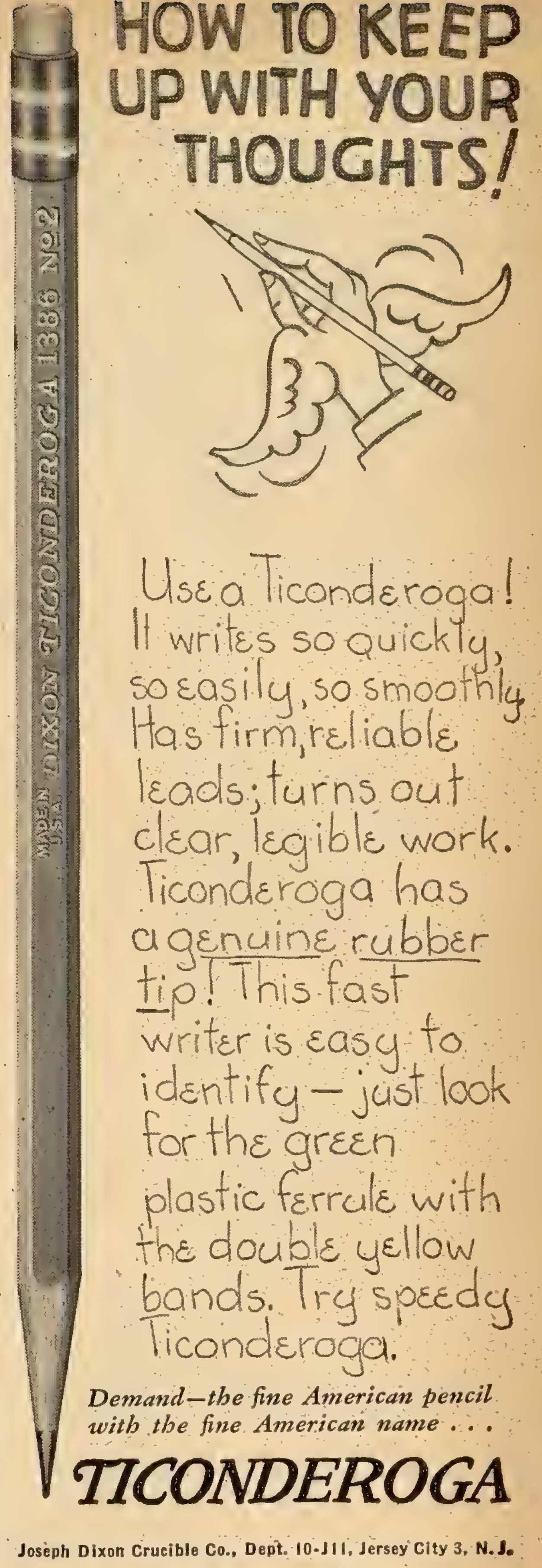
"You got me confused with Dunninger."

"I'm from Bad Axe," he says, and gives me a big smile. "What do you think of that?"

(Continued on page 88)



"I think that dog has lost the old stuff that made him a real hunting hound!"



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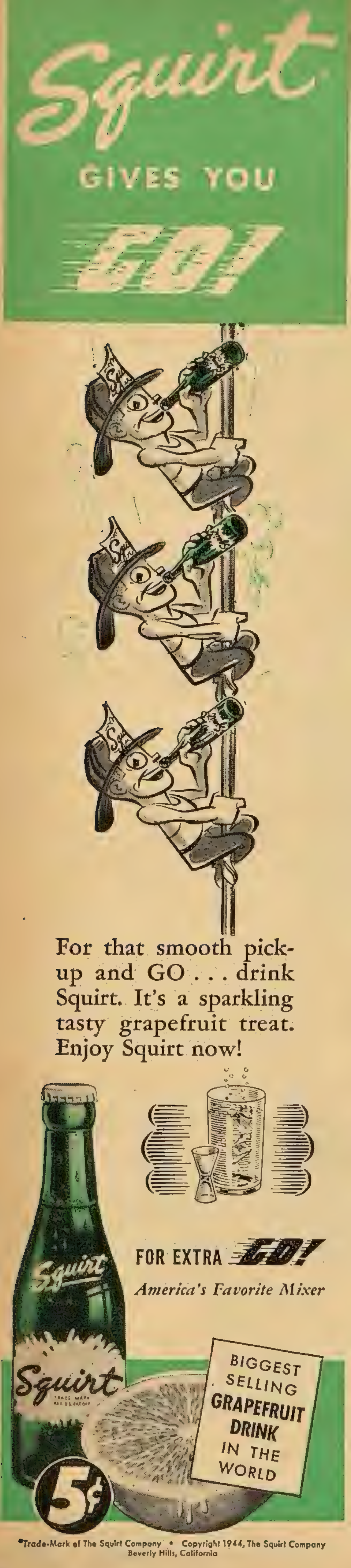

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

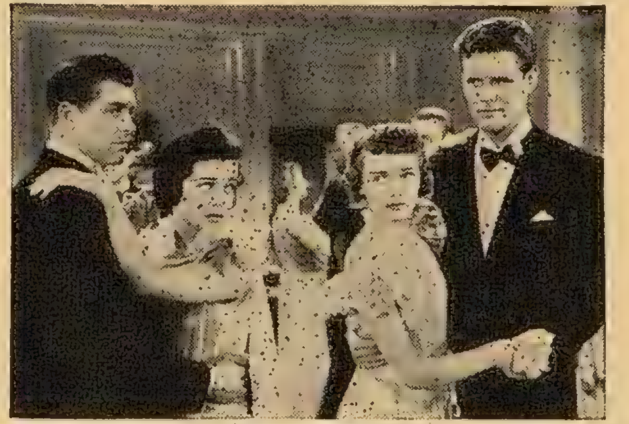
BY EVE STANLEY

From shipboard to Notre Dame Cathedral, the girls are always getting into scrapes.

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY *(Paramount) Gail Russell, Diana Lynn, Dorothy Gish, Charles Ruggles*

AWAY back in 1923 actress-writer Cornelia Otis Skinner (whose chief claim to fame at that time lay in being Otis Skinner's little girl) and her Bryn Mawr chum Emily Kimbrough took a trip to Europe. In 1942 their sprightly account of this flapper-age junket became a best seller, notable for its nostalgic detail, its neatly acidulous wit, and its portrayal of almost terrifying naïveté.

Now the frothy travelogue reaches the screen as light comedy, whipped up briskly and spread thin. But it takes on new effervescence through the personalities of Gail Russell and Diana Lynn, two delightfully natural young ladies who carry off the whole thing with ease. If your adult memories stem back to the ungainly era of cloche hats and hip-hugging waistlines, or if you're lucky enough to have visited Europe when it was a nice place for a holiday, this will revive fond associations. The total effect is as pleasant, refreshing, and impermanent as a bubble bath.

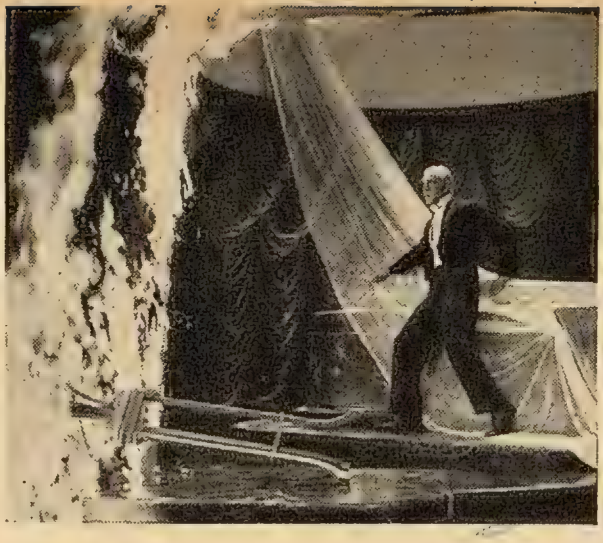


1 Cornelia and Emily find romance hampered by those dangling hidden pocketbooks their mothers made 'em wear.

2 It was mortifying *enough* for Emily (Diana Lynn) to don that bathing suit by mistake, without running into her beau.

3 Cornelia (Gail Russell), hiding measles under layers of shoe-white and a veil, hopes Emily can get her off the boat.

4 Even Emily and Cornelia can't *always* be in trouble. Here's a solemn moment at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Paris.



THE CLIMAX

(Universal)
Boris Karloff, Susanna Foster, Turhan Bey

THIS out-and-out musical horror-drammer has deftly outwitted its own limitations by pretending to be nothing else than what it is. Just remember Trilby and the Phantom of the Opera and you've got the idea; it follows the good old thriller-diller formula right down to the last quiver. But there's an extra bonus in the toothsome Technicolor production, fancy as a satin candy box, and lots of gay music, operetta style, with Susanna Foster hitting some high notes right up into the stratosphere.

Just in case you want to know, Karloff is the Mad Doctor of the Opera who has macabre designs upon a young prima donna (Susanna—who else?). Like his hapless former sweetheart who's been lying upstairs on a veiled bier for some twenty years, she seems to be slated for a gruesome end. Under his glittering eye she gets hypnotized within an inch of her tonsils—but luckily, her nice young fiancé (Turhan Bey) is around to foil the Svengali, who meets a fitting, fiery fate.

This artless shocker fits neatly into the colorful, romantic opera atmosphere, with nary a side glance toward dull reality.

TALL IN THE SADDLE

(RKO)
John Wayne, Ella Raines

WHIP up them hosses, brother, there's goin' to be gunplay hereabouts! When that long-legged cowboy John Wayne comes to town, you can bet your boots he's going to spend his time fightin' the men and fightin' off the women.

That's how it works out in this regulation Western yarn, with Wayne caught between a sweet blonde Easterner (Audrey Long) and rootin'-tootin' Ella Raines in a flighty pair of leather britches. 'Pears like Wayne's got the cards stacked against him, though, what with two murders to solve, a crooked judge (Ward Bond) plotting against the pretty Easterner's inheritance, and gloved hands shoving guns through windows. Meanwhile a rollicking old toper ("Gabby" Hayes) and a hard-bitten maiden aunt (Elisabeth Risdon) make plenty of fuss—not to mention Ella herself, who seems to be a reg'lar little hellcat, judging from the way she throws knives around. For awhile it's touch-and-go between the two jealous gals, but the right one snags Wayne in the fade-out.

Even if you lose track of the plot, you can still count on a couple of good fights and the lure of the open spaces.

SPECIAL MENTION

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (Warner Bros.) Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre.
Chills and chuckles in a fast, funny version of the wacky Broadway hit.

DRAGON SEED (M-G-M). Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon.
A superb treatment of Pearl Buck's novel about wartime China.

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK (Paramount). Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova, Basil Rathbone.
A super-sumptuous, swashbuckling Technicolor romance. Fills the eye rather than the heart.

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (Paramount). Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines. Comedy.

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY (United Artists). Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten.
David Selznick's sentiment-filled panorama of the American home front.

THE GREAT MOMENT (Paramount). Joel McCrea, Betty Field, William Demarest.
Preston Sturges' seriocomic biography of the discoverer of ether anesthesia.

WILSON (20th Century-Fox). Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn, Ruth Nelson.
A grandly sweeping portrayal of idealist Wilson and his whole era. Top-notch film Americana.

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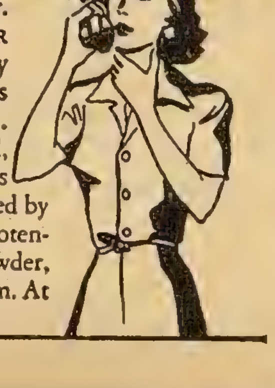

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(Continued from page 85)

Well, it adds five years to my life, but I keep my presence of mind and say, "Well, well, it certainly is a small world."

"Just where do you live in Bad Axe?" he says. "Funny we never ran into each other."

"Well," I say, "the fact is, you see, we don't live right in the town. Not exactly. Sort of on the outskirts."

"Just where?" he says. "What street?"

"Very glad to have met you," I say, "but there's my wife, and I have to run."

So I rush off and away we go to start doing the city. And believe me, we have ourselves a vacation. Movies in the afternoon, shows at night, and six whole hours one day in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which has the hardest floors in the world. But I guess they figure art is for the soul and a guy's feet can take care of themselves. We sleep late in the mornings and it is truly wonderful, but after the fourth day I would give my right arm to be back in Brooklyn. I have bought my hat back maybe a hundred times and it only cost me $2.95 back in '42, but now is practically priceless, and it ain't the initial outlay that worries me but the upkeep.

There once was a man who for hiccough
Tried all the cures he could piccough.
And the best, without doubt,
As at last he found oubt,
Is warm water and salt in a ticcough.

And the guy from Bad Axe, as far as I can tell, does not rent himself a room but lives in the lobby.

And I would love to go home, but I do not dare to suggest this or Sally will throw it up at me all the rest of my life. Finally, one night we go up to the room after dinner, with me wondering where we are going tonight, and I will get there if it kills me, which it most likely will.

Then Sally says, "Dear, I have a headache. If you don't mind terribly, I'll stay in tonight and rest."

"Well," I say, "I was counting on doing the town, but I'll be glad to stay in with you." And I think, Hurray, hurray, I will take off my shoes!

"Oh, no," Sally says quickly. "I wouldn't think of spoiling your evening."

So she pushes me out the door before I can say anything more, and I stagger downstairs and into the bar and get one foot on the rail when someone slaps me on the shoulder, and without looking I know it is my pal from Bad Axe.

But by now I have smartened up. Before he can open his mouth, I say, "I'm ten minutes late for an appointment. See you again."

And I dash outside. But I do not feel like doing the town, and I get an idea, and instead I head for a subway. Forty minutes later I get out and walk along the darkened streets and sneak up the walk to my house and peek in the front window. And I see Sally's old lady snoozing on the davenport. The door is unlocked, so I sneak in and start upstairs and I think I will just have a look at Peanuts to make sure she is all right, and then go back to New York.

I tiptoe up the stairs and start into Peanuts' room and then get the scare of my life when I see a dark form bending over the crib, and I remember my kidnaping scare and jump forward and get my hands around the throat of the kidnaper, and am about to squeeze the life out of him when

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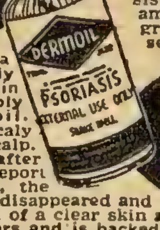

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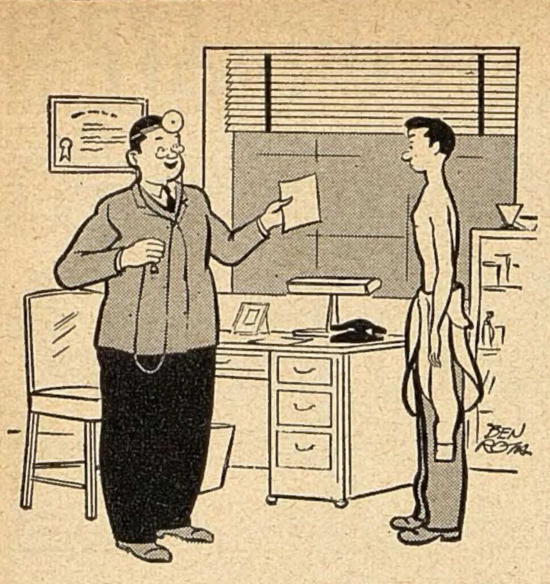

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I get a whiff of perfume that is familiar, and a handful of my hair is grabbed, and nobody can pull hair like that but Sally. And she recognizes me at the same time.

Neither of us says anything about her headache, and we hold hands and look at Peanuts sleeping very peaceful.

"I'll see you later," I say, and I sneak downstairs again and take the subway back to New York and get our luggage and check out.

I go home, and Sally's mama has gone home, and Sally says to me, "We needed that vacation, Henry. We'd sort of forgotten that we love each other. And I'm sorry I said nasty things about that blonde you picked up. You were just being your usual gallant self. Only don't do it again."

And I don't say much. Only the next morning I get breakfast and I make an extra cup of coffee and when the doorbell rings I answer it.

"Have a nice vacation, Mr. Winkler?" says Wilfrid.

"Fine," I say. "Come in and have a cup of coffee." And I wonder how he will like it poured down the back of his neck.

"No, thanks," he says. "I don't have time. I like to be sociable, and one time I accepted a cup from your wife on a terribly cold day, but I work long hours and I like to get home to my own family."

"Oh," I say, "you have a family?"

And after he shows me pictures of his wife and kids I go back to the kitchen and I say, "The guy is married. If you want to bust out crying, go ahead."

"Certainly he's married," says Sally. "His wife's one of my best friends. She's in our Wednesday-night bridge club."

"You might have told me," I say.

"You never gave me a chance," she says. "Henry, I guess the thing is we should trust each other more."

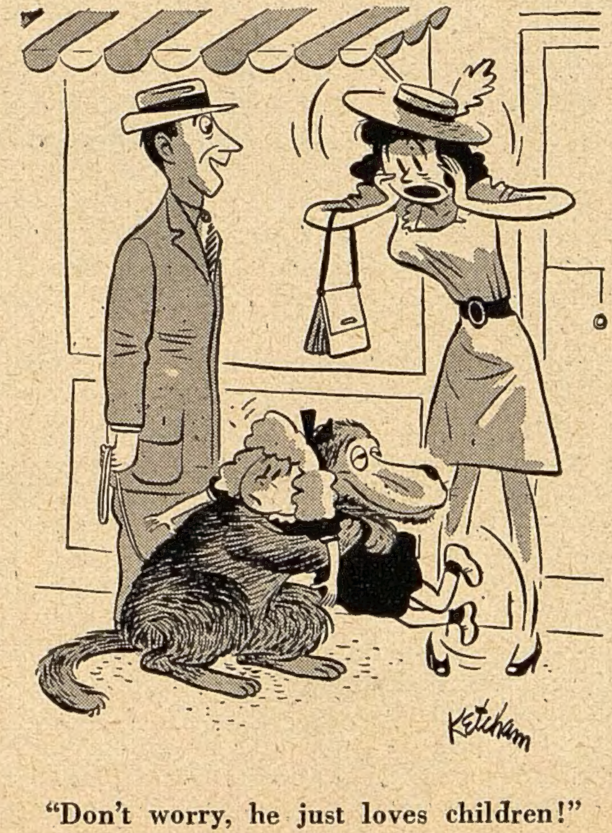
And she puts her arms around my neck. It is the end of a perfect vacation, and we reminisce about New York, which maybe is the best part of a vacation at that—coming home and talking about it—and finally she is sitting on my lap and we are eating Wilfrid's crumb cake and she says, "Henry, if we can drive next year, let's go to the mountains for a change."

"Listen," I say. "I got the place all picked out where we're going."

"Goodness gracious," she says. "What's the name of it?"

And I give her a kiss on the back of the neck. "Bad Axe, Michigan."

THE END



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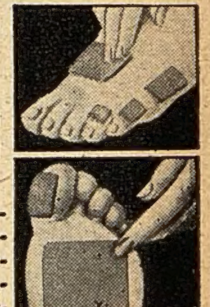

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NOV. 4, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

LIBERTY PICKS ITS CANDIDATE

PUTTING aside for the moment all the eyewash and charge and countercharge of the political campaign, let's get down to the fundamentals. What are the objectives which the American people want to accomplish by their votes this November? What, aside from a man or a party, are they voting for? It is our belief we should vote in the coming election to assure ourselves of the following:

1. The continuance of a liberal, enlightened, humane, and progressive government which will stimulate the economic life of the nation so that all its citizens will have ample opportunity to advance their well-being;

2. A government which will see that all its citizens get a fair shake and that no individual or group gets pushed around by anybody;

3. A government which recognizes the imperative necessity for the fullest co-operation with other nations to prevent war.

4. A government which realizes America must in its own interests help the rest of the world back to its feet and take the lead in fostering a higher standard of living for all the world's inhabitants.

5. A government sufficiently aware of the facts of life so that it will make honest effort to understand and get along with Great Britain and Russia. Both of these nations, whether some of us like it or not, will emerge from this war in positions of world leadership. We must pursue a course which will lead to a more complete understanding and a deeper friendship with them.

THESE being the objectives, let's turn now to the candidates. We start with President Roosevelt. As we have said before, F. D. R. has been in office too long already. According to his own statement, he himself feels this to be the case. He has said that his personal preference is to retire to Hyde Park.

Mr. Roosevelt has served his country long and well. Unless the needs of the nation and the accomplishment of the objectives above stated demand his continuance in office, we believe his wish should be respected. In our opinion, Mr. Roosevelt's work has been done—and well done. He has brought to this country a new conception of the social and economic relationships which should prevail in a democracy. He perceived early in the game the danger to this country in the rise of aggressor nations. Almost single-handed and with great courage he ranged this country's resources behind our friends and in opposition to our potential enemies. When war came, as it inevitably had to, he organized the resources of America and its fighting power to an extent that our enemies still find hard to believe. This has all been done. Victory is now assured and will not be long delayed.

To our mind, this is a lifework enough for any man. Mr. Roosevelt's place in history and in the hearts and souls of his countrymen is assured for all time. The aftermath of the war and the working-out of the world's affairs is another job entirely. These problems will be years and years in the solving. There will be important and delicate matters of international relations still to be resolved in 1948 and in 1952.

While the country owes much to President Roosevelt, we must remember that we do not elect a President primarily as a reward for past accomplishment. Reward comes in the gratitude and respect of a grateful people. We elect, this November, a Chief Executive to carry on our government for the next four years, to take on a new set of headaches and to solve problems which are as yet only dimly perceived. It would be small gratitude for the American people to ask Roosevelt to shoulder these backbreaking jobs if we can find someone else to do them.

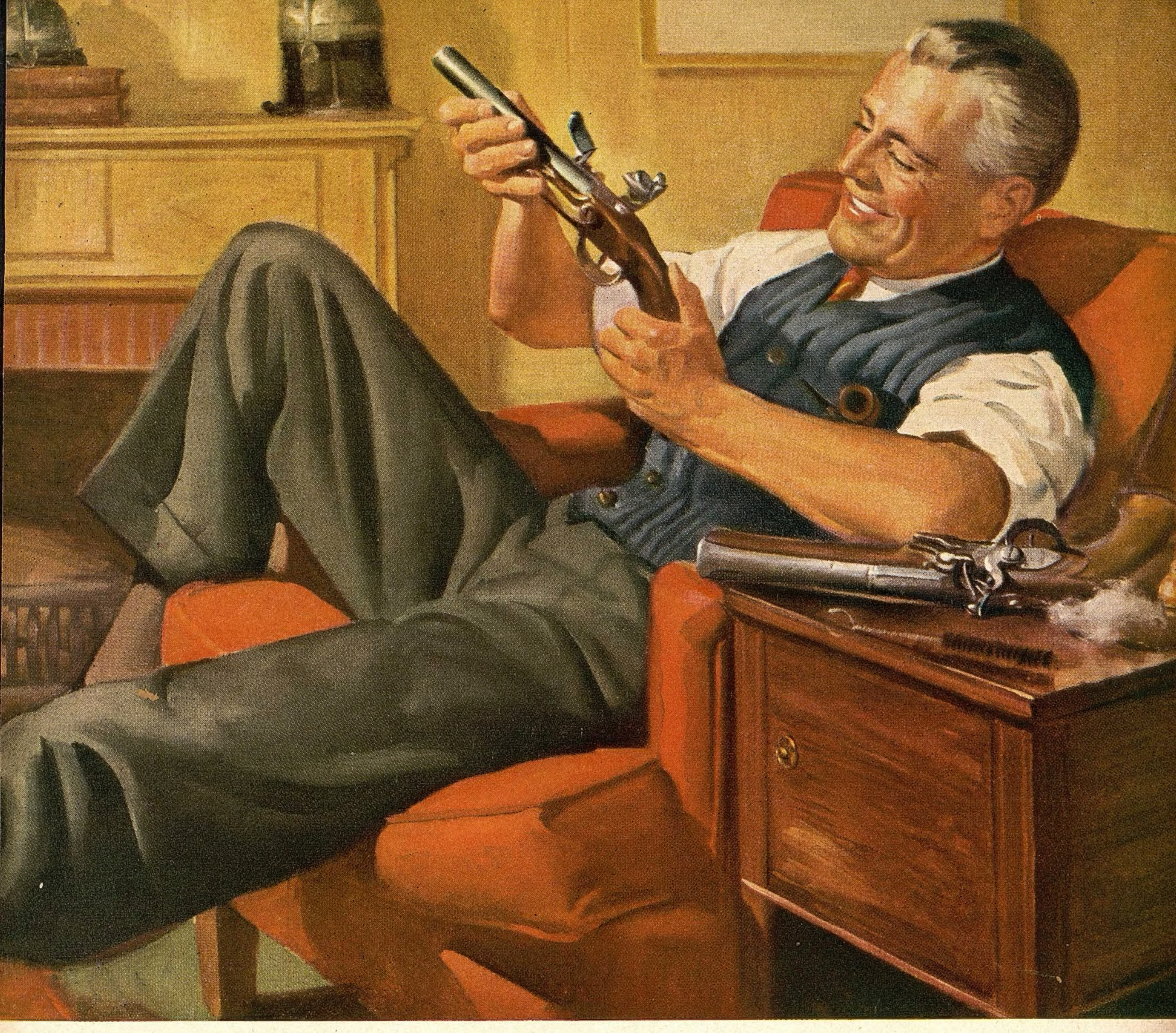
LET us, therefore, see what the alternative candidate, Governor Dewey, has to offer. We do not think there is the slightest chance that the election of the Republican candidate means a return to economic reaction at home or to selfish and narrow isolationism abroad. The Governor has stated he intends to carry on and even enhance the liberal policies of the past twelve years. He has put himself unequivocally on record in favor of world co-operation. He recognizes the need for world rehabilitation and the part America must play in it. He favors close understanding and continued and growing friendship with the other members of the United Nations.

Despite the known frailty of campaign promises, we sincerely believe Governor Dewey will carry out these objectives. He is an able man and an honest man and seems convinced, along with the great majority of the American people, that these are the policies the country should pursue.

It is true that Governor Dewey does not have the wide experience in public life, particularly in international affairs, possessed by Mr. Roosevelt. To paraphrase Shakespeare, his wisdom "is not so deep as a well," nor his experience "so wide as a church-door, but 'twill serve." Therefore, mindful of F. D. R.'s long service to his country and recognizing the danger of continuing a President in office for sixteen years unless there is a vital necessity for doing so, Liberty advocates the election of Thomas E. Dewey.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



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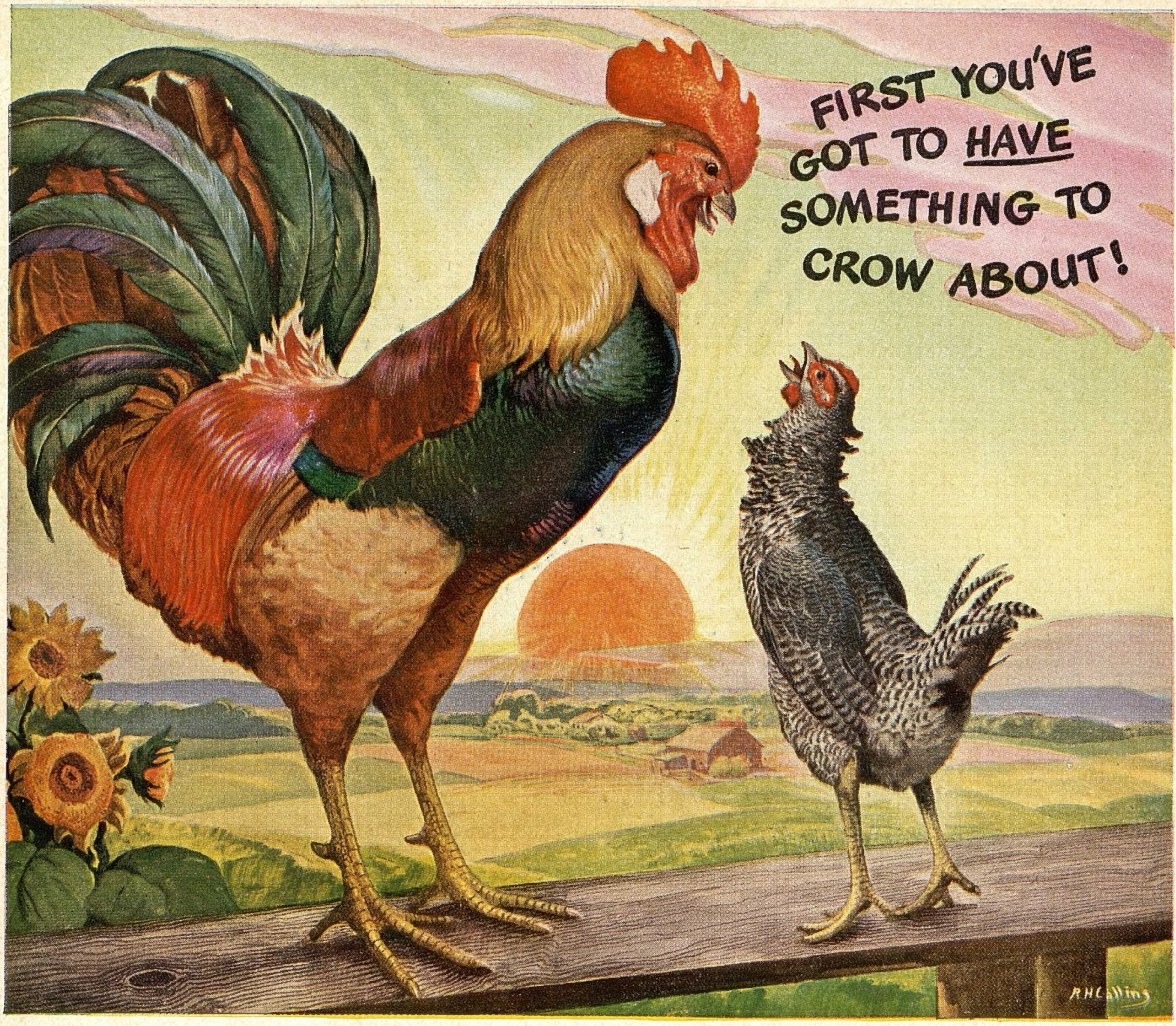
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